July 8, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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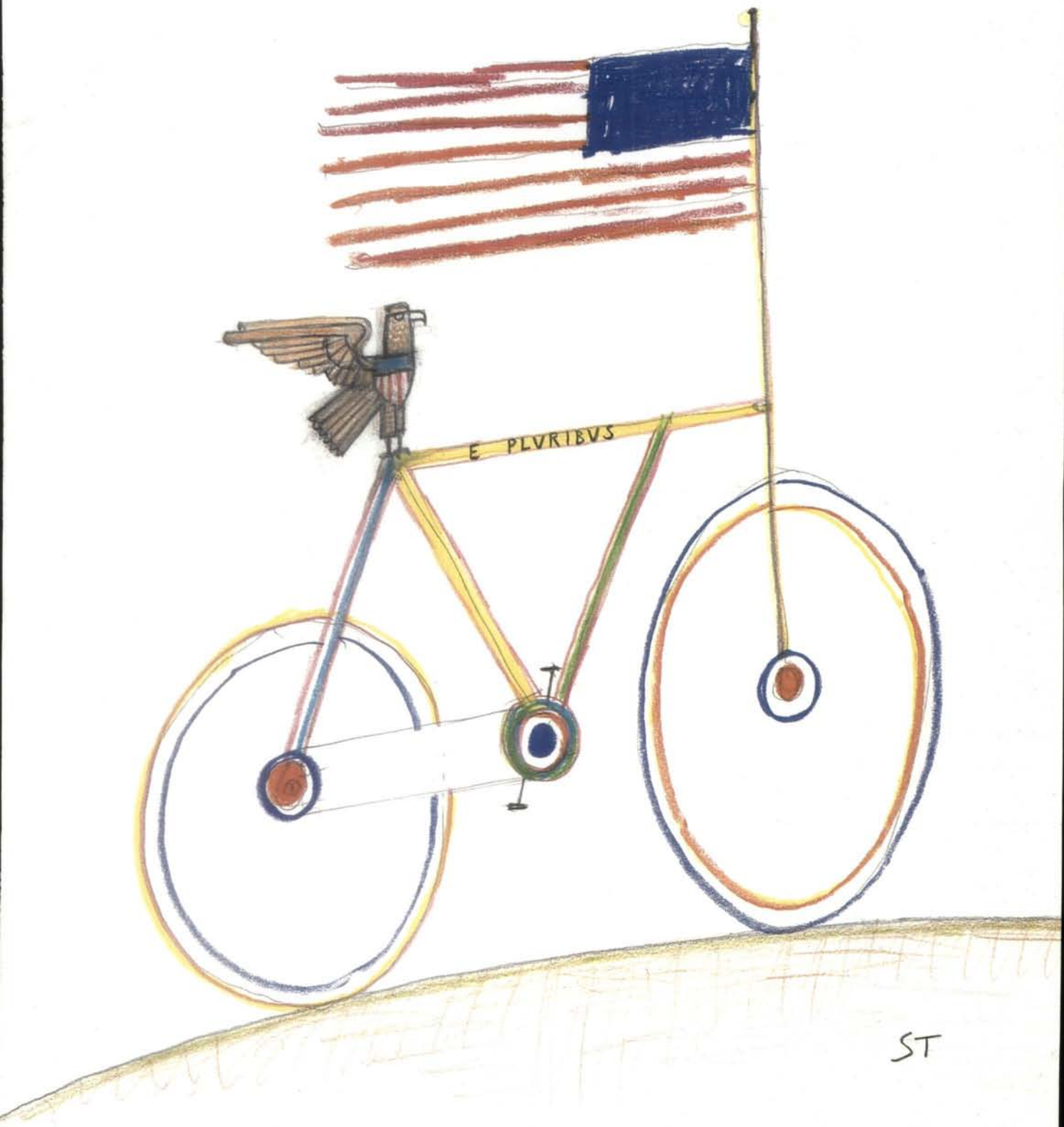

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aren't We All?—A revival of a smart Mayfair comedy of 1923, written by Frederick Lonsdale. Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, Lynn Redgrave, Brenda Forbes, and George Rose find no difficulty bringing it back to life. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 21.)

Arms and the Man—A sadly ramshackle production of a sunny early Shaw play, worth attending only because of an admirable performance by Kevin Kline. (6/10/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural appeal that keeps us from noticing how sticky-saintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of a play by Sam Shepard. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With John Cullum, Ron Leibman, Tony Roberts, and Austin Pendleton. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of ninety-one male

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actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of six plays. Opens Monday, July 8, and will run through Saturday, July 20. The first program (**Shibaraku, Tachi Nuso-bito, Kojo,** and **Kasane**) will play Monday through Thursday evenings, July 8-11; and the second program (**Sakura-hime Azuma Bunsho** and **Tshuchigumo**) will play Friday evening, July 12, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 13. A limited number of simultaneous-translation sets may be rented at each performance. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Opening-night curtain at 7:30 (a benefit performance for the Metropolitan Opera Association and the Japan Society); thereafter, evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—Ellie Greenwich was a popular songwriter of the pre-Beatles era. Here are her songs, as well as Ellie herself. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **The Vagabond King.** (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. For tickets, call 1-718 383-5541.)

The Lisbon Traviata—Terrence McNally's play about the end of a homosexual love affair, accompanied by operatic recordings and gossipy jokes about opera stars. Mr. McNally is a clever writer, but his bitchy dialogue soon grows tiresome. With Seth Allen. John Tillinger directed. (Theatre Off Park, 28 E. 35th St. 679-6283. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 13.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic "Marriage à la Mode," with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the couple being examined. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely

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first-rate. (5/27/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAYOR—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 5.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Directed by Joseph Papp himself, a buoyant, witty, heartfelt production of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE** is a triumph for his Festival and for William Shakespeare, whose every point is made and whose every idea, emotion, and line are realized. The acting is flawless, top to bottom. Richard Jordan is Angelo, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is Isabella, John Getz is the Duke, and Laura MacDermott is Mariana. Among the comic lowlifes are William Duff-Griffin, Nathan Lane, Gregory Salata, Robert Stanton, Tom Toner, and Rosemary DeAngelis. The enchanting musical interludes are by Allen Shawn. Handsome setting, costumes, and lighting by Robin Wagner, Lindsay W. Davis, and Richard Nelson. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, July 21. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

THE NORMAL HEART—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MAN BAND—A musical starring James Lecesne, with a score by Marc Elliot and Larry Hochman, lyrics by Mr. Elliot, and a book by Mr. Lecesne. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ORPHANS—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, July 6, at 3.)

THE RETURN OF HERBERT BRACEWELL—The admirable Milo O'Shea is lightly disguised as a failed actor in his eighties, who recites speeches and scenes from the parts he never got, in this monologue with interruptions, lightly disguised as a play. Frances Sternhagen, as the actor's wife, is the tactful interrupter. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (6/3/85) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—A musical based on the 1952 film, with a book adapted by Betty Comden and Adolph Green from their original screenplay, and songs by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed. Directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TRACERS—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A revival of John van Druten's 1943 comedy, with Chris Sarandon, Patricia Elliott, and J. Smith-Cameron. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays,at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,480 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. Will reopen Tuesday, July 9. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W.42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday, July 7, at 3, and Wednesday, July 10, at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more nota-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is *therefore always advisable to call ahead.)*

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Fiery Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** is sharing the bill with alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** through Sunday, July 7; on Monday, July 8, the podium will be turned over to pianist Frank Ferrucci & the Latin Jazz All-Stars; and conga drummer **RAY BARRETTO** will start alternating with pianist **JORGE DALTO** on Tuesday, July 9. Music from nine. **TED CURSON,** a jubilant hard-bop trumpeter, conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The partial schedule: Monday, July 8, Robyn Hitchcock; Friday, July 12, **DOC WATSON;** and Saturday, July 13, a benefit concert, with Steve and Tom Chapin participating. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and bassist John Lee perform through Saturday, July 6; starting Monday, July 8, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will play with bassist **RON MC CLURE.** On Sunday, July 7, singer **JOAN MORRIS** and pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** will present a program of songs by Arnold Weinstein and Mr. Bolcom. Music from nine-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist inspired by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, is back here Mondays through Fridays from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, old-time-string-band, and Irish music is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, July 3, Sean Smith; Saturday, July 6, **LYNN HARDY** & the Three-Quarter Ton Pick-Up Band; Wednesday, July 10, John Whelan & Eileen Ivers, with Mark Simos; and Saturday, July 13, **SKYLINE,** with banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays as well. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** will sit in with the resident musicians through Thursday, July 4. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Guitarist **BIRELI LAGRENE,** a young Gypsy player in the Reinhardt tradition, heads a trio through Sunday, July 7, and Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14, electric violinist Noel Pointer will be present. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, July 3, the Vipers, the Love Delegation, and Tall Lonesome Pines; Saturday, July 6, folksinger **SUZANNE VEGA** and Billy Jones; Tuesday, July 9, Andy Stewart & Manus Luny; Wednesday, July 10, Eugene Chadbourne, Pianosaurus, and the Wild Hyenas; Friday, July 12, the **PERSUASIONS;** and Saturday, July 13, Carolyn Mas and Tom Intondi. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with pianist Mike Moran and bassist John Arbo Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

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HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty.

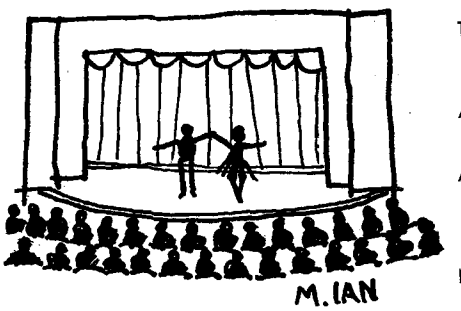
LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, July 3, singer-lyricist **RUBEN BLADES** and David Keyes; Thursday, July 4, and Sunday, July 7, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN** and Danny Toan; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, Tommy Joe White; Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9, **BURNING SPEAR;** Wednesday, July 10, Lonnie Mack and Joady Guthrie; Thursday, July 11, *Lonnie Mack and the Mailet Playboys;* Friday, July 12, Fat City and the Carter Brothers; and Saturday, July 13, the Carter Brothers and Soozie Tyrell. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MILT HINTON'S** 75th-Birthday Jazz Party, with Mr. Hinton celebrating on bass, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums, and a bunch of visiting musician friends playing their respects, will come to a close on Saturday, July 6. On Tuesday, July 9, Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels will start presenting a show called "The Roots of American Jazz." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: Wednesday, July 3, the BMF Sextet; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS;** Monday, July 8, the ten-piece soul band **JUMP STREET;** Wednesday, July 10, pianist Bob Sardo & Firemist; and Thursday, July 11, Roland Vazquez. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Thursday, July 4.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, July 3, the Reducers and the **LYRES;** Friday, July 5, Redds & the Boys and the Pump Blenders; Saturday, July 6, singer Genya Ravan; Thursday, July 11, Fiona and Rayvn; and Friday, July 12, Sylvain Sylvain and the Rattlers. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, July 3, Batucada; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, drummer **LENNY WHITE;** Sunday, July 7, trumpeter Tex Allen; Tuesday, July 9, Southern Exposure; Wednesday, July 10, singer Connie James; Thursday, July 11, **KELVYNATOR,** with guitarist **KELVYN BELL;** and Friday and Saturday, July 12-13, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER.** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** Big Band. Music from nine-thirty.



SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4, Alceu Valença; Friday, July 5, **MIKATA;** Saturday, July 6, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, July 7, La Troupe Makandal; Wednesday, July 10, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP;** Thursday, July 11, calypsonian Lord Nelson & Designer; Friday, July 12, Tabou Combo; and Saturday, July 13, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** leads a quartet through Sunday, July 7; the swinging jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL & THE LIVING TIME ORCHESTRA** will arrive on Tuesday, July 9. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On July 8, **CHARLIE PALMIERI, CONJUNTO CLASICO,** and saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ *Meanwhile, out on the Terrace* after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** guides a quintet through Sunday, July 7, and on Tuesday, July 9, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will bring in his foursome. **BOB MINTZER'S** Big Band will have the floor on Monday, July 8. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie alumni band headed up by saxophonist-singer **EARLE WARREN,** wind up a week here on Sunday, July 7; Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9, will belong to jazz violinist **BERNIE CHARLES** and his quartet; and on Wednesday, July 10, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will arrive with his foursome. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Piano-bass duos in a town-house restaurant that reopens on Monday, July 8. Jim Roberts and Brian Torff team up that evening, and Larry Vuckovich and **WALTER BOOKER** will work together Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13. Music weeknights from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

IRVING PLAZA—Tuesday, July 9, at 10: Rare Silk. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 10: Dream Syndicate. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed on Thursday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

BILL BARRELL—Abstract Expressionist oils that have figurative elements. Through July 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Open Wednesday, July 3, and Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13.)

THOMAS DOWNING—Geometric abstractions, mostly from the sixties. Through July 20. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ALICE FORMAN—Colorful still-lifes in oil. Through July 18. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

ALBERTO AND DIEGO GIACOMETTI—Elegant tables, chairs, lampstands, andirons, and so on, made of cast bronze by the sculptor and his brother. Through July 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coin-

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cides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

GARY KAHN / CATHERINE KOENIG—Freestanding geometric sculptures in painted wood or Corten steel. / Large seashells, derby hats crowned with bridal wreaths, and trompe-l'oeil collages, all painted in egg tempera or pastels. Through July 19. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANDREWS KELLY—Abstract paintings. Through July 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

JAMES NARES—Paintings, mostly abstract. Through Saturday, July 6. (Fox, 56 Bleecker St., at Crosby St.)

JANET STAYTON—Tiger lilies, tulips, and irises stand out in this group of floral monotypes. Through July 19. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this site. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ TODT will perform Sunday, July 7, and Wednesday, July 10, at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Big, powerful figurative paintings in wax and oils by Bruno Ceccobelli and Jeff Gompertz, and big, powerful paintings of droopy tulips, in acrylics, by José María Sicilia. Through July 26. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **BROWN**, 100 Greene St.: An assortment of drawings by ten sculptors, Abraham David Christian, Joel Fisher, and Italo Scanga among them. Through July 26. . . . **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Contemporary artists Jessica Diamond, Ed Ruscha, and William Wegman are included in this selection of drawings, photographs, paintings, and installations which is intended to make the gallery-goer chuckle. Through Friday, July 12. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **CONDESO-LAWLER**, 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by nearly two dozen artists, including Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Harms, Agnes Martin, and Sean Scully. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **COWLES**, 420 West Broadway: Abstract paintings and sculptures from 1964 to the present by twenty artists, including Lynda Benglis, Jake Berthot, Cy Twombly, Andrew Spence, and Jackie Winsor. Through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8; open Saturdays; closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.**, 41 E. 57th St.: Figure drawings by nine realists. Through Friday, July 12. . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: More than two hundred artists' books, other autographic works, and periodicals that were added to the archives in the past year; early Gilbert and George postcards, for instance. Also, sound installations by James Green and Stephanie Rowden. Through July 27. (Opens Tuesdays through Fridays, except Friday, July 5, at noon; Saturdays, except July 6, at 1.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Aug. 16. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 152 Wooster St.: Six artists' views of life in our times—Sue Coe's collage painting of a subway vigilante is one. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEBREW UNION COLLEGE**, 1 West Fourth St., just west of Broadway: Boaz Vaadia, Emily Fuller, and Alan Glovsky are among the ten neighborhood artists exhibiting paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 27. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: The joys of summer (a hammock, a beach, a pool) are captured in the photographs, paintings, and sculptures of Joan Brown, Malcolm Morley, Juan González, Alan Siegel, and others. Through Aug. 2. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Traditional American still-lifes from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Through July 15. . . . **MC COY**, 19 E. 71st St.: Multilayered abstract drawings by Michael Hurson, figure and head studies by Grégoire Müller, and surreal pastels of eyes and noses by Alan Turner. Through July 15. (Open Monday through Friday, July 8-12.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: A multitude of doors—found doors, constructed doors, paintings of and on doors. Some of the artists: Mike Bidlo, Chuck Connelly, Karel Appel. Through Friday, July 12. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by James Hennessey and Ellen Wiener and sculptures by Joseph Militello, Charles Spurrier, and Josephine Bentivegna. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: A reconstruction by Dennis Oppenheim of his 1979 sculptural work "Jail Break," plus paintings by Gregory Botts, Jeff Gompertz, and Jacques Flechemuller, in the inaugural show of this gallery, formerly Manhattan Art, under its new name. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **P.P.O.W**, 216 E. 10th St.: Metal and cardboard sculptures of fish by Christy Rupp, paper collages by Nancy Spero, and figurative paintings by Andrea Evans. Through Sunday, July 7. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **RYAN**, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: Prints of New York by Stow Wengenroth, Louis Lozowick, Edward Hopper, and many others. Through July 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SOHO 20**, at 469 Broome St.: Paintings and sculptures that refer to contemporary issues, by Sue Coe, Bonnie Lucas, Howardena Pindell, Erika Rothenberg, Nancy Spero, and May Stevens. Through Wednesday, July 10. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Aug. 15. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM**, 24 E. 81st St.: Surrealist paintings and sculptures by seven young artists, including Cheryl Laemmle, Mike Berg, and Nick Ghiz. Through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings of imaginative flying machines, some of them done on pieces of airplanes, by Jean-Luc Poivret; bits of discarded industrial machinery arranged as still-lifes, touched up with paint, and photographed in Cibachrome by Pascal Kern; and hand-forged metal sculptures, plus ceramic pieces, by Peter Briggs. Through July 26. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Elizabeth de Cuevas, Michael Malpass, Esteban Vicente, Deborah Remington, and others. Through July 20. (Open Wednesday, July 3, and Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13.)

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 417 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **DEUTSCH**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St. (Open Saturday, July 6.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND**, 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **MC KEE**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **METRO PICTURES**, 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **PROTETCH**, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St. (Closed Friday, July 5.)

SCULPTURE—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Recent pieces by Robert Grosvenor, Donald Judd, Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Joel Shapiro, Tony Smith, and Jackie Winsor. In the back room, Alan Shields has eighteen new works on paper, the paper being handmade, hand-dyed, perforated, laced with stitching, and framed in layers—as many as six sheets in one work. Through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Among the works by eight contemporary artists are a ring of limestone chunks, laid out on the floor like a giant necklace by Richard Long; two wall sculptures made from automobile fragments by John Chamberlain; and two large, precariously balanced squares of heavy steel plate by Richard Serra. Through Friday, July 12.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-79) / **MICHAEL LEVINE**—A travelling show from Great Britain

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FIRST SERVICE. Toss 2 oz. Pimm's over ice. Lob in a wedge of orange. Follow through with club soda.

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LINESMAN. The bartender.

LOVE. Isn't it obvious? Your deepest, innermost feelings for Pimm's.

BACKHAND. What you should give the next person who tries to take away your Pimm's before you're through.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of more than a hundred prints, including portraits of Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, and Alice (in Wonderland) Liddell. / Color prints, constructions, and paintings by an artist who looks to the urban environment for his subjects—smokestacks and building façades, for instance. Through July 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

George Forss—Familiar city locations such as Rockefeller Center, Bronx Zoo, and Wall Street by a photographer who sells his work on the sidewalks of midtown. At the New York Public Library; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Frank—About sixty photographs, all taken before 1965. Through Friday, July 12. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

Peter Gasser / Catherine Warren—Landscape photographs. / Recent paintings. Through Friday, July 12. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Eikoh Hosoe—Black-and-white portraits of the Japanese writer Yukio Mishima. Through July 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens Wednesday, July 3, and Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13, at 1.)

Milton Rogovin—A retrospective of photographs has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **Pfeifer**, 568 Broadway: Charles Gatewood was the juror who chose about fifty photographs he describes as "humorous and off-beat." From the Catskill Center for Photography. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **Urdang**, 23 E. 74th St.: Photographs by nine artists; sculptures by James Acevedo. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano (1720), built by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred gold objects produced by the prodigious craftsmen of pre-Columbian cultures of the Americas. The pieces, among them pendants, masks, and cups, are from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman,

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Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A show of works by two European architects; Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except July 4, until 9; on July 4 the doors will close at 5.) . . . **Note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays). On Friday, July 5, at 8, an ensemble of fifteen classical harps will add to the breezes with a concert of compositions by R.I.P. Hayman, John Cage, Wendy Chambers, and Charlie Morrow, who will all participate.

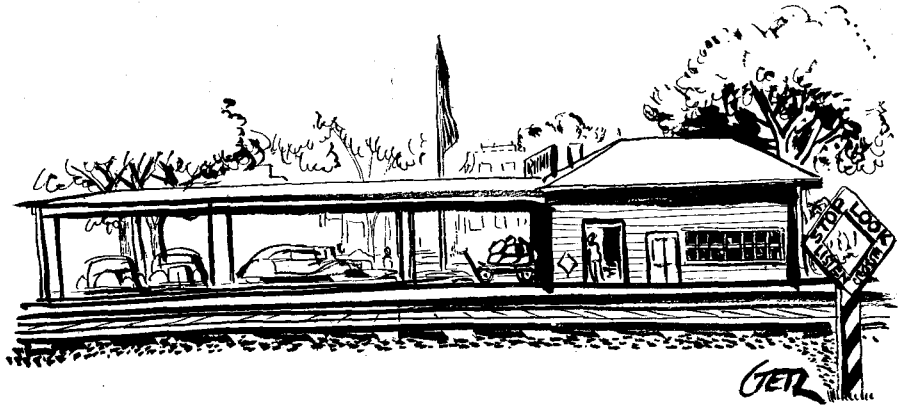
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A sixteen-foot-high corrugated-cardboard reproduction of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of photographs by Milton Rogovin. Through July 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese artists who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shōki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors by Théodore Géricault, including fourteen preliminary studies for his best-known painting, "The Raft of the Medusa" (at the Louvre). . . . ¶ A display of memorabilia pertaining to "The Mikado," which was first performed a hundred years ago. Both shows through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still-lifes by Luis Meléndez, an eighteenth-century Spanish painter. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 6.) . . . **Photography:** Prints by George Forss. Through Aug. 31. (This show is open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 17—Friday, July 5, and Sunday, July 7, at 7: "The Student Prince," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jerry Hadley, and Adib Fazah; conducted by Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2, and Sunday, July 7, at 1: "The Student Prince," with Elizabeth Hynes, Mark Thomsen, and Adib Fazah; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Leigh Munro,

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Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 9, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Elizabeth Hynes, Victoria Vergara, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 2: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing the second in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one with Lowell Lacey, organ. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 7, at 3. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 24. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 9: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Miss Ameling; Harold Wright, clarinet; Carmit Zori, violin; and Kim Kashkashian, viola. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 10: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra in a Mozart-Salieri program, with Miss Ameling; Mr. Gutiérrez; Scott Goff, flute; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, and Mr. Goff. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 12-13: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra, with Erie Mills, soprano, and Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Note—Sharon Isbin, classical guitarist, and Isabelle Ganz, mezzo-soprano, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 17, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Wednesday, July 3, at 8:30: The King's Singers. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 4, at 8:30: William Bolcom, piano, and Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 7: Peter Serkin, piano, in a Stravinsky-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 9, at 8:30: Kent Nagano conducting the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in an all-Copland program, with Gilbert Kalish and Cliff Jackson, piano; Ben Holt, baritone; and members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 10, at 8:30: John Williams directing the Boston Pops Orchestra in a program of American popular music, with vocalist Byron Motley and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 7: The Brattle String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Ilana Vered, piano; Scott Thornberg, trumpet; and Naoko Tanaka, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Elizabeth Mann, flute, and the Messrs. Thornberg and Tanaka. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7,

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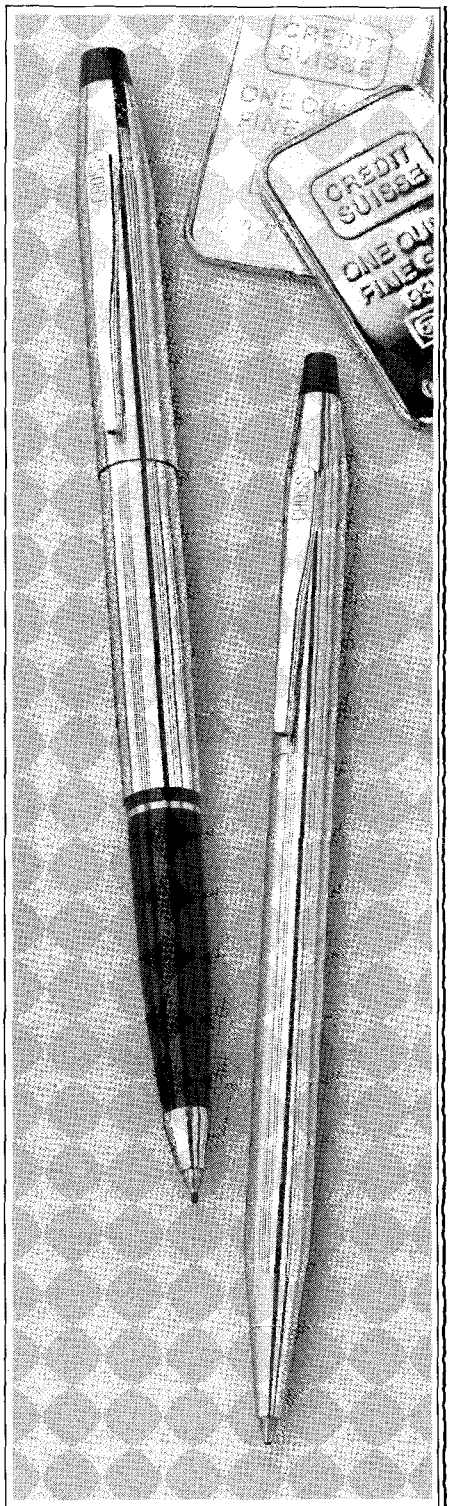

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at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Miss Vered. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: The St. Luke's String Quartet, with Ruth Laredo, piano, and William Blount, clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Myron Lutzke, cello; Stephen Taylor, oboe d'amore; and Eriko Sato, violin. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **New York City Ballet** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 20. Wednesday evening, July 3; Thursday matinée and evening, July 4; Friday evening, July 5; Saturday matinée and evening, July 6; and Sunday evening, July 7: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 9: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 10: "Bugaku," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 11: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 11: "Bugaku," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 12: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Apollo," and "Gounod Symphony." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 13: "Square Dance," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 13: "Square Dance," "Firebird," and "La Valse." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare—Opening performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, July 28—**THURSDAY, JULY 4, AT 7:** Anthony Newman conducting an all-Handel program, with fireworks. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 10:** Gisela May, in a cabaret program; illusionist Brian Glow; and the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, in a program of Stephen Foster music. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 5, AT 6:** A performance of the Handel opera "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 7:30 AND 10:30:** Brian Glow. . . . **AT 8:** The Paul Taylor Dance Company and piano/vocal duo William Bolcom and Joan Morris. . . . **AT 10:45:** Gisela May. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 6, AT 7:30 AND 10:30:** Brian Glow. . . . **AT 7:45:** The Kronos Quartet. . . . **AT 8:** The Paul Taylor Dance Company and Bolcom & Morris. . . . **AT 10:45:** Gisela May. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 7, AT 3 AND 6:30:** Brian Glow. . . . **AT 3:15:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 6:** The Paul Taylor Dance Company and Anthony Newman, harpsichord. . . . **AT 7:** The French Saxophone Quartet. . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 11, AT 7:30:** A performance of the Handel opera "Teseo." . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy," a production of La Compagnia del Collettivo di Parma, an avant-garde theatre company from Italy. . . . **AT 8:** The London Symphony Orchestra in an all-Elgar program, conducted by Norman Del Mar. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 12, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Teseo." . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 13, AT 7:30:** A performance of the Handel opera "Tamerlane" (in English), directed by Andrew Porter. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **AT 8:** The Boston Early Music Orchestra, conducted by Nicholas McGegan. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Borodin Trio. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 14, AT 2 AND 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **AT 3:15:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 3:30:** "Tamerlane." . . . **AT 6:** "Teseo." (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 6: The Festival Dance Theatre, with guest artist Merrill Ashley. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Mets at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, July 3, at 7:35. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Thursday, July 4, at 7; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8; and Sunday, July 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9, at 8, and Wednesday, July 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday and Friday, July 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, July 13, at about 3 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 2, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio and some of his former teammates and opponents).

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.)

Racing—At **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4; the Tidal Handicap, Friday, July 5; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 6; the Dwyer, Sunday, July 7; and the Lexington, Saturday, July 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4, between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 6. . . . **Atlantic City at Garden State Park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursday, July 4, at 8, and Thursday, July 4, at 1. Through Thursday, July 25.

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights, except Thursday, July 4, at 8, and Thursday, July 4, at 1:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store on Thursday: At ten, lifeboat racing will be held on the East River near the South Street Seaport Museum. . . . ¶ At noon, a procession of a hundred antique and classic cars, recently involved in "The Great American Race," from California to New York, will cross Church and Vesey Streets. . . . ¶ A street fair, with food, booths for arts and crafts and antiques, and entertainment, will take place on State and Water Streets, from noon to six. . . . ¶ This year's parade, which kicks off at one-thirty, starts at the World Trade Center Plaza, proceeds along Church and Liberty Streets, and heads down Broadway to the Battery. . . . ¶ At the Battery Park Seawall, the parade participants will be greeted by a fifty-gun salute. . . . ¶ At four, in Battery Park, Major Bruce Jilkes will conduct the United States Air Force Band in a concert saluting the Statue of Liberty. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-twenty, will include two fireworks displays—Jersey City's show near the Statue of Liberty, and Macy's traditional fireworks, set off from barges in the East River between 23rd and 42nd Streets. (The F.D.R. Drive will be closed to automobiles and open to pedestrians from 14th to 51st Streets between eight and ten-thirty.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 4.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 5: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra, with Lew Tabackin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6: Larry Coryell quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12: Microscopic Septet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13: Hilton Ruiz Trio. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9: Santana. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12: Pat Metheny Group. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Boston Pops—John Williams conducting. (Central Park's Great Lawn. Monday, July 8, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company and the Schola Cantorum in a performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). The first in a series of three productions. (Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30.)

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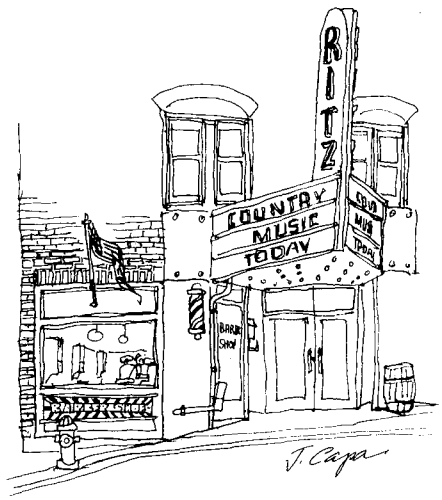

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 11.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 4: "Giant" (1956; directed by George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
July 5-7: At 4, "Father of the Bride" (1950; Vincente Minnelli), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor; and "Father's Little Dividend" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett. At 8, "The Last Time I Saw Paris" (1954; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, and Donna Reed; and "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill.
July 9-11: "Rhapsody" (1954; Charles Vidor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman, John Ericson, and Louis Calhern; and "The Girl Who Had Everything" (1953; Richard Thorpe), with Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas, William Powell, and Gig Young.
From July 12: At 4, "Conspirator" (1950; Victor Saville), with Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor; and "Elephant Walk" (1954; William Dieterle), with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, and Peter Finch. At 8, "A Place in the Sun" (†) and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (Ron Howard), with Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Goonies" (Richard Donner).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 3: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (Ron Howard), with Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 11: "Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads; and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
From July 12: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.
Theatre 2: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Witness" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Shooting Party" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.
Theatre 2: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "A View to a Kill" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (Ron Howard), with Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; directed by Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes. From July 10: "Letters from Marusia" (1976; Miguel Littin; in Spanish), with Gian Maria Volonte.
Theatre 2: "Songwriter" (Alan Rudolph), with Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (Greta Schiller).
Theatre 2: "The Lift" (Dick Maas; in Dutch).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback. From July 10: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 4: "Amadeus" (†). From July 5: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Secret Honor" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary. From July 10: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.
Theatre 4: Through July 11: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles. From July 12: To be announced.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
"Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 9: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
From July 10: "Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"A Passage to India" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 4: "Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler).
From July 5: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dangerous Moves" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris and Blair Brown.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary. From July 10: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "A View to a Kill" (†). From July 10: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 3: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 4: "Cocoon" (Ron Howard), with Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley.
Theatre 5: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 3: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 4: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer),

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with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (directed by Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (Ron Howard), with Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley.
Theatre 3: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 4: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 5: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 6: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"A View to a Kill" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through July 7: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy. From July 8: "A View to a Kill" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"D.A.R.Y.L." (Simon Wincer), with Mary Beth Hurt and Michael McKean.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From July 10: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

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CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 3: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
July 4: "High and Low" (1963) and "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 5-6: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 7: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller.
July 8: "Stromboli" (†); and "Terminal Station" (1953; Vittorio De Sica), with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones.
July 9: "Monika" (†) and "Sawdust and Tinsel" (†).
July 10: "Teorema" (†); and "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.
July 11: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
July 12-13: "Black Orpheus" (†); and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 12: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
From July 13: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (1984; Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.
July 5-6: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
July 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 8-9: "A Night in Casablanca" (†); and "The Cocoanuts" (1929; Joseph Santley and Robert Florey), with the Marx Brothers.
July 10-11: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).
July 12-13: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 4: "Lost in America" (†); and "Vision Quest" (1985; Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
From July 5: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards; and "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 3: "Star!" (1968; Robert Wise), with Julie Andrews.
July 4-6: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "State Fair" (1945; Walter Lang), with Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, and Charles Winninger.
July 7-8: "The Lodger" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.
July 9-10: "Little Murders" (†); and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
July 11: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy.
July 12-13: "The Late George Apley" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Ronald Colman and Peggy Cummins; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943 †).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 3: "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling; and "The Beat Generation" (1959; Charles Haas), with Steve Cochran, Mamie Van Doren, Ray Danton, and Fay Spain.
July 4: A program of rock videos.
July 5: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
July 6: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini).
July 7: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
July 8: A program of Betty Boop cartoons; and a program of cartoons from the forties.
July 9: "Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary; and "It Don't Pay to Be an Honest Citizen" (1985; Jacob Burckhardt).
July 10: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Ace in the Hole" (†).
July 11: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau, Valeria D'Obici, and Laura Antonelli; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (†).
July 12: "A Hard Day's Night" (†); and "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.
July 13: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 4: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.
July 5-6: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, and Elizabeth Taylor.
July 7: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

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July 8: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
July 9: "Passage to Marseille" (1944; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "High Sierra" (†).
July 10: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler as Chan.
July 11: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Sleep" (1978; Michael Winner), with Robert Mitchum.
July 12-13: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

theatre 1: July 4 at 2:30: "L'Argent" (1927; directed by Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French intertitles). . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, and Peter Cushing. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "The Winslow Boy" (1950; Anthony Asquith), with Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2: "Tom Brown's Schooldays" (1951; Gordon Parry), with John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ July 6 at 5: "The Winslow Boy." . . . ¶ July 7 at 2: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "Hamlet." . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Midshipman Easy" (1935; Carol Reed), with Hughie Green, Margaret Lockwood, and Harry Tate. . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946; Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, and Stewart Granger. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30 and 6: "Around the World in Eighty Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931; Victor Fleming and Fairbanks). . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30 and 6: "Four Sons" (1928; John Ford; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "Tom Brown's Schooldays." . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "Oliver Twist." . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Hamlet." . . . ¶ July 13 at 5: "Our Man in Havana" (1959; Carol Reed), with Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, and Maureen O'Hara.

theatre 2: July 4 at 3: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935; Leo McCarey), with Charles Laughton, Roland Young, and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ July 5 at 3: "Private Worlds" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6:30: "Alice Adams" (1935; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, and Fred Stone. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ July 6 at 5:30: "The Wedding Night" (1935; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Anna Sten, and Helen Vinson. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. . . . ¶ July 7 at 5:30: "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay. . . . ¶ July 8 at 3: "Captain Blood." . . . ¶ July 8 at 6:30 and July 9 at 3: "The Good Fairy" (1935; William Wyler), with Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall, and Frank Morgan. . . . ¶ July 9 at 6:30: "The Wedding Night." . . . ¶ July 11 at 3: "Naughty Marietta." . . . July 11 at 6:30 and July 12 at 3: "Hands Across the Table" (1935; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6:30: "Bordertown." . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935; James Whale), with Colin Clive, Boris Karloff, and Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" (1935; John Ford), with Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, and Stepin Fetchit.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—July 3 at noon: "A Place in Time" (1977; Charles Lane) and "Death of a Dunbar Girl" (1974; Henry Miller). . . . ¶ July 3 at 2: "Color" (1982; Warrington Hudlin) and "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1983; Bill Woodberry). . . . ¶ July 9 at 1:30 and July 10-11 at 11:30: The first of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 9 at 4:30 and July 10-11 at 2:30: The second of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 12-13 at 11:30: The third of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 12-13 at 2:30: The fourth of four video programs. Closed Mondays.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 3: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932; Frank Borzage), with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ July 5: "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. . . . ¶ July 8: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939; Sidney Lanfield), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. . . . ¶ July 10: "To Have and Have Not" (1945; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ July 11: "The Light That Failed" (1939; William Wellman), with Ronald Colman, Walter Huston, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ July 12: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Ace in the Hole (1951; also known as "The Big Carnival")—Some people have tried to claim some sort of satirical brilliance for this Billy Wilder film, but it's really just nasty, in a sociologically pushy way. Kirk Douglas is the big-time New York reporter who is so opportunistic that when he gets to where a collapsed roof has buried a man in New Mexico he arranges to have the rescue delayed so that he can pump the story up. The trapped man dies, while Douglas keeps shouting in order that we can all see what a cynical exploiter he is. With Jan Sterling, Porter Hall, and Richard Benedict. (Thalia; July 10.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 4.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through July 12.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12-13.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 12.)

Dangerous Moves—This Swiss picture is about a world-championship chess match held in Geneva between the longtime titleholder (Michel Piccoli), a courtly and cagey gray-bearded Russian Jew from the Soviet Union, and his former pupil, the handsome, high-strung challenger (Alexander Arbatt), a young Lithuanian who defected from the Soviet Union. At first, the young man's flamboyance and the older man's seething anger put us in an expectant mood, but the film turns into an uninspired account of the psychological pressures put on the contestants, who are both being manipulated by the Soviet bureaucracy. Written by Richard Dembo, who makes his début as a director. With Liv Ullmann, Leslie Caron, and Bernhard Wicki. In French. (6/3/85) (Paris.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Guild, Criterion Theatres, and Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12-13.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Thalia; July 12.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here he's reasonably engaging. He plays a wellborn New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks and see his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington. (Regency; July 12-13.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, set a new style in gangster movies—the old-style outlaw as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like ex-convict—the man who wants to pull off one more job so he can get out of what has become just a dirty business—is a classic. About half the movie is definitive; the other half is sunk in a maudlin subplot about the outlaw's love for a lame girl (Joan Leslie, maddeningly fresh-faced). With Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy, Henry Hull, Barton MacLane, and Cornel Wilde. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he loves her and wants her to be a modern woman, able to move in the world. She first saw him at their wedding: how will he ever know whether she really loves him if she doesn't have the opportunity to choose him—to prefer him to other men? He persuades her to leave the incense and silks, the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of the fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie, adapted from a Rabindranath Tagore novel, is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. You watch the graceful people in draped garments in their lethargic, patterned décor, and everything in the country seems draped, hanging, defeated—and hectic, too. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. Ray wrote the screenplay and also the music. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting July 10.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy—the most preposterous work of art ever written. Wit cascades through the play in a natural flow. Considered too high-style (and too dry-style) for general consumption, it was never filmed until this production, in color, directed by Anthony Asquith, who also did the adaptation and left the play alone as much as possible. The film is stagy, but highly enjoyable; Wilde's multiple-entendres about love and money are delivered in the required exquisite high, dry style by an extraordinary cast. Michael Redgrave is Jack Worthing; Edith Evans is triumphantly larger than life as Lady Bracknell; the cast also includes Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin, Margaret Rutherford, and Miles Malleson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's 1967 play was a wisp of a satirical comedy about the American adjustment to random violence—to assassinations on the national and local levels. In this movie version, which Feiffer also wrote, and which was directed by Alan Arkin, the dialogue has comic authority, and there are some strong scenes of rabid farce, yet things keep going out of kilter and the humor slides into something ugly and slightly rancid. The film seems to be a collection of ideological points—it's pious about its anti-establishment attitudes. With Elliott Gould as the catatonic hero—a saintly dropout; and Marcia Rodd, Vincent Gardenia, Elizabeth Wilson, Arkin, and Donald Sutherland. (Regency; July 9–10.)

Lost in America—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through July 4.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, this picture is funnier than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. With Sig Rumann, Dan Seymour, Charles Drake, Lisette Verea, and Lois Collier. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 8-9.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Festival.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. Stevens and his scriptwriters pre-interpret everything, turning the basically simple story into something portentous and "deep." The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive. If Elizabeth Taylor had played the girl in this production, then the poor could at least be shown to have some natural assets. But Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime; it's more like euthanasia. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 12.)

Prizzi's Honor—Adapted from Richard Condon's prankish satire of American corruption, this John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. It's like "The Godfather" acted out by The Munsters. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances, and it has the juice of everyday family craziness in it. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey as the shrunken old Don Corrado, ghouly and wormy, with tiny, shocking bright eyes; Anjelica Huston as the don's scheming granddaughter, a high-fashion Vampira who moves like a swooping bird and talks in a honking Brooklynese that comes out of the corner of her twisted mouth; Kathleen Turner as Charley's ravishingly pretty bride; John Randolph as Pop, the Prizzis' *consigliere* and Charley's beaming, proud father; and Lee Richardson and Robert Loggia as the don's two sons. The script is by Condon and Janet Roach; the cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak. Alex North's score, with its lush, parodistic use of Puccini, and some Rossini, a little Verdi, and a dash of Donizetti, too, actively contributes to the whirling texture of the scenes. (7/1/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones.

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The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through July 9.)

Sawdust and Tinsel (1953; "The Naked Night")—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, the film is set in the circus world at the turn of the century. The atmosphere suggests E. A. Dupont's 1925 film "Variety," with Emil Jannings, but has upsetting qualities all its own. There is an erotic scene between Harriet Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as a seducer-actor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. This is one of the bleakest of Bergman's films: no one is saved from total damnation. Yet this heavy, mawkish Expressionism, of a kind widespread in Germany in the twenties, was extraordinarily popular with young Americans in the late sixties. With Ake Groenberg, Anders Ek, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Ake Fridell. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Cinema I.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

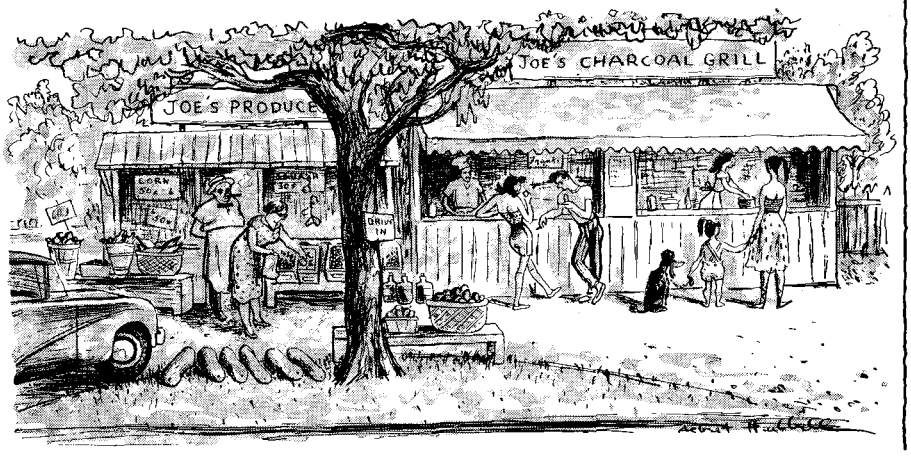
Teorema (1969)—Some people profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie; others break up on lines such as "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game intolerably silly. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

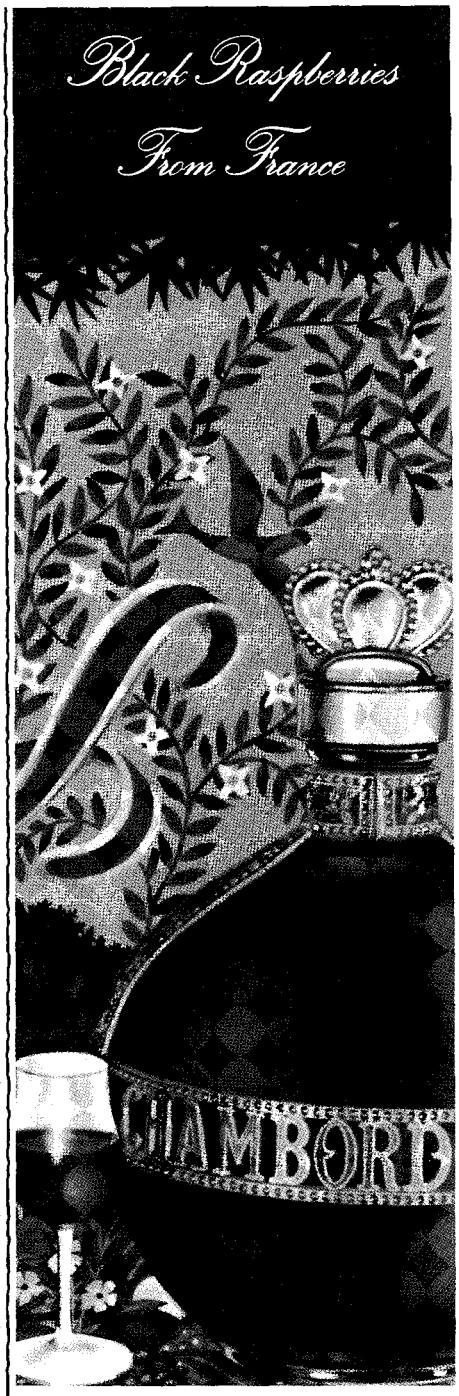
A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through July 9. . . . ¶ Loews State; starting July 8.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Thalia; July 11.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (D. W. Griffith, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. It suggests rich men's worst suspicions and fantasies of what women want (money) and what they're like when they're together (clawing beasties). With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, Virginia Weidler, Ruth Hussey, Phyllis Povah, Lucile Watson, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed—surprisingly coarsely; it's a kicking, screaming low comedy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12-13.)





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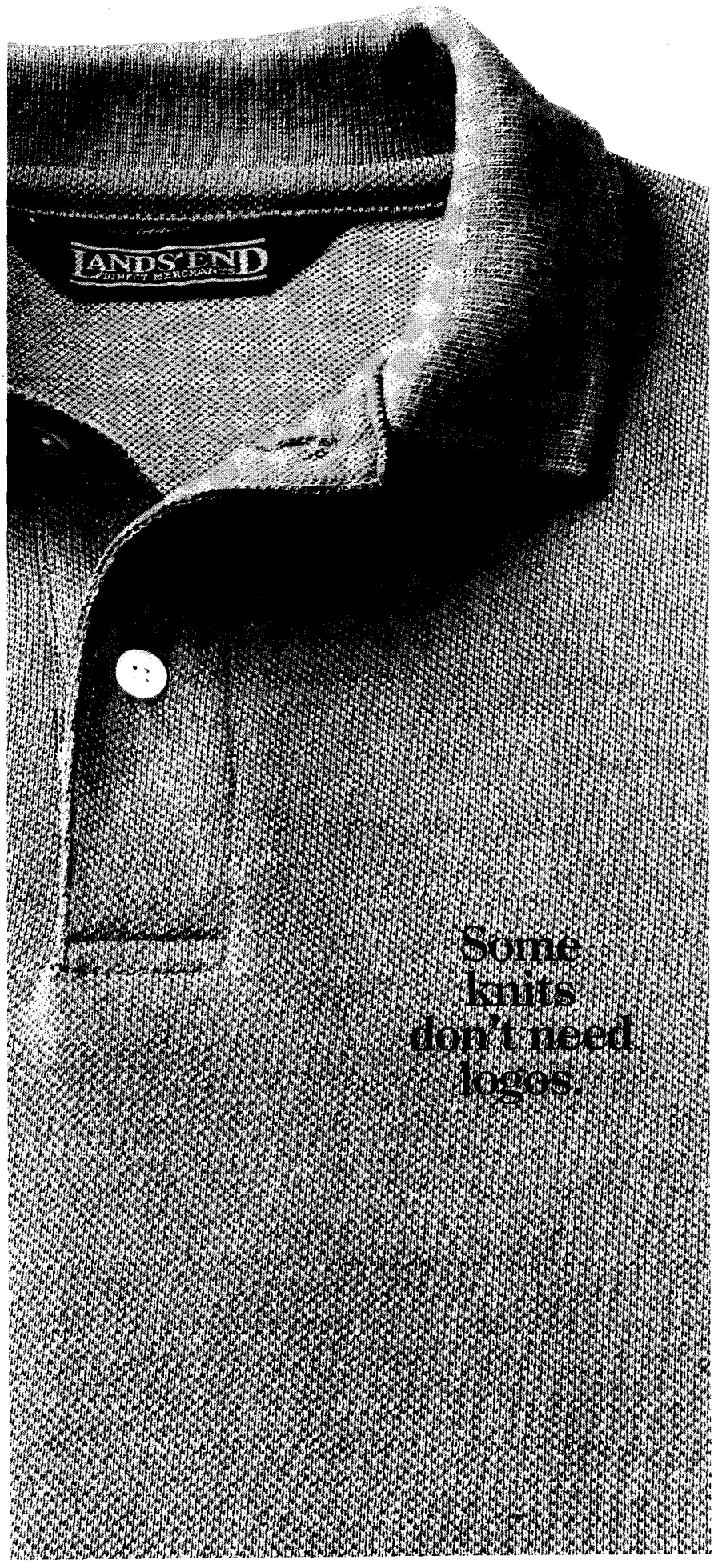

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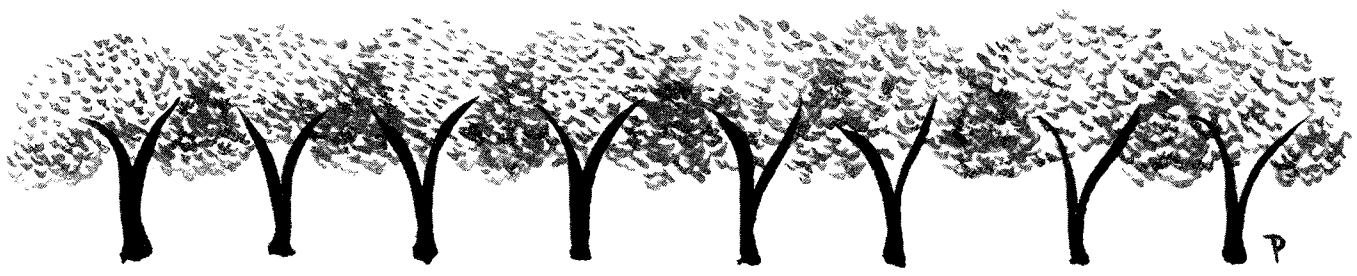
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"THE minute the main engines cut off, I had my face up against the window. It was wild—it was, like, 'Whoa, here comes Africa,' " said George (Pinky) Nelson, an American astronaut who flew on the space shuttle Challenger in April of last year, and who talked with us recently at the American Museum of Natural History. During his flight, he floated out into space with another astronaut, who had an even better nickname (Ox). Together, they repaired a satellite known as Solar Max. Nelson also shot thousands of feet of film with a special seventy-millimetre camera. That film, spliced together with the work of several other astro-auteurs and narrated by Walter Cronkite, began playing at the museum last week on the largest screen in New York City (and the largest *collapsible* screen anywhere). The film shows blast-offs and landings, and includes all the required weightlessness shots (shrimp from the appetizer course floating around the cabin, people sleeping standing up), but the real holy-cow footage is simply the view from the window as the earth wheels slowly by. Everybody should be used to such pictures by now—we can remember, on Christmas Day, 1968, retrieving the paper from the porch and opening it to find the whole front page taken up by a view of the earth seen from Apollo 8, which was out by the moon. But the sight is still fresh: the corrugated, crenellated mountain ranges, the clouds like ice floes against the blue of the ocean, the boot of Italy and the isles of Greece and the great spreading delta of the Nile. "It exceeded my expectations by orders of magnitude," Mr. Nelson told us. "It never wears off. It's not like a plane, where after a few flights you start asking for an aisle seat. Weightlessness you get used to in about two days, but I was staring out the window the entire trip. At night, there were giant thunderstorms, lightning filling the sky. Sometimes the lightning would start forest fires—something was always burning in South America and in Central Africa. You could see the wakes of ships, and oil slicks, and dust storms blowing. The most spectacular view was when I was outside in my space suit and could see all the way around—no windows. We fixed the satellite and had some extra time, and I just sat there watching the world go by."

While we were viewing the film, another shuttle mission was orbiting the earth. (They were unrelated events; even in an age as media-conscious as this one, you don't launch rockets for movie openings.) The shuttle set adrift a small satellite called Spartan, which was equipped with an X-ray detector to seek out the black hole that scientists are beginning to believe may lie at the center of our galaxy. The shuttle also tested the ability of a laser beam to remain fixed on an object in low orbit around the earth. Technicians at an Air Force station on a Maui mountaintop fired a blue-green beam at an eight-inch mirror mounted on the nose of Discovery. On the first pass, someone screwed up and the shuttle was pointing in exactly the wrong direction, but two days later everything went according to plan, and the laser beam stayed on target for nearly three minutes. It was an enormous technical achievement (to celebrate it, the shuttle crew broadcast the "1812 Overture"), because the beam had to travel through the many layers of the atmosphere, each of which refracts light somewhat differently. This refraction is what makes a star twinkle—and by calculating the twinkle and then compensating for it the scientists were able to keep the beam of light on target as it shot through nasty weather. Administration officials hailed the test as a successful step toward the Star Wars missile-defense program.

One could and probably should get involved in a dozen arguments about Star Wars. Will it set off a new arms race? Can it actually work? Won't it just encourage adversaries to destroy our defenses? What does it do to the logic of deterrence? Isn't it going to cost an awful lot? Aren't there simpler ways, such as arms control, of reducing the nuclear threat? But as we sat in the museum theatre watching the grand movie we found ourself thinking less about the possible results on earth than about the possible results in space. In the nineteen-sixties, Congress passed legislation setting aside millions of acres of this country as wilderness—



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not national parks, with roads and snack bars, and bears that climb through your sunroof as you try to snap their picture, but wilderness, for "primitive, unconfined recreation" or "solitude." Many charged, and continue to charge, that this was élitist—that if land is not put to some productive use like strip-mining it should at least be made easily accessible, with picnic tables and boat-launching ramps and postcards. But somehow—and it is difficult to say just why—it seems essential that there be wild, untouched places. We ourself will probably never get to the northern tier of Alaska, to visit the Gates of the Arctic or Denali National Preserves or Noatak Preserve, but that they are protected, green on the map, gives us great comfort. Of course, solitude is internal and tranquillity a product of the mind, but we are not a Zen master, and it helps to know that, someplace in Alaska or in Arizona, mountains and mesas and river valleys lie unpeopled.

In much the same way that a wilderness preserve holds value even if nobody can get there, space has a worth beyond physics, beyond the manufacture of perfectly round ball bearings. Its principal characteristic is that it is not the earth—it is quite difficult (and until very recently was impossible) to get to, and so it is untouched, and so it is full of possibility. If a piece of wilderness allows one to escape backward into a solitude increasingly dear, then space allows one to imagine in the other direction—into a future not governed by the constraints of weariness or ideology or carbon-based life. It allows for naïveté: it allows one to look back at the earth and imagine what would happen if political borders were as invisible as physical boundaries; it allows one to think about places where a fresh start might be possible. (It is obvious why the utopian literature of our period is largely science fiction.) All of us are at least a little scared of naïveté and of utopianism—and not without reason, for this is a hard world. But there seems little danger that naïveté is going to rout realism any time soon; the danger is that naïveté will disappear altogether in the face of terrorist hijackings and baggage bombs and the other loud noises of our day. And that would be sad, for while we need realism to sustain our world, we need idealism, the child of naïveté, to improve it. Dreams about Mars are really dreams about the earth—it is just easier to dream about Mars. Like solitude, innocence is an internal quality, and one can certainly be idealistic without the template provided by space. But the great black dome is an aid, and has been ever since people first noticed stars twinkling.

The Star Wars plans, it seems to us, strip-mine outer space. If they are put into effect, they will force people to think of space not as a different place but as an extension of this world—and, in fact, an extension of this world's most horrible features: its inability to settle rationally the differences that could annihilate us all; its eternal reliance on technology instead of humanity; its essential hostility. This is not, obviously, an absolute argument. If it can be proved that for some other reason we Americans must use space for war, then so be it; similarly, if we absolutely had to defile our wilderness areas to, say, feed people, we would. But it would be a sad thing to do, for the solitude of wilderness and the conceptual freedom of space have this in common: once breached, they cannot be easily restored.

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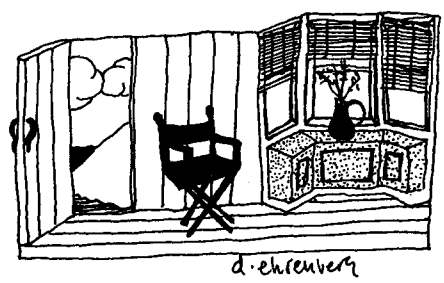
A NOT altogether different drama is closing a long run this summer on the lower East Side, off Eldridge Street. One Adam Purple seems about to lose his fight to save his "Garden of Eden" from city officials who want to bulldoze it so low-income housing can be constructed. We had last spoken with Adam in 1978, in the days when his garden was young. He was unconventional then, and he is unconventional today. "In your last story, you let drop that I sometimes use the name Les Ego, but you didn't develop the point," he told us when we talked with him the other day. "The Reverend Les Ego was a previous incarnation, during which I wrote 'Zentences,' a nonlinear book," explained Mr. Purple, who, as usual, was wearing purple tie-dyed clothes, purple sneakers, and purple-mirrored sunglasses. "The content of the book expands in an exponential way—that is, content equals n^2 where n is the number of pages. It's a tiny, tiny book, but if you were to read it it would take you two and a half hours. No one can read it—I've never read it—because just the fact that it's taking you two and a half hours to read it blows you away. I got the idea from those children's books where you have a picture of an alligator for the top half and a picture of an elephant for the bottom, and together they make, like, an alliphant."



So. But Adam Purple has built a garden in the middle of the depressed and depressing lower East Side—a glorious garden. He began in 1975 and has been building outward in concentric rings ever since. The garden is now a hundred feet across. At its center is a flower bed forming a double yin-yang symbol, but surrounding it are dozens of good old American vegetable plots and fruit trees. The Garden of Eden looks extremely striking viewed from aloft (many magazines, especially in Europe, have done lavish spreads on the former vacant lot), but sitting inside the garden is even better. Though there are no fences, and anyone is free to come and go and to plant and harvest, the blackberry bushes enclosing the circle cut it off from the street (which is none too busy anyway in those bombed-out few blocks). Butterflies and worms and bees fly and wriggle and buzz—it feels like a completed, insulated space. It feels like the sort of garden that children dream about, and that very young children can, in fact, create wherever they are—confined yet expansive, familiar and at the same time full of endless diversion. In an extensive garden archive that Mr. Purple maintains, one letter in particular (from a prisoner confined at the Auburn Correctional Facility) seems to capture the quality of magic alive in the Eldridge Street block:

DEAR MR. PURPLE,

I hope that you and all who are concerned (in your fight to keep the garden) are well and in the best of health. Sir I was born and raised on manhattans lower east side. Well sir a few years ago while engaged in a shoot out with some Puerto Rican strong-arm boys (1981) I ran across your garden (I thought I got hit died and went to heaven). It was hard to conceive how something so beautiful could survive in that environment—not to mention those vandals the Allen Street Gang. Well seeing such an oasis in the middle of drug town U.S.A. was a joy to me regardless of my situation at the time. I commend you sir for such dedication and I support your every endeavor in keeping your (our) garden. I will pray, because never was earnest prayer made in vain. May the Holy Virgen

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keep you as well as your garden.

P.S. I'm serving two years in the box because I stabbed a man last month, and I'm serving 62 to life for murder etc.—which only goes to show your garden had to be beautiful to reach me.

"Lemme tell you, this is one hell of a husband!

•

At this writing, the garden is slated for demolition in September, though some small fragment may be saved as a memorial—perhaps the yin-yang centerpiece and a Chinese empress tree that sprang up of its own accord nearby. In its place will be a hundred and eighty-nine units of low-income housing, desperately needed in a city where the waiting list for public housing has now passed the two-hundred-thousand-family mark. Despite a lawsuit on environmental grounds which is coming up, and despite other planned delaying tactics, the housing will almost certainly be built, for the project has attained enormous bureaucratic momentum. The money is on hand, the contracts are signed, the tenants in the area are moving away. It is becoming, as the Housing Authority's public-information director, Val Coleman, has repeatedly said, "a question of petunias or people." Any more delay, he warns, and the federal government may take its money back, so Adam Purple will just have to find something else nutty and useful to do. But it needn't have been this way. There are plenty of empty blocks on the lower East Side without gardens, and plenty of ways that, even on this block, the housing could have been designed to fit around Eden. (The Storefront for Art and Architecture, a Prince Street institution, last summer exhibited twenty-five alternative plans, from architects around the world, and is still pushing a proposal that, by slightly modifying the Housing Authority's, saves eighty per cent of the garden.) When you ask Coleman why planners didn't think about the garden from the beginning, he says, "I don't know. I haven't got any information on that." The answer, we suspect, is that bureaucracies don't much care for anomalies, not to mention purple-clad hippie gardeners. No one was clever enough to stop and say, "We could build the Garden of Eden Houses," and that is a shame. People living in housing projects need whimsicality as much as any other people, and they need fresh produce a good deal more. The original plans for the new project included a garden—a small, square garden built by the developers and surrounded by a six-foot-high chain-link fence instead of blackberry bushes. In the most recent revision, even that has disappeared.

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WE just received a call from a stockbroker acquaintance of ours who helped arrange some I.R.A. government bonds for us a few seasons back. He seemed very excited. He started out by announcing that he had a terrific new investment opportunity for us, an excellent tax shelter, an altogether great deal. "They're not going to be permitting this sort of thing much longer," he told us confidentially. "This may be the last time we'll be able to offer it. See, they've set up some limited partnerships that will allow you to invest in a package of ten Hollywood films—some of them already made, some still in pre-production. You can buy as many shares as you want at ten thousand dollars a share, seventy per cent of which you can get back as a tax write-off if the thing doesn't make any money. And here's the great part: one of the films in this particular package is 'Rambo III.' I don't know if you've been keeping up with the trades, but 'Rambo II,' Sylvester Stallone's Vietnam-revenge picture, is the runaway box-office smash of the summer. In the sequel, Rambo is going to go settle the score in Iran and then zap over and knock a few heads in Nicaragua. Think about it—what an opportunity!"

We've heard lots of rumors about "Rambo III," and though, for all we know, the sequel's screenwriters haven't even convened their first lunch, the rumors all have to do with the notion, which seems increasingly appealing in some quarters these days, of turning the Vietnam syndrome on its head, so that finally we Americans will be "standing tall" as a nation once again and expressing our righteous anger by wreaking havoc on the enemy.

Any enemy. They're all the same. As that somewhat chilling phone call from the stockbroker made clear, the entertainment industry is beginning literally to bank on this disturbing impulse. For that matter, this afternoon a vender just down the street from this

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office was hawking bright-red pins with the inscription "Send Rambo to Lebanon."

This simplistic jingoism wouldn't matter, perhaps, if it were confined to the world of political buttons and Hollywood blockbusters. The trouble is that it has begun to insinuate itself into the highest levels of the federal government. In a speech in Dallas a week or so ago, President Reagan—who, of course, comes out of the Hollywood world himself—lumped together the airport bombing in Frankfurt, the destruction of a Jordanian airplane at the Beirut airport, the hijacking of the T.W.A. plane out of Athens and the subsequent hostage siege, and the attack on a group of American Marines and businessmen (along with nationals from other countries) at some adjoining street cafés in San Salvador, insisting that they were all of a piece. "We consider these murders, hijackings, and abductions an attack on all Western civilization by uncivilized barbarians. . . . But let no one doubt our resolve," he said. He seemed particularly eager to equate the Salvadoran incident with the ones in the Middle East. "The killers in El Salvador are no different than those other perpetrators of inhumane acts," he said, and he continued, "I can promise all of them this: they will never succeed in weakening our resolve to resist terrorism." One of the few concrete new initiatives the President has offered as part of his fight against world terrorism has been expedited military aid to the government of El Salvador. The next Rambolike step in this surreal logic of equivalence will, of course, be the proposition sometime soon that the United States should invade Nicaragua to teach the Shiites in Lebanon a lesson they'll never forget. They're all the same: a blow against one will effectively serve as a blow against all.

The trouble is that they aren't all the same: each situation is extremely complicated and very different from the next. One of the most curious twists, for example, was a recent report that the Palestine Liberation Organization seemed to be favoring the continued incarceration of the Shiite men in an Israeli prison camp (itself arguably an illegal hostage situation), because it didn't want any of the released Shiites to be able to join the current spate of assaults on Palestinian refugee camps outside Beirut. El Salvador presents an entirely different picture—one that the Archbishop of San Salvador seemed to frame in exactly the right terms a couple of weeks ago when he issued a statement deploring the attack on the Americans at the sidewalk cafés but going on to deplore, in the same strong language, the campaign of terror currently being waged by the Salvadoran Army, with American tactical and matériel support, against peasants in the Salvadoran backcountry. This horrifying campaign of indiscriminate bombings, strafings, and massacres of civilians and wholesale destruction of farms and fields is designed to terrorize the peasants in regions with a strong guerrilla presence into fleeing their homes, thereby denying the guerrillas a haven. As the editors of a recent Americas Watch report on the subject phrased it, the strategy is something like "draining the sea to catch the fish." Largely as a consequence of these tactics, Americas Watch reports, "approximately one quarter of all Salvadorans have fled their homes." Almost all the bombs and the munitions and the aircraft that are required to facilitate this strategy have been provided by the American military, which has thus become a party to the conflict. In this context, an attack on American military personnel in a San Salvador café can hardly be equated with the hostage-taking of a random group of American tourists returning from their Mediterranean vacations.

One of the eeriest, most unsettling images lingering from the nightmare of Iran was that spectacle of throngs of people ritually denouncing the United States as Satan incarnate. It was precisely through the indiscriminateness of those shrill assertions that we were all able to sense how desperately the political culture in Iran had deteriorated. How could one even begin to imagine conversing with people so caught up in simplistic mystifications? And yet we now find ourselves beginning to hole up in Fortress America, one of the last redoubts of Western civilization, and lumping all our opponents together as barbarians.

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Socrates is a human being. All human beings are mortal. Therefore, Socrates is mortal. Thus have generations of students learned the use of the syllogism. Putting the formula to use, one can say: Americans are human beings. All human beings are mortal. Therefore, Americans are mortal. That may appear obvious, but in crises like the recent hijacking it seems to be forgotten; we Americans act as if our mortality were the result of someone's mismanagement or bungling. The truth is that terrorism en-

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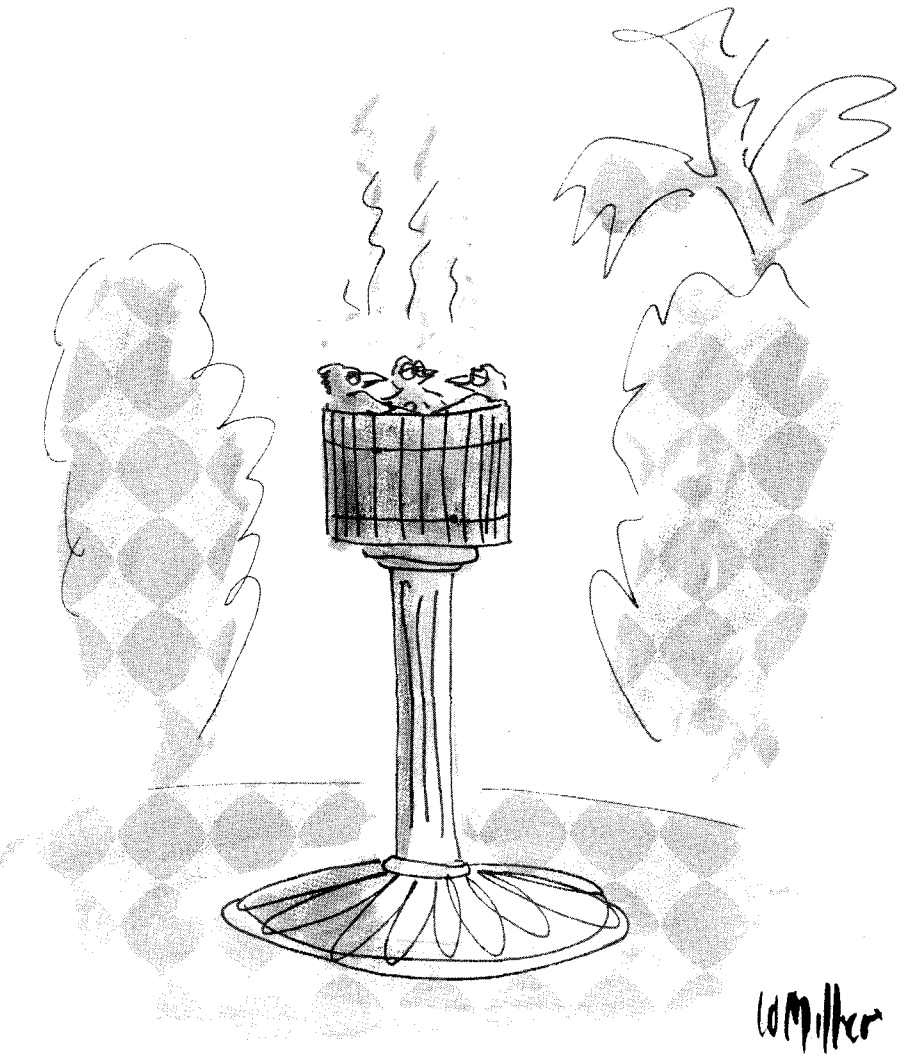
rages and frustrates in part because there is so little that can be done about it. Civil society simply lies open to terrorist attacks, irremediably. And a people like the American people, with some of its millions forever wandering throughout the world, is even more at risk than most. Airliners are particularly vulnerable, but they are not necessary for terrorist attacks to take place. A railroad station or an office building will do. The terrorist finds his target wherever people gather. Many measures can and should be taken to prevent terrorism (*Newsweek* offers a list of ten in a recent issue), but none can assure safety. There are no metal detectors that can scan whole societies—the whole world. (In fact, at present they can't even assure the safety of airports and airplanes.) We Americans are told again and again that our vulnerability to hijacking and other forms of terrorism is (in the words of one columnist) "a message of weakness," and that is certainly true, but the weakness in question is not military or political but universally human. It is the inborn weakness of human flesh, whose frailty no "measures" can counteract.

When that human weakness, on which the terrorist ultimately relies for his hold over us, is mistaken for national weakness—an error that has overtones of insane pride—the stage is set for folly on a grand scale. The first consequence is a demand for effective action. For if national weakness is the problem it follows that there must be some step to take that will counteract it—some military buildup, or raid, or punitive action. And it also follows that if no step is taken somebody must be at fault. Yet when the President looks into his book of "options" for forceful and effective action he finds the pages bare. Weakness, the President discovers, is not his problem; he has the means at his fingertips to erase Iran from the map, to turn Beirut into an inlet in the Mediterranean. Nor is lack of will his handicap; he may burn with the desire to act. But he finds that none of the superabundant strength at his disposal will solve—or, for that matter, even address—the problem that is before him: how to get the hostages home without compromising basic interests of the United States. One critic has called the President a "crippled hawk." But in fact the hawk, with its new, trillion-dollar talons, is in perfect condition. It can do anything that might be expected of a hawk. It's just that a hawk is the wrong



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bird for this particular job. With the instruments at his disposal the President can take every life on earth but cannot save even one life. Only quiet negotiation and patience—the equipment of the dove—hold promise, as the release of the hostages from Lebanon demonstrates. That is what Jimmy Carter discovered during the Iranian hostage crisis, and that is what President Reagan, who criticized Carter for inaction, has now apparently discovered. But while Presidents are forced to make this discovery the public, it appears, does not make it. At least as striking as President Reagan's turnabout in his attitude toward what can be done to release hostages is that of his critics: many of them have in the past taken him to task for excessive readiness to use force, but now they are attacking him for doing nothing. It appears that when it comes to hostage crises the division that counts is not the one between right and left or between hawk and dove but the one between those who must act and those who only watch. On one side of this line is the President, with a few of his advisers. On the other side is almost everyone else, including columnists and numerous politicians. The President's actions are constrained by the specific choices that lie before him and by the specific results that he may expect, including the murder of the hostages. The views of the spectators are subject to no such limitation. The spectators are at liberty to picture the options as they wish, and have the luxury of going on believing that bold—but undefined and undefinable—solutions are available. Demands that the President "do something" grow. But there is nothing effective that he can do—no device that he can deploy to spring the hostages from their captivity, no shield that he can interpose between their bodies and the hijackers' pistols. For no one—not even the President of the United States—can suspend the human condition.

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A YOUNG woman we know writes:

A week or so ago, I went out and bought money—fifteen thousand pe-

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"In Washington, I'm Stu Trumbell. However, in Baltimore I'm usually Freddy Wilcox."

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setas (just under a hundred dollars), in preparation for a trip to Spain. Peseta notes are beautiful now: they're the same colors as before (blue for the five hundred, say, and green for the thousand), but with muted-primary-color flourishes, and there's no Generalissimo anywhere—just Spanish writers and, on the five-thousand-peseta bills, King Juan Carlos, in sepia, looking handsomely calm and judicious. This is intricate money, like France's—seemingly uncounterfeitable: Each portrait is repeated in the bill's wide white margin, but inside the paper, so that you see it only when you hold the bill up to the light. The loveliest part, though, is the handwritten quotation from each author (the King scrawls a thought on legitimacy, the state, and the good of the community) which is superimposed on the invisible likeness. The most legible is Juan Ramón Jiménez's (2,000 Pts., in rose-red); his writing is rounded and swooping, but the last word is emphatically printed. An upside-down exclamation point precedes each sentence, and Jiménez says, "There goes the fragrance of the rose! Catch it in your *sinrazón!*"—your unreason, that is, as in reckless spontaneity (a risky notion to put on money). Now, ever since I bought this money I've taken it out of my wallet with great frequency, to look at it. My vacation isn't for a while yet, but it's been such a long year at work since the last one that I'm hungry for the idea: green Spanish figs; sugary brandy; and fresh, dry, hot, still air—and lemons in water. In the mountains north of Madrid, where I'm going, you can smell wild rosemary everywhere. And so with a bare few tokens, like this money, I can almost overlook the time between now and departure.

Today, four of six stories on the front page of the *Times* dealt with air travel, and only one was good news—about the space shuttle. The others—the hostage-taking in the Middle East; a plane crash over the Atlantic, thought to have been caused by a bomb, and to have no survivors; a cargo-hold bomb in Japan—were tragedies, frightening and saddening. I kept on making my plans, though (and in this I'm sure I was not alone); I had thoughts, but I didn't consider not going on the appointed day. The first time I was in Spain, I was a student, and it was when Franco was alive—in the early seventies, during the Vietnam War. Both because of that war and because the United States government was a Franco ally, an American, I found, was hardly persona grata on campus. All school year, the Canadian students wore ostentatious maple-leaf pins, trying to make it clear that despite their dress and their demeanor they were not United States citizens. Police jeeps and water cannon congregated out at the university on the first day of spring, to forestall demonstrations, but not until recently did I realize that Franco forbade civilian assembly of more than a few people, for we Americans were apparently exempt from the rule. Toward the end of that year, it was a thrill and a relief to find Spanish friends enviously following the Watergate doings of Judge John Sirica. One day at lunch, a wistful law student told me, "That could never happen here."

This afternoon, while I was talking to a woman I work with—we'd both read the morning's paper—and trying to explain why I would dare still make the flight, one thing that came to mind was a proverb that my Spanish friends had impressed upon me that student year. In the current context, it was nearly a joke: "*Quiero más que llegar, pensar que ya voy llegando*"—"Better by far than arrival is the thought that I'm slowly arriving." She and I laughed, then shuddered. But I think that, put together with that *sinrazón*-style unreason, it sounds no stranger than the request of a co-worker of ours who in this long year is very ill: "Whatever you pray to around here, pray for me." More than just a hope for good will and healing, it seems somehow to be actual faith.

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THE PEOPLE V. JIM

Q: Jim, I'd like you to look at this magazine article entitled "The Twenty Best Hash Browns in Town" and tell me if you wrote it.

A: Yes, I did.

Q: How about this? "Fifteen Great Ideas for Putting New Life in Those Dingy Stair Treads." Was that the second "list" article you wrote for a magazine?

A: No, that was my tenth. That was after "Eleven Restaurants You'll Remember the Rest of Your Life," "Ten All-Time Greatest Half & Halfs," "My Ten All-Time Favorite People," "Ten Ways to Lose Four Pounds in Two Days," "Ten Celebrities Show Off Their Basements," "Eight Methods of Beating the Heat," "Seven Terrific Marriages," "Six Meaner Dogs Than You Ever Saw Before," and "Five Kids Who Make Your Kids Look Sick."

Q: What happened, Jim? Why couldn't you quit then? You knew it was wrong.

A: I know, but look at it my way. First of all, I think that—

Q: "Thirty People Who'd Like to Be Your Friend," "Ten Famous People's Breakfasts," "Eighteen Best Red Things," "Six Best Tops of Things," "Twelve Biggest Unnoticed Things," "Twenty-one Places Where Famous People Were Seen Doing One of Two Things"—the list goes on, Jim.

A: I had a house, I was married, we had two children, pets, a summer place, a boat, a membership in a health club, and a good investment program. But more than that, I found it satisfying. I was a child of the forties, and through the fifties, sixties, seventies, and into the eighties my life seemed confused, purposeless, ill defined. Lists helped to center me a little, calm me down. I took out a clean sheet of paper, numbered it from one to fifteen or twenty—I got a feeling of accomplishment.

Q: You went crazy, Jim. You wrote for sixty-eight different life-style magazines, including *Des Moines*, *The Boisean*, *The Orlandan*, *The Albuquerquer*, *The Wichitan*, *Los Angel*, *The Quad Citian*, *The Bethesdan*, *The Hobokener*, *Duluth*, *The Renoite*, *Oakland*, *The Queenser*, *Bismarck*, *The Baton Rougist*, *The Omahite*, *The Pittsburghast*, and you wrote lists of best artists, best music videos, best hamburgers, quiet restaurants, noisy restaurants, bourbons, aluminum foils, dining-room sets, wallets, American novels, cheese snacks, hotel lobbies, movies, women named Diane, burritos, "Ten Most Exciting Elevators," "Ten Cures for Winter Arghhhs," "Ten People Who Have Something You'll Never Have," "Ten Things That Look Very Unusual but Really Aren't," "Ten Things You Don't Need to Worry About," "Ten Places Nearby That You Ought to Drop Everything and Go Look At Immediately," "The Thirty-nine Most Successful, Restless, Desperately Unhappy People in West Virginia," "Fifty Top U.S. Businesses Run by Methodists"—surely, Jim, there must have come a point when you thought, That is enough. I can't do this anymore.

A: I had filled up sixty-one floppy discs by then. I wanted to reach a hundred.

Q: So you filled your hundredth disc, and you collected everything in "The Fatal List," and it reached No. 8 on the *Times* list, and then—?

A: I was ready to retire, but the editor of *Milwaukeeist* told me to cough up ten more, otherwise he would include me in "Fifty People Who Were Once Hot and Aren't Anymore for One Reason or Another." So I did them.

Q: Do you have any idea what damage you've done, Jim? You've made people more stupid. Some of your readers now find it hard to read paragraphs that aren't numbered.

A: How many? A lot?

Q: Jim, we're going to have to put you in a little room by yourself for a while, I think.

A: Will I ever write again?

Q: No.

—Garrison Keillor

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FROM CLOUD TO CLOUD

THE family's experience of Raymond was like a long railway journey with a constantly shifting point of view. His mother and aunt were of a generation for whom travel had meant trains—slow trips there and back, with an intense engagement in eating, or a game of cards with strangers, interrupted by a flash of celestial light from the frozen and sunstruck St. Lawrence. Then came the dark-brown slums of the approach to Montreal, the signal to get one's luggage down from the rack.

To make a short story shorter, his Aunt Berthe (she worked in an office full of English-Canadians) would have said Raymond was Heaven and Hell. Mother and aunt, the two sisters had thought they never could love anyone more than Raymond; then, all at once, he seemed to his aunt so steadily imperfect, so rigid in his failings, that the changing prospect of his moods, decisions, needs, life ceased to draw her attention.

He'd had a father, of course—had him until he was eighteen, even though it was Raymond's practice to grumble that he had been raised, badly, by women. His last memories of his father must surely have been Louis dying of emphysema, upright in the white-painted wicker chair, in blazing forbidden sunlight, mangling a forbidden cigar. The partially flagged back yard had no shade in it—just two yellow fringed umbrellas that filtered the blue of July and made it bilious. Louis could not sit in their bogus shadow, said it made him sweat. Behind the umbrellas was the kitchen entrance to a duplex dwelling of stucco and brick, late nineteen-forties in style—a cube with varnished doors—at the northern end of Boulevard Pie IX. "Remember that your father owned his own home," said Louis; also, "When we first moved up here, you could still see vacant lots. It depressed your mother. She wasn't used to an open view."

Where Raymond's sandbox had been stood a granite birdbath with three aluminum birds the size of pigeons perched on the rim—the gift from Louis's firm when he had to take early retirement, because he was so ill. He already owned a gold watch. He told Raymond exactly where to find the watch in his desk—in which drawer. Raymond sat cross-legged on the grass and practiced flipping a vegetable knife; his mother had found and disposed of his commando dagger. His father could draw breath but had to pause before he spoke. Waiting for strength, he looked up at the sky, at a moon in sunlight, pale and transparent—a memory of dozens of other waning moons. (It was the summer of the moon walk. Raymond's mother still mentions this, as though it had exerted a tidal influence on her affairs.)

The silent intermissions, his gaze upturned, made it seem as if Louis were seeking divine assistance. Actually, he knew everything he wished to say. So did Raymond. Raymond—even his aunt will not deny it—showed respect. He never once remarked, "I've heard this before," or uttered the timeless, frantic snub of the young, "I know, I know, I *know*."

His father said, "There have always been good jobs in Boston," "Never forget your French, because it would break your mother's heart," "One of these days you're going to have to cut your hair," "Marry a Catholic, but not just any Catholic," "With a name like Raymond Joseph Driscoll you can go anywhere in the world," "That autograph album of mine is worth a fortune. Hang on to it. It will always get you out of a tight spot."

In his lifetime Louis wrote to hockey players and film stars and local politicians, and quite often received an answer. Raymond as a child watched him cutting out the signature and pasting it in a deep-blue leather-bound book. Now that Raymond is settled in Florida, trying to build a career in the motel business, his whole life is a tight spot. He finds it hard to credit that the album is worth nothing. Unfortunately, it is so. Most of the signatures were facsimiles, or had been dashed off by a secretary. The few authentic autographs were of names too obscure to matter. The half dozen that Louis purchased from a specialized dealer on Peel Street, since driven out of business, were certified fakes. Louis kept "Joseph Stalin" and "Harry S Truman" in a locked drawer, telling Marie, his wife, that if Canada was ever occupied by

"I'm glad you like my stuff. Are you guys foodies?"

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one of the two great powers, or by both at once, she would be able to barter her way to safety.

Raymond had a thin mane of russet hair that covered his profile when he bent over to retrieve the knife. He wore circus-rodeo gear, silver and white. Louis couldn't stand the sight of his son's clothes; in his dying crankiness he gave some away. Raymond stored his favorite outfits at his aunt's place. She lived in a second-story walkup, with front and back balconies, a long, cool hall, three bedrooms, on the west side of Parc Lafontaine. She was unmarried and did not need all that space; she enjoyed just walking from room to room. Louis spoke to Raymond in English, so that he would be able to make his way in the world. He wanted him to go to an English commercial school, where he might meet people who would be useful to him later on. Raymond's aunt said that her English was better than Louis's: his "th" sometimes slipped into "d." Louis, panting, mentioned to Raymond that Berthe, for all her pretensions, was not as well off propertywise as her sister and brother-in-law, though she seemed to have more money to throw around. "Low rent in any crummy neighborhood—that's her creed," said Raymond's father. In his last, bad, bitter days, he seemed to be brooding over Berthe, compared her career with his own, said she had an inborn craving for sleeping with married men. But before he died he took every word back, said she had been a good friend to him, was an example for other women, though not necessarily married women. He wanted her to keep an eye on Marie and Raymond—he said he felt as if he were leaving behind two helpless children, one eighteen, the other in her forties, along with the two cars, the valuable autograph album, the gold watch, and the paid-up house.

Louis also left a handwritten inconvenient request to be buried in New Brunswick, where he came from, rather than in Montreal. Raymond's mother hid the message behind a sofa cushion, where it would be discovered during some future heavy cleaning. She could not bring herself to tear it up. They buried Louis in Notre Dame des Neiges cemetery, where Marie intended to join him, not too soon. She ordered a bilingual inscription on the gravestone, because he had spoken English at the office and French to her.

Card Sharp

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Raymond in those days spoke French and English, too, with a crack in each. His English belonged to a subdivision of Catholic Montreal—a bit Irish-sounding but thinner than any tone you might hear in Dublin. His French vocabulary was drawn from conversations with his mother and aunt, and should have been full of tenderness. He did not know what he wanted to be. "If I ever write, I'm going to write a book about the family," he told his aunt the day of Louis's funeral, looking at the relatives in their black unnatural clothes, soaking up heat. It was the first time he had ever said this, and most likely the last. Poor Raymond could barely scrawl a letter, couldn't spell. He didn't mind learning, but he hated to be taught. After he left home, Berthe and Marie scarcely had the sight of his handwriting. They had his voice over the telephone, calling from different American places (they thought of Vietnam as an American place) with a gradually altered accent. His French filled up with English, as with a deposit of pebbles and sand, and in English he became not quite a stranger: even years later he still said "palm" to rhyme with "jam."

Raymond behaved correctly at the funeral, holding his mother's arm, seeing that everyone had a word with her, causing those relatives who did not know him well to remark that he was his father all over again. He was dressed in a dark suit, bought in a hurry, and one of Louis's ties. He had not worn a tie since the last family funeral; Berthe had to fasten the knot. He let her give his hair a light trim, so that it cleared his shoulders.

Marie would not hold a reception: the mourners had to settle for a kiss or a handshake beside the open grave. Louis's people, some of whom had come a long way, were starting back with the pieces of a break beyond mending. Marie didn't care: her family feelings had narrowed to Raymond and Berthe. After the funeral, Raymond drove the two sisters to Berthe's flat. He sat with his mother at the kitchen table and watched Berthe cutting up a cold chicken. Marie kept on her funeral hat, a black straw pillbox with a wisp of veil. No one said much. The chicken was not enough for Raymond, so Berthe got out the ham she had baked the night before in case Marie changed her mind about inviting the relatives. She put the whole thing down in front of him, and he hacked pieces off and ate with his fingers. Marie said, "You wouldn't dare do that if your father could see you," because she had to say something. She and Berthe knew he was having a bad time.

When he finished, they moved down the hall to Berthe's living room. She opened the doors to both balconies, to invite a cross breeze. The heated air touched the looped white curtain without stirring a fold of it. Raymond took off his jacket and tie. The women

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had already removed their black stockings. Respect for Louis kept them from making themselves entirely comfortable. They had nothing in particular to do for the rest of the day. Berthe had taken time off from the office, and Marie was afraid to go home. She believed that some essence of Louis, not quite a ghost, was in their house on Boulevard Pie IX, testing locks, turning door handles, sliding drawers open, handling Marie's poor muddled household accounts, ascertaining once and for all the exact amount of money owed by Marie to Berthe. (Berthe had always been good for a small loan toward the end of the month. She had shown Marie how to entangle the books, so that Louis need never know.)

Raymond stretched out on Berthe's pale-green sofa, with a pile of cushions under his head. "Raymond, watch where you put your feet," said his mother.

"It doesn't matter," said Berthe. "Not today."

"I don't want you to wish we weren't here," said Marie. "After we've moved in, I mean. You'll never know we're in the house. Raymond, ask Aunt Berthe for an ashtray."

"There's one right beside him," said Berthe.

"I won't let Raymond put his feet all over the furniture," said Marie. "Not after today. If you don't want us, all you have to do is say."

"I have said," said Berthe, at which Raymond turned his head and looked at her intently.

Tears flooded Marie's eyes at the improbable vision of Berthe ordering her nearest relatives, newly bereaved, to pack and go. "We're going to be happy, because we love each other," she said.

"Have you asked Raymond where he wants to live?" said Berthe.

"Raymond wants whatever his mother wants," said Marie. "He'll be nice. I promise. He'll take the garbage down. Won't you, Raymond? You'll take the garbage out every night for Aunt Berthe?"

"Not every night," said his aunt. "Twice a week. Don't cry. Louis wouldn't want to see you in tears."

A quiver of shyness touched all three. Louis returned to memory in superior guise, bringing guidance, advice. "Papa wouldn't mind if we watched the news," said Raymond.

For less than a minute they stared at a swaying carpet of jungle green, filmed from a helicopter, and heard a French voice with a Montreal accent describe events in a place the sisters intended never to visit. Raymond jumped to an English channel, without asking if anyone minded. He was the male head of the family now; in any case, they had always given in. Vietnam in English appeared firmly grounded, with a Canadian sergeant in the Marine Corps—shorn, cropped, gray-eyed, at ease. He spoke to Raymond, saying that it was all right for a Canadian to enlist in a foreign army.

"Who cares?" said Marie, fatally. English on television always put her to sleep. She leaned back in her armchair and began very gently to snore. Berthe removed Marie's glasses and her hat, and covered her bare legs with a lace quilt. Even in the warmest weather she could wake up feeling chilled and unloved. She fainted easily; it was her understanding that the blood in her arms and legs congealed, leaving her brain unattended. She seemed content with this explanation and did not seek another.

Raymond sat up, knocking over the pile of cushions. He gathered his hair into a topknot and held it fast. "They send you to San Diego," he said. What was he seeing, really? Pacific surf? A parade in sunlight? Berthe should have asked.

When Marie came to, yawning and sighing, Berthe was putting color on her nails (she had removed it for the funeral) and Raymond was eating chocolate cake, watching Rod Laver. He had taken off his shirt, shoes, and socks. "Laver's the greatest man in the modern world," he said.

"Ah, Raymond," said his mother. "You've already forgotten your father."

As Marie had promised, he carried the garbage out, making a good impression on the Portuguese family who lived downstairs. (Louis, who would not speak to strangers, had made no impression at all.) At five o'clock the next morning, Berthe's neighbor, up because he had an early delivery at his fruit store, saw Raymond throw a duffel kit into his mother's car and drive away. His hair was tied back with a white leather thong. He wore one of his rodeo outfits and a pair of white boots.

Before leaving Berthe's flat he had rifled her handbag, forgotten on a kitchen chair—a century before, when they assembled for the funeral feast. Before leaving Montreal he made a long detour to say goodbye to his old home. He was not afraid of ghosts, and he had already invented a father who was going to approve of everything he did. In Louis's desk he found the gold watch and one or two documents he knew he would need—among them the birth certificate that showed him eighteen. He took away as a last impression the yellowed grass in the back yard. Nothing had been watered since Louis's death.

Berthe has often wondered what the Marines in the recruiting office down in Plattsburgh made of Raymond, all silver and white, with that lank brick-dust hair and the thin, cracked English. Nothing, probably: they must have expected civilians to resemble

ITSELF NOW

They will say it is feeling or mood, or the world, or the sound
The world makes on summer nights while everyone sleeps:
Trees awash with wind—something like that, something
As imprecise. But don't be fooled. The world
Is only a mirror returning its image. They will say
It is about particulars, making a case for this or that.
But it tries only to be itself. The low hills, the freshets,
The long dresses, the lyre and dulcimer even, mean nothing,
The music it makes is mainly its own. So far
From what it might be, it always turns into longing,
Spinning itself out for desire's sake, desire for its own end,
One word after another erasing the world and leaving instead
The invisible lines of its calling: Out there, out there.

—Mark Strand

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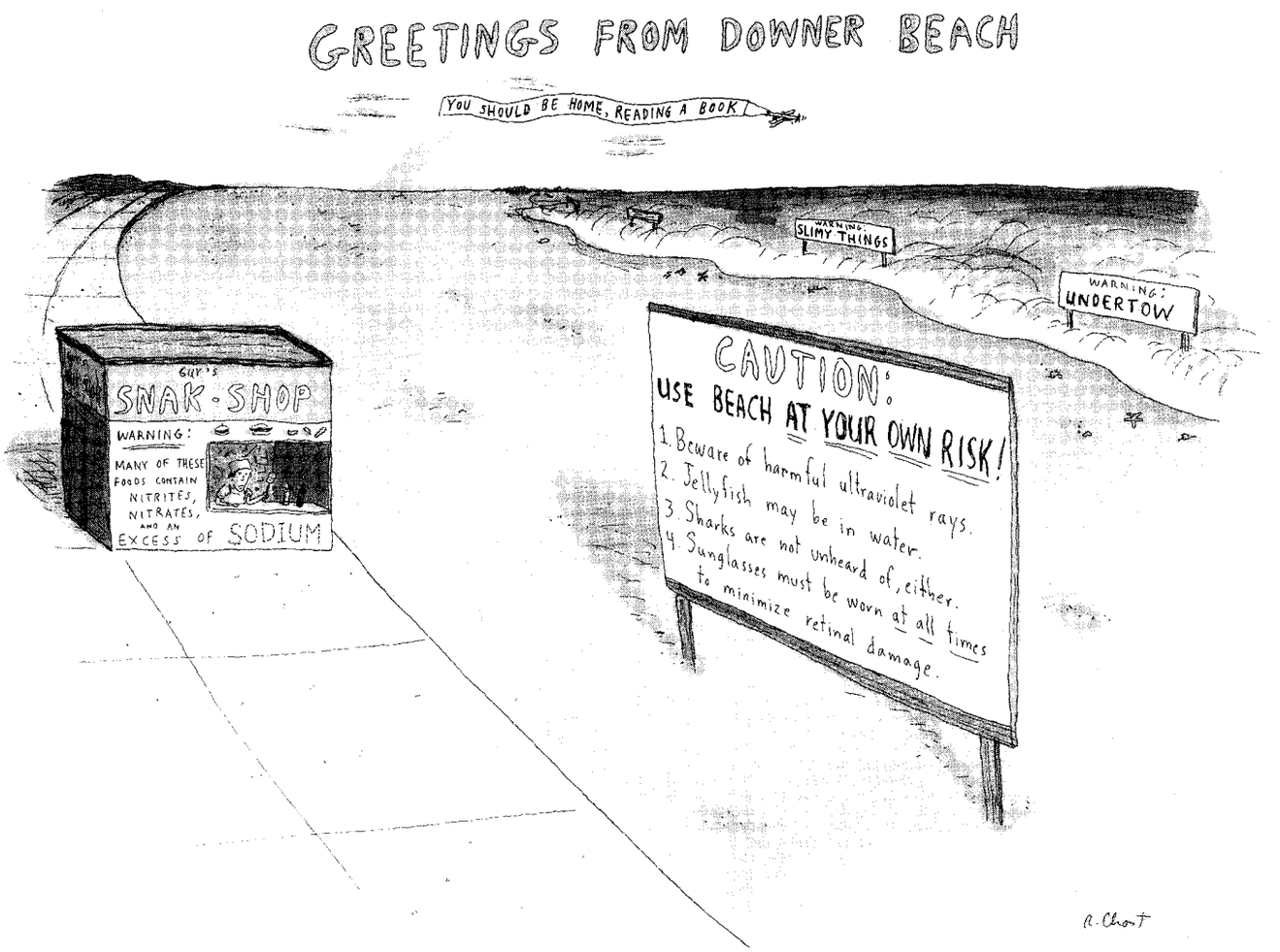
GREETINGS FROM DOWNER BEACH
YOU SHOULD BE HOME, READING A BOOK
WARNING: SLIMY THINGS
WARNING: UNDERTOW
GUY'S SNAK-SHOP
WARNING: MANY OF THESE FOODS CONTAIN NITRITES, NITRATES, AND AN EXCESS OF SODIUM
CAUTION
USE BEACH AT YOUR OWN RISK!
1. Beware of harmful ultraviolet rays.
2. Jellyfish may be in water.
3. Sharks are not unheard of, either.
4. Sunglasses must be worn at all times to minimize retinal damage.
R. Chast

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fake performers. There was always someone straggling down from Montreal. It was like joining the Foreign Legion. After his first telephone call, Berthe said to Marie, "At least we know where he is," but it was not so; they never quite knew. He did not go to San Diego: a military rule of geography splits the continent. He had enlisted east of the Mississippi, and so he was sent for training to Parris Island. The Canadian Marine had forgotten to mention that possibility. Berthe bought a number of road maps, so that she could look up these new names. The Mississippi seemed to stop dead at Minneapolis. It had nothing to do with Canada. Raymond should have turned the car around and driven home. (Instead, he left it parked in Plattsburgh. He could not remember, later, the name of the street.)

HE has never been back. His excuse used to be that he had nowhere to stay in Montreal. Marie sold the duplex and moved in with Berthe. The last thing he wanted to see on vacation was another standard motel unit, and he knew Berthe wouldn't have him in the house.

He enlisted for four years, then another three. Marie looked upon him as a prisoner, in time to be released. Released honorably? Yes, or he would not have been allowed to settle in Florida: he was still a Canadian in 1976; he could easily have been deported. When he became an American citizen and called Marie, expecting congratulations, she told him that ninety-eight per cent of the world's forest fires were started by Americans. It was all she could think of to say. He has been down there ever since, moving like a pendulum between Hollywood North and Hollywood Beach, Fort Lauderdale and the stretch of Miami known as Little Quebec, from the number of French-Canadians who spend holidays there. They have their own newspaper, their own radio station and television channel, they import Montreal barbecue. Hearing their voices sometimes irritates him, sometimes makes him homesick for the summer of 1969, for the ease with which he jumped from cloud to cloud.

Marie still believes that "Parris Island" was one of Raymond's famous spelling mistakes. He must have spent part of his early youth, the least knowable, in a place called Paris, South Carolina. She often wonders about other mothers and sons, and whether children feel any of the pain they inflict. Berthe thinks of how easy it must have been for Raymond to leave, with the sun freshly risen, slanting along side streets, here and there front steps sluiced and dark, the sky not yet a burning glass. He must have supposed the rest of his life was going to be like that. When she and Marie ransacked the house on Boulevard Pie IX, looking for clues, imagining he'd left a letter, left some love, they kept the shades drawn, as if there were another presence in the rooms, tired of daylight.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the Randolph (Vt.) White River Valley Herald*]

GARDEN PESTS TALK
AT CLUB MEETING

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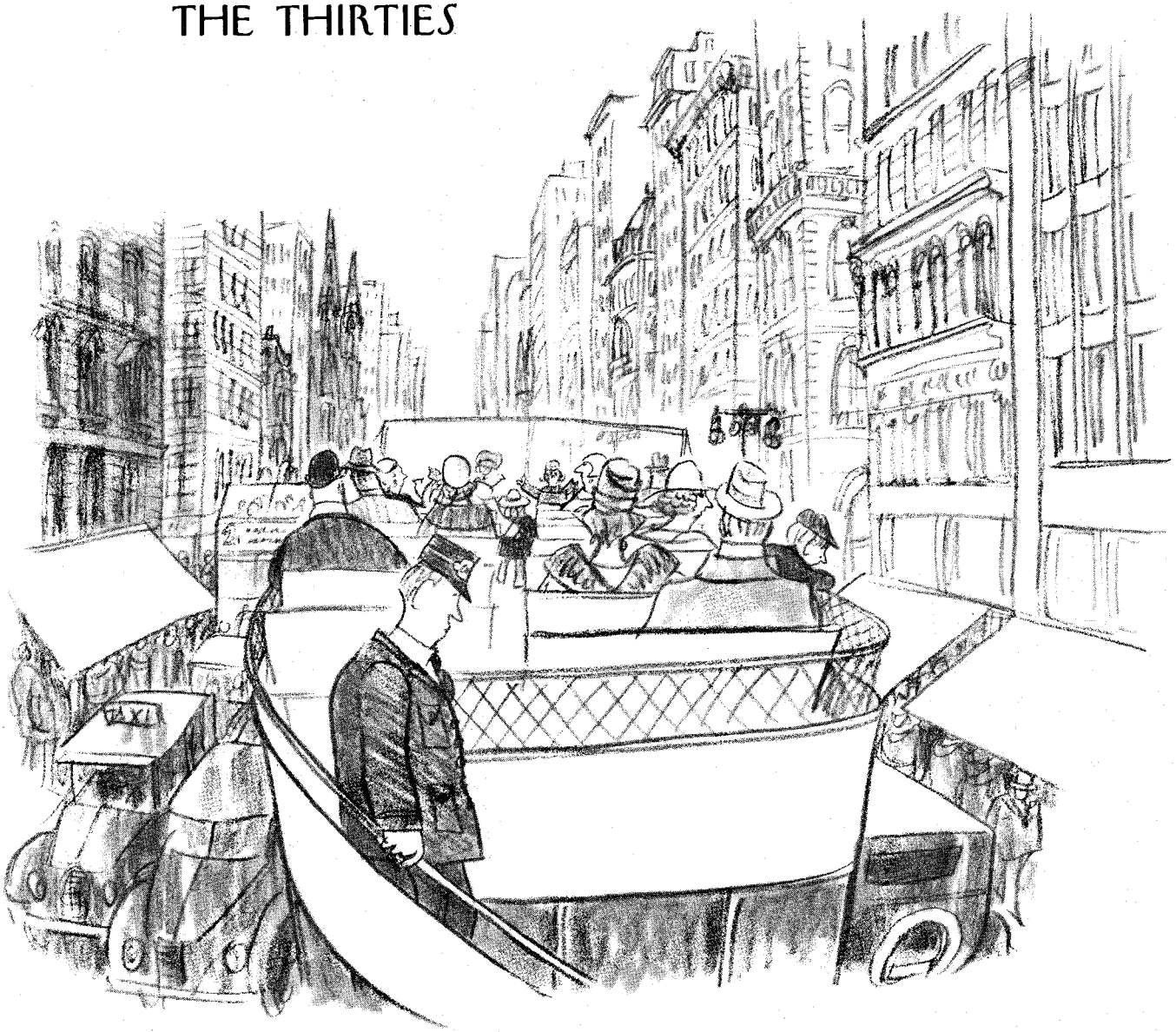
THE THIRTIES



Roosevelt was President the way the King was King of England. Before Roosevelt, there was Hoover. Everything was a nickel except the Fifth Avenue bus, which cost a dime. You could see everything from the top of the bus.

Many people sold apples, but nobody you actually knew.

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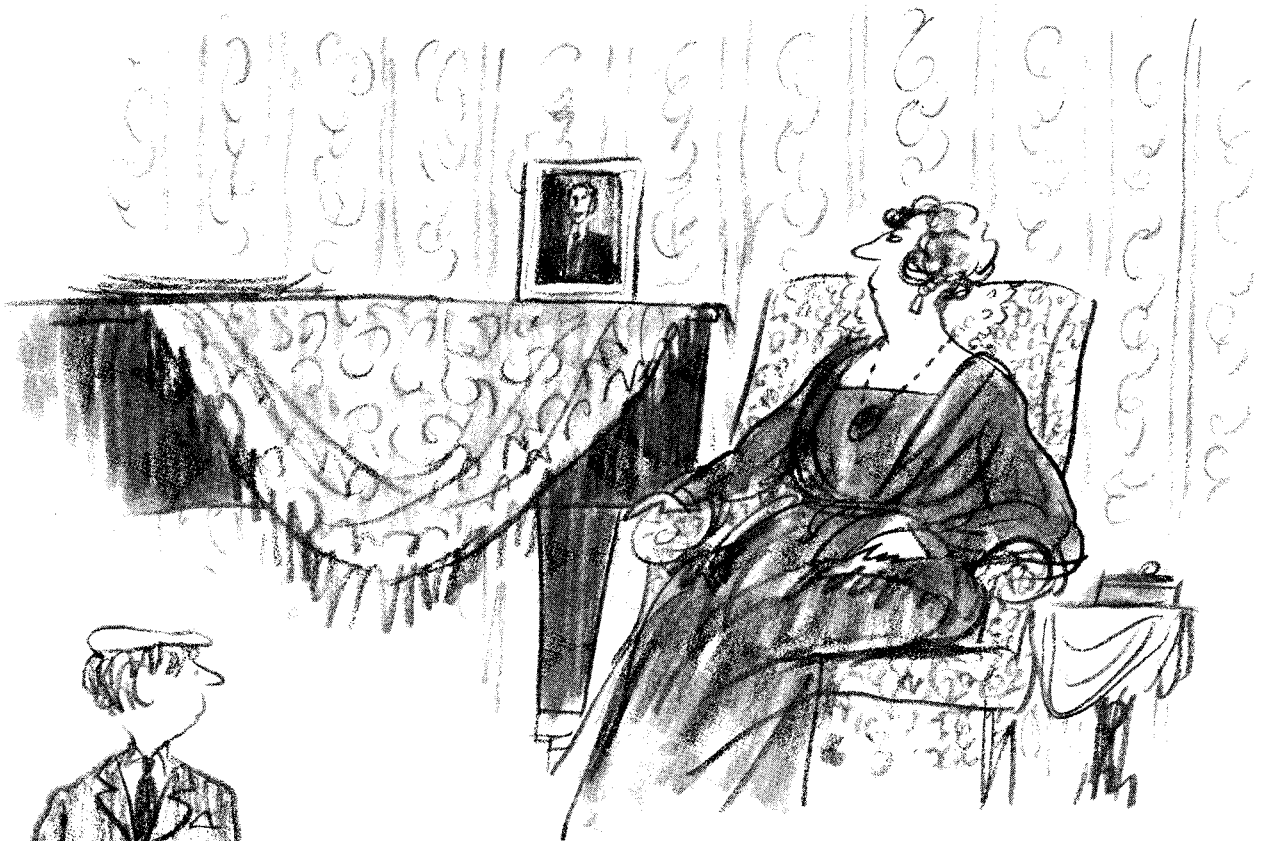

Cousin Arthur went to Spain to fight Franco.

We took violin from Mr. Capobianco. It was too bad if anybody saw you wearing knickers.

Uncle B. knew a lot of strange people at the Life Cafeteria on Sheridan Square.

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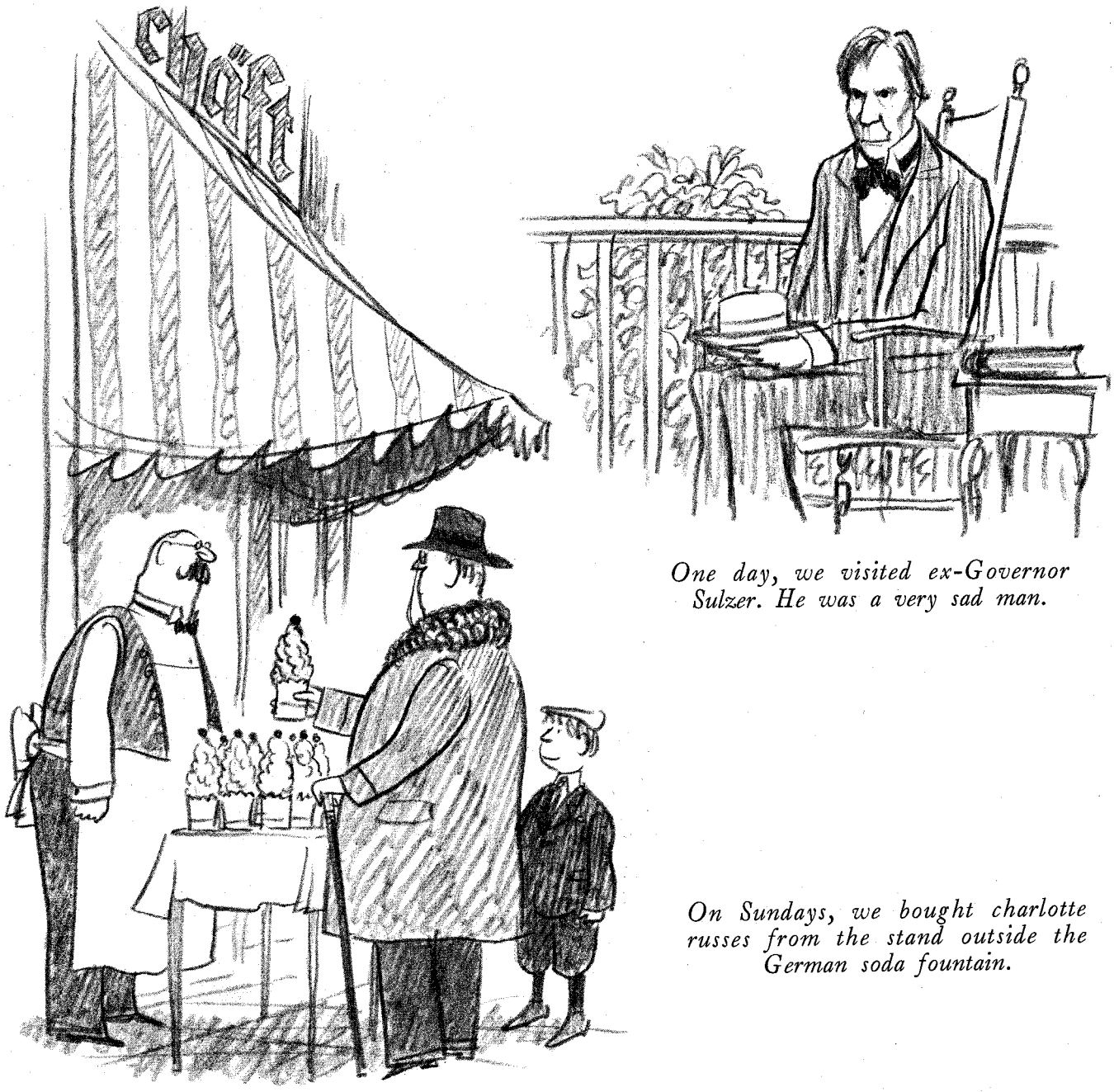

One day, we visited ex-Governor Sulzer. He was a very sad man.

On Sundays, we bought charlotte russes from the stand outside the German soda fountain.

At dance classes, they played "Country Gardens," by Percy Grainger.

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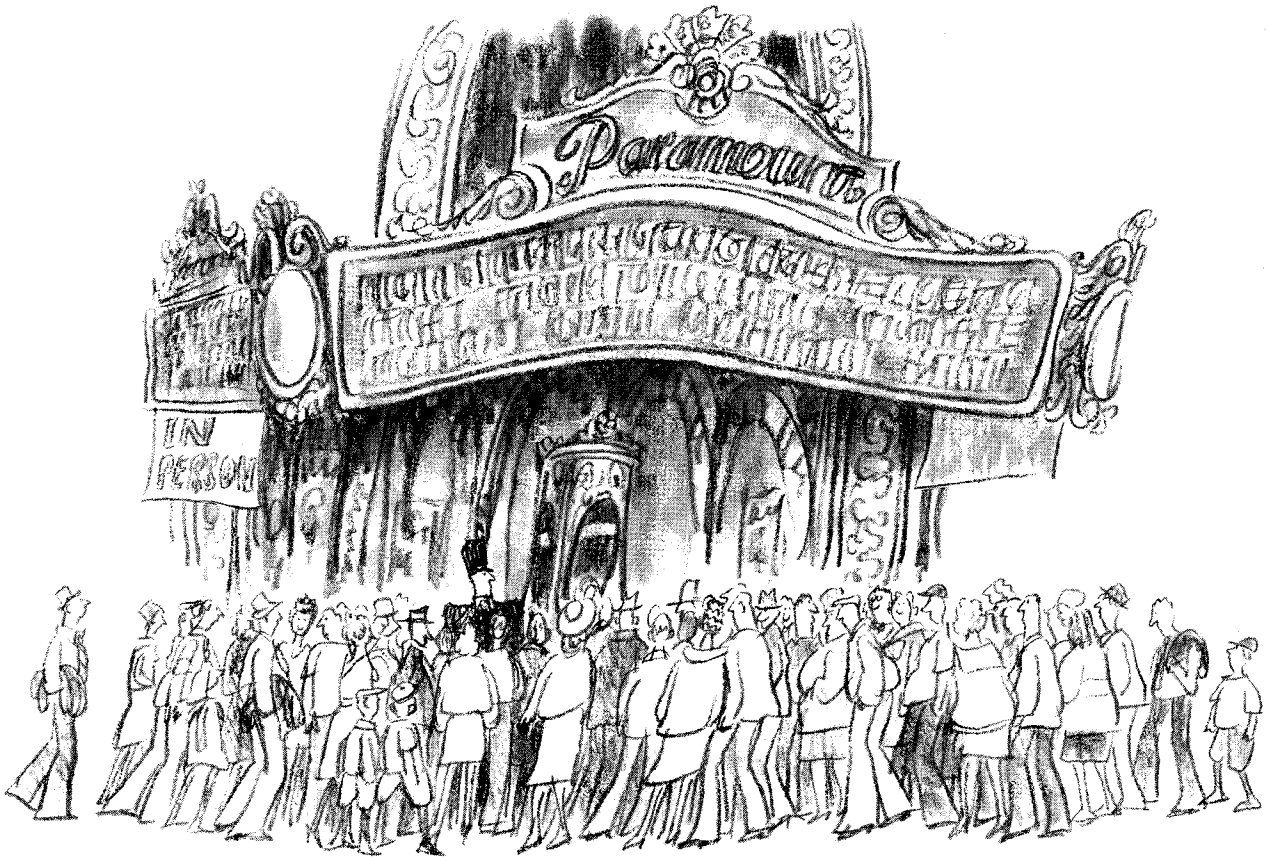

Besides Radio City, you could go to Loew's State and the Paramount. The Paramount was best, because they air-conditioned the whole outside area around the marquee.

Everybody read a morning paper and an afternoon paper. There were the "World-Telegram," the "Sun," the "Graphic," the "News," the "Mirror," the "Times," and the "Brooklyn Eagle." Besides the news, everybody read F.P.A.'s column.

We were too old for "Uncle Don," and began to listen to the "Make Believe Ballroom" on the radio. We read "Ballyhoo" and said "Oh, Mr. Zilch!" to each other.

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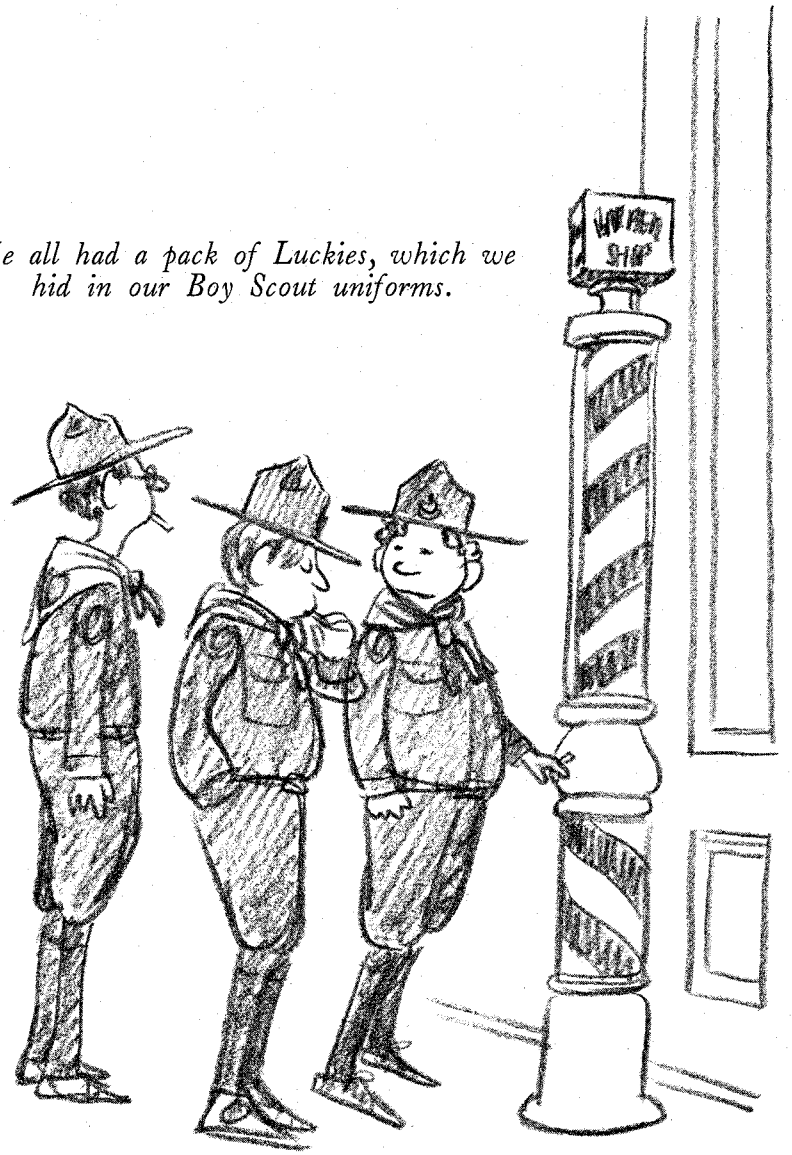
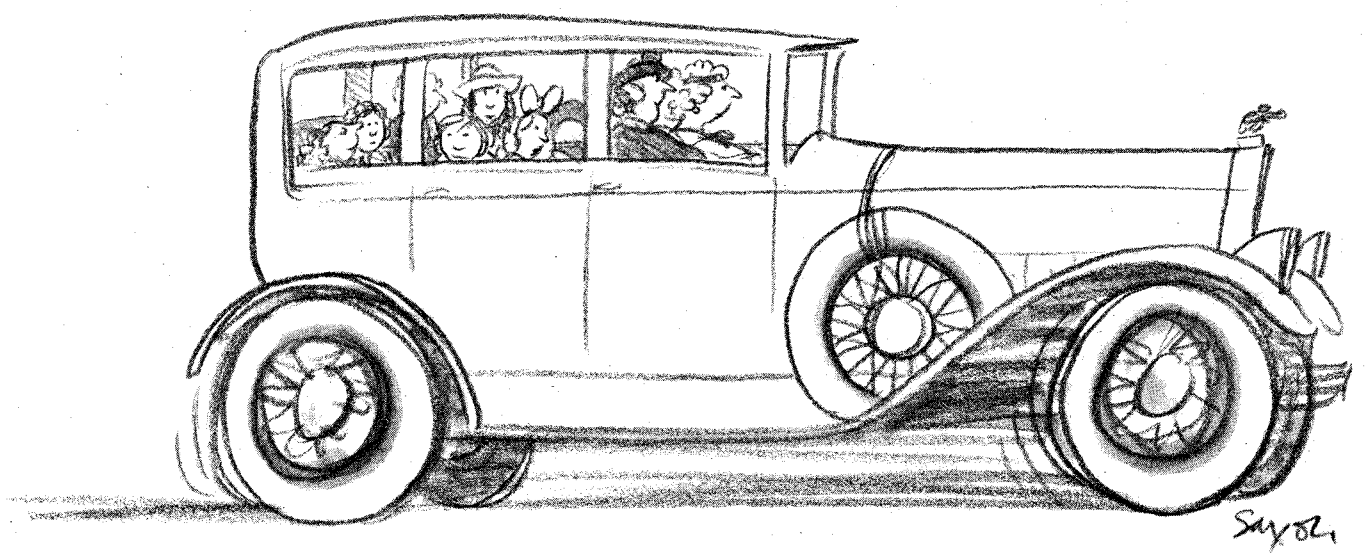
My mother said Jeanette's parents were divorced, but she said not to tell people at school.

We all had a pack of Luckies, which we hid in our Boy Scout uniforms.





Aunt Lily had a Pierce-Arrow. Sometimes she took us to Jones Beach on the Sunrise Highway. Rockaway was nice, but it was too rowdy. We watched for Burma Shave signs.

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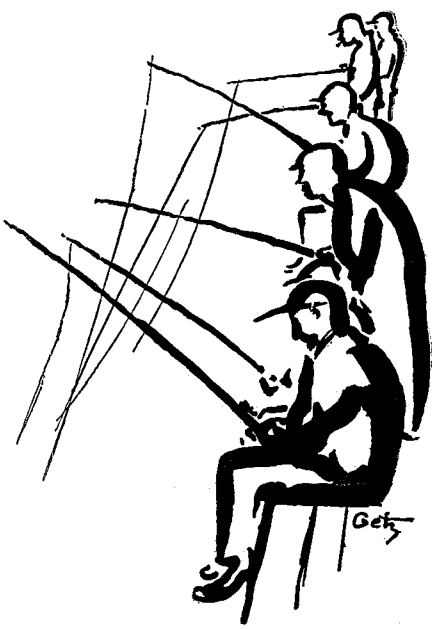
AMERICAN CHRONICLES

COMPETITORS

REDUCED to its essentials, the dispute between Ben & Jerry's Homemade and Häagen-Dazs involved a simple case of what anti-trust lawyers call market foreclosure, but nobody was ever tempted to reduce it to its essentials. The players were a lot more interesting than the game. The founder of Häagen-Dazs, Reuben Mattus, fits easily into the role of the prototypical immigrant entrepreneur —the plugger who overcomes his lack of education and connections and capital with tenacity and shrewdness and an enormous capacity for hard work and one simply brilliant idea. By just about any account, Reuben Mattus created the field that is now known by the appropriately excessive name of "superpremium ice cream," and he was appropriately rewarded: the Pillsbury Company bought his company for a price usually estimated at eighty million dollars. The president of Ben & Jerry's Homemade, Ben Cohen, makes a fine, shaggy-bearded prototype of what has come to be known lately as the hippie entrepreneur—one of the people who carried the style of the sixties into consumer businesses aimed at their contemporaries, and whose response to success is to express not gratitude for living in a land of opportunity but astonishment at a world so weird that people like themselves are considered respectable businessmen. When Ben Cohen and his partner, Jerry Greenfield, felt the need to complain that their ice cream was being denied access to the marketplace in violation of federal laws on fair competition, the forums they chose included not just federal district court but the classified-advertisement section of *Rolling Stone*. They took an ad under the "Bumperstickers" heading. The ad asked readers to "help two Vermont hippies fight the giant Pillsbury corporation" by buying a bumper sticker that carried the war cry "WHAT'S THE DOUGHBOY AFRAID OF?" Actually, it's closer to one Vermont hippie. Jerry Greenfield, at the age of thirty-four, has been spending most of his time in Arizona, in a condition somewhere between semi-retired and dropped out—although he did bestir himself last spring long enough to carry on a one-man picket line in front of Pillsbury headquarters, in Minneapolis. Semi-retirement at thirty-four and picketing a competitor's headquarters are both subjects that can cause Reuben Mattus to shake his head in wonderment at how times have changed. When he tries to be gracious toward Ben and Jerry—and graciousness toward competitors is not a hallmark of the sort of ice-cream business he has known for half a century—he will say, "They're very . . . unconventional."

There is no doubt that Ben and Jerry carry on in a way that nobody inside the corporate headquarters of Pillsbury would recognize as conventional behavior for executives. They must be, for instance, among the very few American executives who periodically perform an act in which one of them places a cinder block on his stomach and the other one shatters the cinder block with a sledgehammer. The act is a staple of an autumnal celebration—the Fall Down—that Ben & Jerry's has sometimes staged on the lawn of the First Congregational Church in Burlington, Vermont. Until recently, Burlington was the site of Ben & Jerry's corporate headquarters—if the phrase can be applied in this case. A typical Fall Down also includes an apple-peeling contest (longest unbroken peel), entertainment by Don Rose on his honky-tonk piano, a lip-sync contest, and a Ben & Jerry's look-alike contest. The highlight, though, is what Ben & Jerry's normally advertises as "the Dramatic Sledgehammer Smashing of a cinder block on the bare stomach of the noted Indian mystic Habeeni Ben Coheeni."



Ben appears in a sort of bare-midriff swami costume and warms up with what he calls "some metabolic chants." Then he suspends himself between two chairs, and a cinder block is placed on his stomach. Because Ben is beginning to show the effect of steady product-sampling, he acknowledges, there has been a tendency in recent years for the cinder block to roll off his stomach unless volunteers stand by to hold it in place. Then Jerry Greenfield, wearing a pith helmet, is carried onto the scene by four bearers. The background music is "The Rubberband Man" by the Spinners. Jerry approaches Ben with a perfectly conventional sledgehammer, takes a mighty swing, and pulverizes the cinder block without harming his partner.

When Ben Cohen is asked about the origin of the Dramatic Sledgehammer Smashing, he says that Jerry happened to learn the trick when he took a half-credit course called Carnival Techniques at Oberlin. Ben conveys that information matter-of-factly—the way some businessmen might explain a partner's concentration on long-range financial planning by saying that finance was his specialty at Wharton. In commenting on such matters, Ben speaks as someone whose own brush with higher education included a semester or two studying pottery- and jewelry-making in an open-university program at Skidmore. The other trick Jerry learned in Carnival Techniques was the Flaming Tongue Transfer. In the Flaming Tongue Transfer, the performer, working alone, ignites a fire on his tongue with a flaming torch and then uses the fire to ignite a second torch. Jerry Greenfield has sometimes done the Flaming Tongue Transfer as well as the Dramatic Sledgehammer Smashing at the Fall Down, if the wind wasn't up. Reuben Mattus might well shake his head in wonderment at that. It is amazing enough that someone could study such subjects in a respectable American college. Who could have predicted that they would prove valuable in a business career?

REUBEN MATTUS—who is now in his early seventies, and still chairman of Häagen-Dazs—studied neither finance at Wharton nor carnival techniques at Oberlin. He had to drop out of high school to help support

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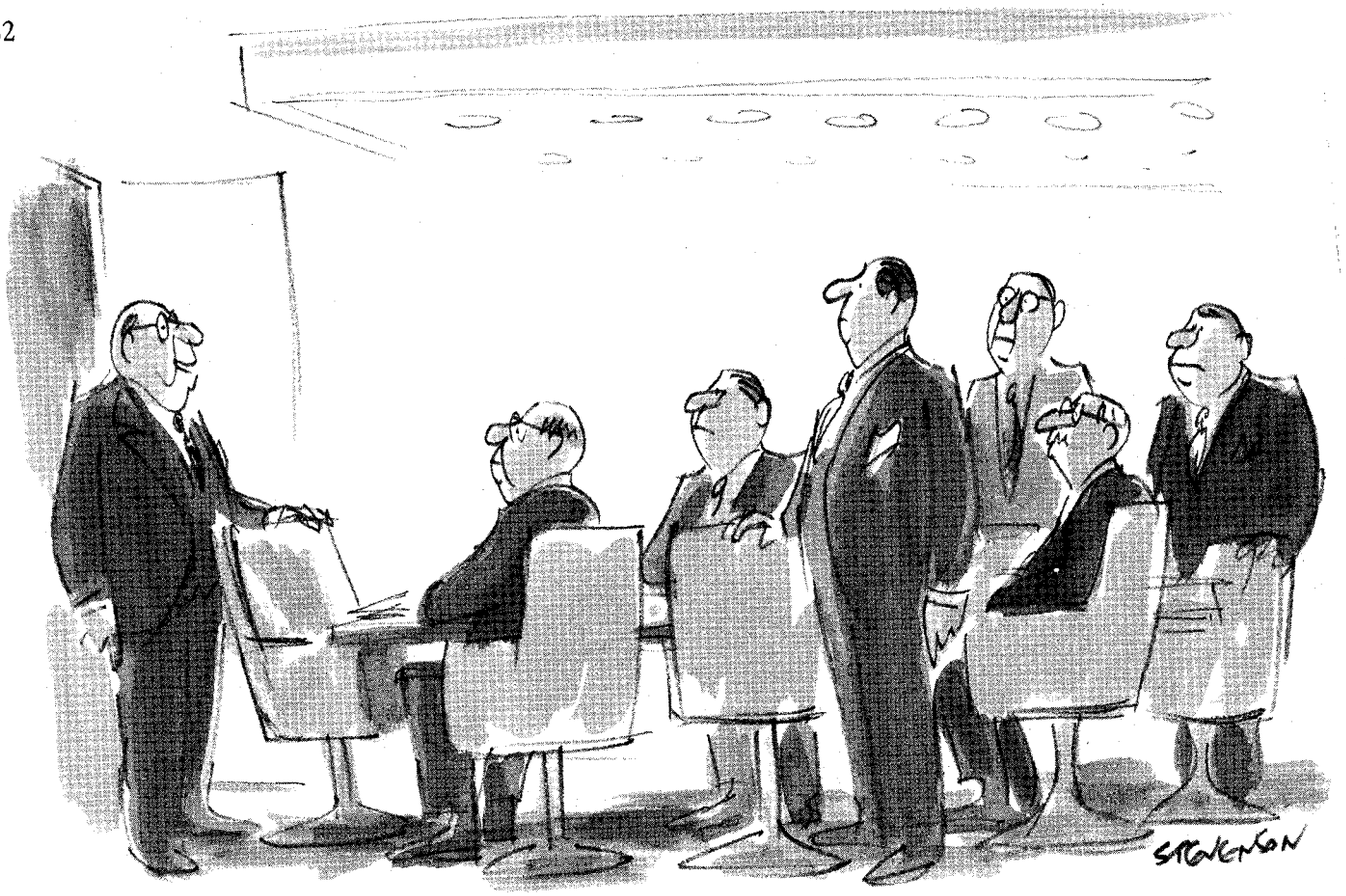

"Well. I see the Goonies are all here."

• •

his family. "We all came up the hard way," he often says. "Just like all the other immigrants." When Mattus was brought to Brooklyn from Poland by his widowed mother, shortly after the First World War, one of his uncles was already in an early form of the ice-cream business. In partnership with an Italian, Uncle Nathan peddled Italian lemon ice from a horse cart, after taking the precaution of teaching the horse, a rusticated cavalry nag, to understand Yiddish. The rules concerning fair and unfair competition that Reuben Mattus learned as a child from his mother's family were pretty straightforward. Because his mother was a widow with a family to support, it was fair for her brother, Reuben's Uncle Nathan, to become partners with her in establishing a noncompeting ice-cream business in the Bronx. But another brother set up his ice-cream business right across the street from Uncle Nathan, and the two of them spent the rest of their lives trying to steal each other's customers.

When Reuben Mattus was growing up, Brooklyn and the Bronx had dozens of little ice-cream companies, most of them run by immigrants, who competed with the ferocity of people who know that they have no capital to fall back on. The product changed steadily over the years. Starting out with lemon ice, the Mattus family gradually changed over to ice-cream novelties like Popsicles and ice-cream sandwiches, then began making bulk ice cream, and eventually was producing something called Ciro's Ice Cream in pint and quart containers. The battlefields changed almost as often as the product. For a while, the ice-cream makers supplied mostly candy stores. Then it was grocery stores. Then it was supermarkets. After the advent of refrigeration, the independent companies that had fought for the New York-area business for years found themselves with more to fight than one another. Refrigeration transformed the ice-cream business from a seasonal local occupation into something that could be carried on year round by large companies distributing over vast areas. When the large companies first began providing grocery stores with refrigerated cabinets, Mattus recalled recently, small operators tossed their novelties into the same cabinets, whereupon the large companies used their political muscle to pass state legislation making that illegal. The history of the ice-cream business as Reuben Mattus tells it consists of one such crisis after another. There were times during the Second World War when it seemed impossible to get ingredients. There was a time just after the war when the large corporations, armed with the capacity for paying supermarket chains thousands in what were euphemistically called advance rebates, seemed unstoppable in their efforts to purge the freezer case of independent local brands. Reuben Mattus fought on. He survived. When he talks about it, his survival seems almost miraculous. Mattus's tales of trying to make a living in the ice-cream business during all those years sound a bit like what Odysseus might say about what a person has to go through just to get home from Troy.

Recalling the early days, Mattus figures that he survived partly by brute application of labor. He worked all the time; his wife, Rose, worked all the time. But he also believes that he man-

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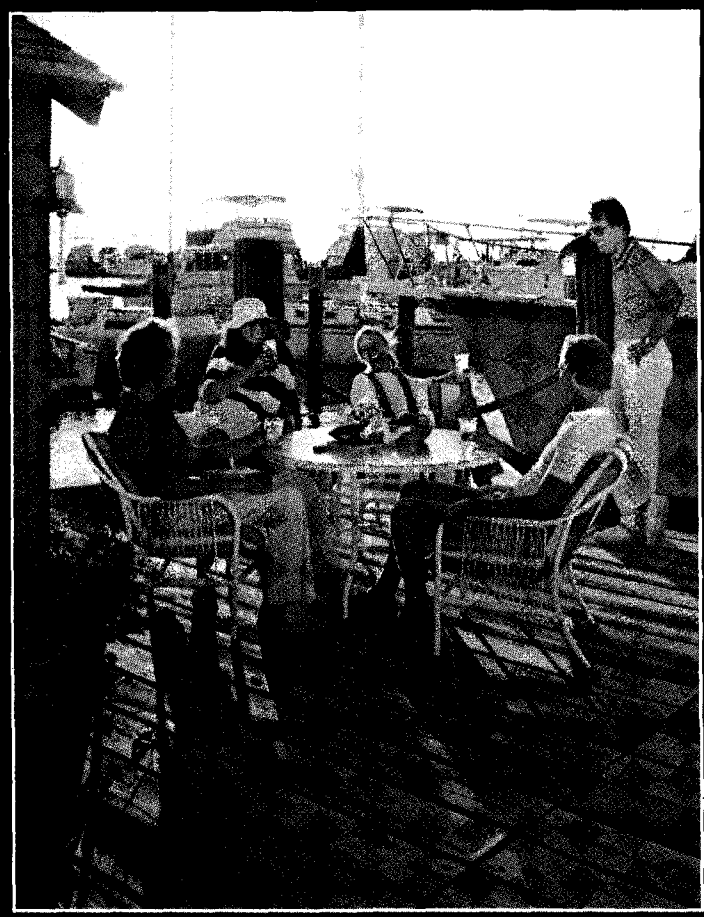

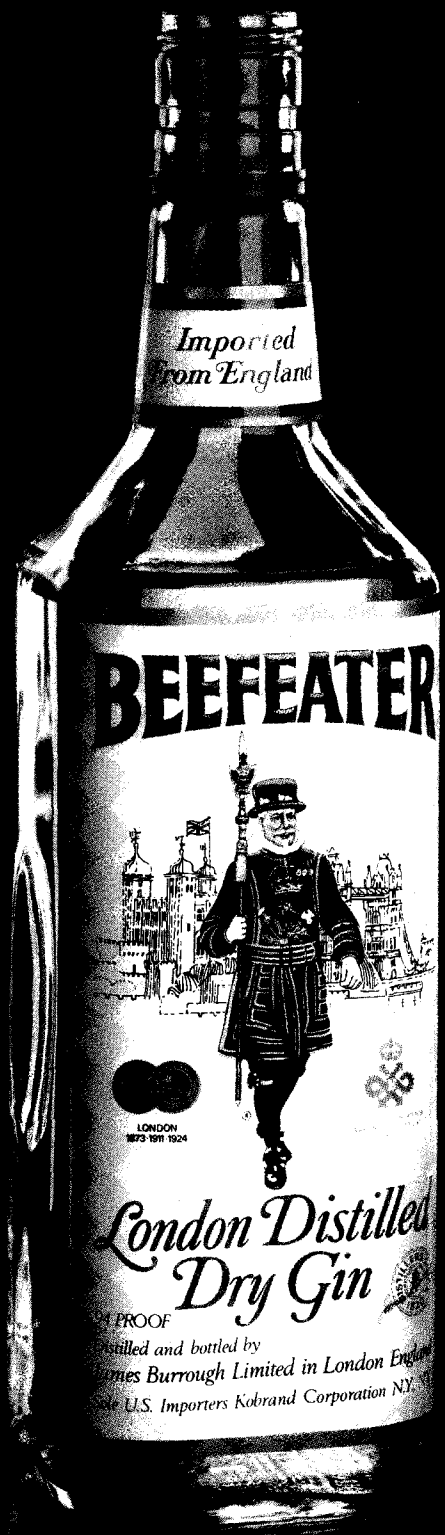

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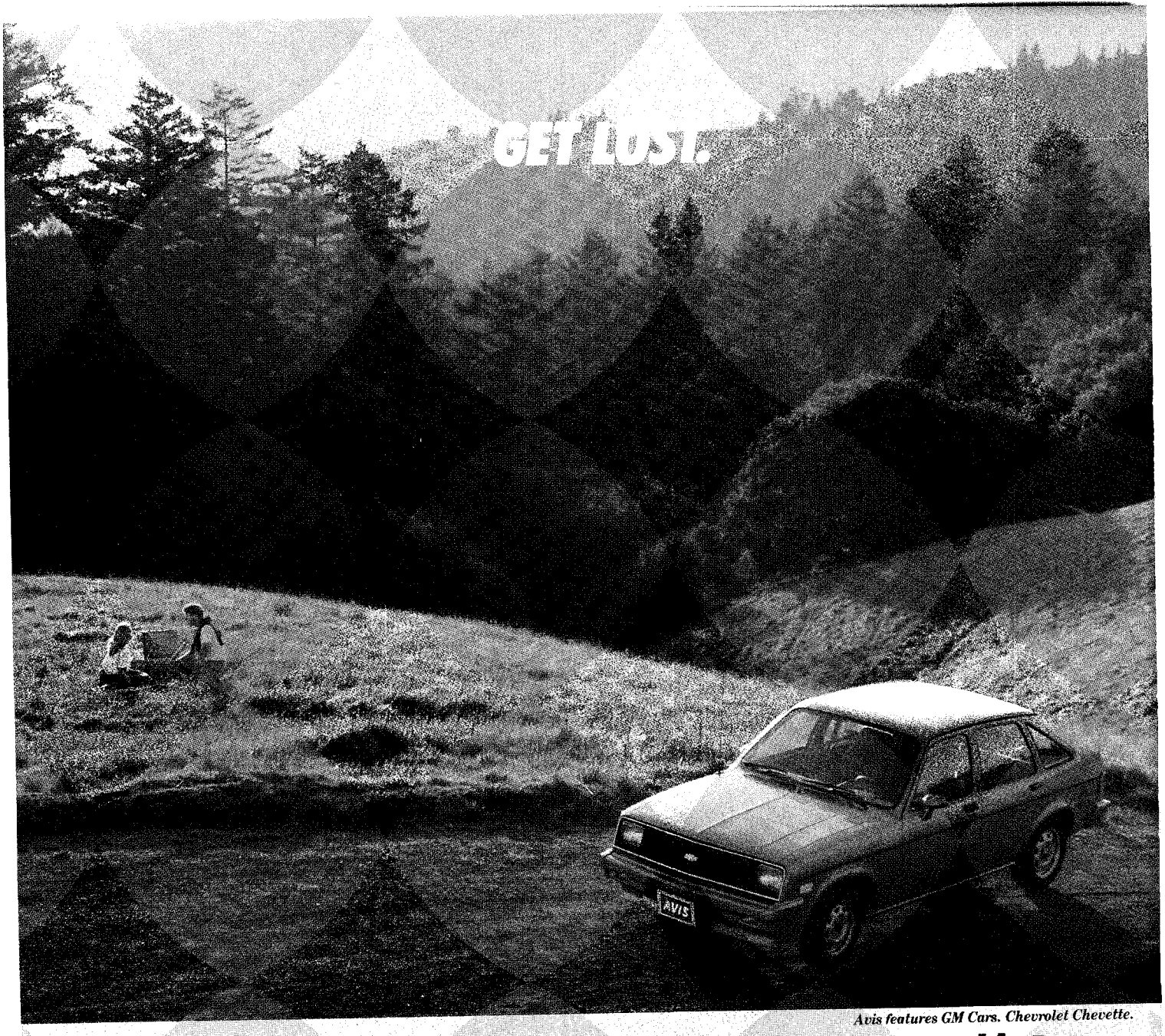

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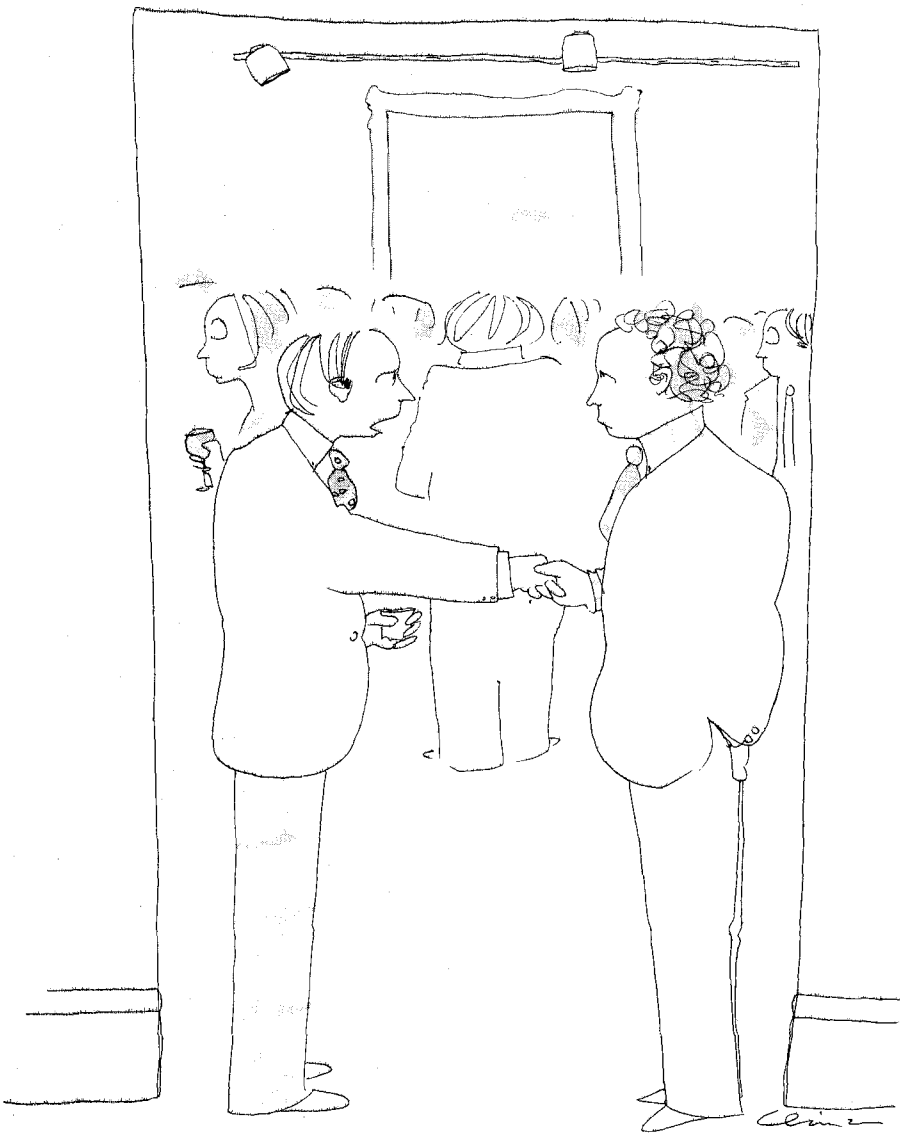
aged to stay one jump ahead of the competition through an ability to innovate. Almost from the start, he thought of himself as an inventor of techniques—color-coding pint containers, for instance, or devising a display case called the Happy Cabinet. That sort of thing can just bring along another crisis, of course, since imitators were never far behind. "All my life, people copied me," he said recently. "I would start something; they would copy it and undermine me." In the late fifties, when the business had become focussed on mass-marketing ice cream through supermarkets, there came a time when Mattus thought his inventiveness had run out. He feared that the big companies were about to drive him out of business—mostly by economic muscle but partly, in his view, by using some marketing techniques that he himself had helped develop. "My people said, 'You got to come up with something new,'" he said recently. "I said, 'Whaddaya think I am—a magician? You don't come up with something new just like that.'" Then, in 1960, Reuben Mattus came up with something new just like that. He invented Häagen-Dazs.

Like a lot of people who have created entirely new ways of approaching something, Mattus had an idea that in retrospect seems simple, maybe even obvious. In the fifties, as supermarkets spread across the country and American housewives seemed to be judging foodstuffs purely on their cost and convenience, the entire ice-cream industry was competing to produce the cheapest possible ice cream in the largest possible containers. It was a competition that small, independent ice-cream companies were unlikely to survive. Reuben Mattus's idea was, in its simplest form, to produce the best possible ice cream instead of the cheapest possible ice cream. In that endeavor, he figured, the size of his operation was actually an advantage: he could maintain quality control that would be impossible for huge corporations with plants spread across the country. Instead of mixing into his new product as much air as the law allowed—government regulations prohibit manufacturers from using the phrase "ice cream" to describe a product that is more than fifty per cent air—he would use very little air. Instead of skimping on butterfat, he would produce an ice cream with a butterfat content of sixteen per cent. Years before a significant number of Americans had demonstrated any interest in making a distinction between artificial and natural ingredients, he would use only natural ingredients. Years before a significant number of Americans had indicated any willingness to spend a lot of money for what came to be called gourmet foods, he would gamble on finding enough people who didn't mind spending half again as much as they had to on a pint of ice cream just because it happened to be superior ice cream. After years of being knocked about in the unruly procession of ice-cream makers, Reuben Mattus just turned around and marched smartly in the opposite direction.



"I'm Robert Walken III. I put people together."

• •

Of course, Mattus had Simon Levowitz to help point the way. Mattus thought of Simon Levowitz as a sort of mentor—someone a person could turn to for advice, in the way people in the old country might have turned to a particularly wise rebbe. Levowitz had once been in the ice-cream business, but, unlike most Brooklyn practitioners of that trade, he was an educated man—so learned, Mattus says, that as a sideline he wrote sermons for rabbis and ministers, and even Catholic priests. Levowitz had travelled in Europe—not the way most ice-cream people had travelled in Europe, from the shtetl to the dock, but as a businessman. He was a man of wide business experience. He was a scholar. Most of all, he was a talker. "He used to exhaust me with all the words he'd throw at me," Mattus said not long ago. "But sometimes a diamond would come out." Mattus says that Levowitz talked constantly about the importance of quality and consistency. He often told the parable

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of the stale milk powder. During the war, when ingredients were hard to find, Levowitz had bought a large supply of milk powder that was usable but had a slightly stale taste. Once ingredients were available again, he replaced the milk powder, only to find himself beset by customers complaining that the taste of the ice cream had changed. Consistency!

Levowitz often spoke of the quality and consistency maintained by an ice-cream operation in Copenhagen called Premier Is. When Mattus was searching for a European name to add some Continental cachet to his new brand, he naturally thought of Denmark. Premier was in Denmark. Denmark was a dairy country. For someone who had grown up in the immigrant neighborhoods of Brooklyn, Denmark had another advantage. "I figured there were people who hated the Irish, there were people who hated the Italians, there were people who hated the Poles, there were people who hated the Jews," Mattus has said. "But nobody hated the Danes." Mattus put a map of Scandinavia on his pint containers, and settled on the ersatz Danish words "Häagen-Dazs" for a name. He figured that the strangeness of the phrase would be an advantage: slowing up shoppers for the split second required to register the words might be enough to cause some of them to take another look. At first, he was concerned that customers might feel awkward about trying to pronounce the words—words as foreign to a Dane as to anyone else—but then he realized that "the type of people we were looking for, if they mispronounced it they'd think they were right and any other way was wrong."

"THE big companies could have crushed him in a minute," one of Reuben Mattus's competitors from Brooklyn has said. "They weren't paying any attention." Mattus had trouble getting distribution for Häagen-Dazs, not because the big companies were trying to shut him out of the market but because distributors didn't think anyone would buy astonishingly expensive ice cream. Mattus plugged away, though, and eventually American tastes caught up with his ice cream. The story of Mattus's invention of a product and his perhaps even more imaginative invention of a name became a sort of capitalist folktale, repeated in *Fortune* and *People*. During the strongest blast of publicity, four or five years ago, Mattus grew a beard: not a shaggy beard like Ben Cohen's but a neatly trimmed beard that made him look more—well, Continental. Even though the container with the map of Scandinavia on it had said from the start that Häagen-Dazs was made in the Bronx (or, in later years, in equally prosaic New Jersey), Mattus found in pre-beard days that people he met were disappointed to discover that the company had been created by "just an ordinary guy."

The other ordinary guys were right on his heels, of course. Sooner or later, a superpremium ice cream called Alpen Zauber appeared in the stores; sooner or later, a superpremium ice cream called Frusen Glädjé appeared in the stores. What was particularly irritating to Mattus was that the people copying Häagen-Dazs were his old competitors from Brooklyn. One of the principals in the company that produces Frusen Glädjé is Mattus's cousin, a son of one of the warring uncles. Gold Seal Riviera, the company that makes Alpen Zauber, is owned by the Kroll family, who were plumbers on Mattus's block in Brooklyn when he first arrived from Poland, but who went into the ice-cream business early enough to battle Mattus and his family for customers at every turn. Mattus's views on Alpen Zauber can be expressed succinctly: "The Krolls have been knocking me off forever."

At one point, Mattus went to court in an attempt to stop the knockoffs. Häagen-Dazs tried, unsuccessfully, to stop the marketing of Frusen Glädjé on the ground that the packaging was a trademark infringement on Häagen-Dazs's "unique Scandinavian marketing theme"—a position that the unkind took as basically a matter of Mattus's accusing someone of stealing his scam. Häagen-Dazs also tried to protect its market by imposing exclusive contracts on distributors. In 1981, the national sales director of Häagen-Dazs sent a letter to distributors and subdistributors spelling out a policy toward ice creams like Alpen Zauber and Frusen Glädjé. "It would be potentially confusing to the public and inconsistent with the *proper* handling and marketing of Häagen-Dazs ice cream for a distributor or subdistributor to simultaneously sell Häagen-Dazs and the other ice-cream brands," the letter said. "If a distributor in the exercise of his best independent business judgment elects to handle one of these other brands, it is our intention . . . not to supply him with Häagen-Dazs ice cream." (A few years later, in an interview with *USA Today*, Mattus expressed the same thought in a different way: "If you want to have a wife and a mistress, I don't blame you, but it's no good for the wife.") Alpen Zauber went to court for a preliminary injunction. In granting it, the judge was inspired to quote Gilbert and Sullivan ("Things are seldom what they seem/ Skim milk masquerades as cream") as well as the phrase that Thomas Carlyle attributes to Charles V ("the iron hand in a velvet glove"). Then Reuben Mattus and Abe Kroll, of Gold Seal Riviera—two men who had known each other for sixty years or so—came to an out-of-court agreement. The lawyer for Alpen Zauber was Martin Kroll, a younger-generation member of the Gold Seal Riviera family. He said recently that he persuaded his Uncle Abe and Reuben Mattus to settle by reminding them how long they had known each other and by telling them the old shtetl tale about the two men who argued over the ownership of a cow—one pulling on the head, one pulling on the tail, and lawyers milking the beast the entire time. Alpen Zauber got access to the distributors. Reuben Mattus still had more than seventy per cent of the cow.

WHEN Ben & Jerry's began, in 1978, there was no mistaking it for a knockoff of Häagen-Dazs; it seemed more like a knockoff of Steve's, a homemade-ice-cream parlor in Somerville, Massachusetts, on the edge of Cambridge. In fact, what Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield, high-school pals from Long Island, had in mind was to move to a relatively quiet college town and start some more or less entertain-

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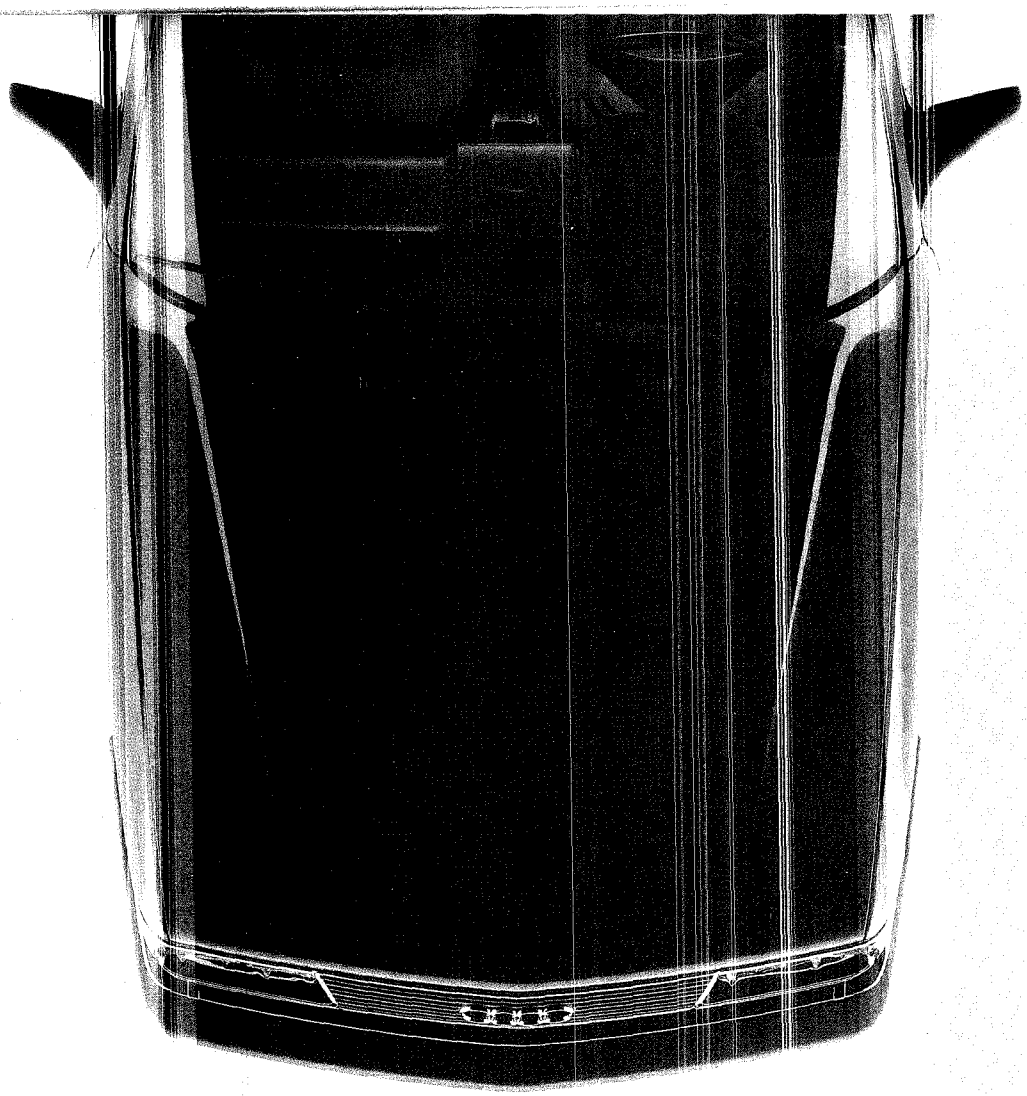

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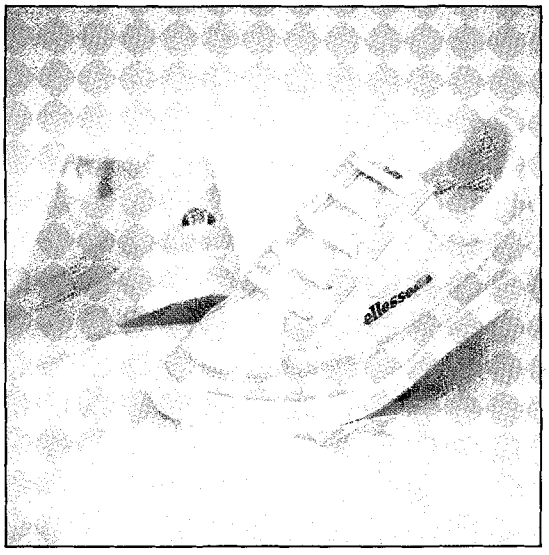

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ing business of the sort that had already proved itself in places like Cambridge and Berkeley and Ann Arbor. It didn't have to be ice cream. In fact, it is now an established part of the Ben & Jerry's startup story—a capitalist folktale that is rapidly becoming almost as well known as the one about Reuben Mattus—that Cohen and Greenfield were leaning toward a bagel operation before they discovered how much bagel-baking equipment cost. They simply figured that having a business together would be an improvement over what they had found themselves doing. Greenfield, who had not been able to get into medical school, was working as a lab technician in North Carolina. Cohen, whose academic aspirations had not extended much past the pottery-making and jewelry-making courses, was teaching pottery-making to emotionally disturbed children near Lake Champlain. Something like a homemade-ice-cream store, they thought, would be a way to have some independence and a way to live in a pleasant college town, and maybe even a way to have some fun. They raised eight thousand dollars for capital. They bought an old-fashioned rock-salt ice-cream maker. They rented an abandoned gas station in Burlington, half a mile or so from the campus of the University of Vermont, and began fixing it up themselves. They read several books about homemade ice cream. Then they capped off their preparations by sending away to Pennsylvania State University for a five-dollar correspondence course in ice-cream making—two-fifty apiece. Like a lot of people who were in college during the late sixties and early seventies, they had been educated to think small.

College-town ice-cream parlors like Steve's seemed to be founded on the principle that the atmosphere of a retail business—at least a retail business selling homemade ice cream to young people—could be more or less the atmosphere one might expect to find in an Ugliest Man on Campus contest. In the original Steve's store—which still exists in roughly its original form, even though the business has changed hands and has been expanded into a franchise operation—there was an old-fashioned homemade-ice-cream maker in the window producing the store's entire ice-cream supply. Steve's also provided a player piano, elaborate rules posted on the wall concerning which combinations of ice cream and toppings and mix-ins were allowed, a

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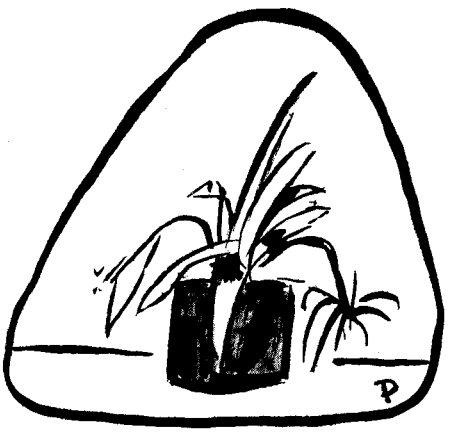
bulletin board for notices of yoga classes and rides to New York, and a trivia contest to pass the time spent standing in what always seemed to be a long line. That's the sort of operation Cohen and Greenfield opened in Burlington. Greenfield made the homemade ice cream, which was popular from the start, and Cohen handled the hot food, which wasn't. On summer evenings, they showed free movies on the wall of a building next door. On cold winter days, they instituted an ice-cream-cone discount scheme they still call POPCDBZWE, pronounced the way it's spelled, which stands for "Penny Off Per Celsius Degree Below Zero Winter Extravaganza." On just about any day, customers were likely to be entertained by Don Rose on his honky-tonk piano. Rose was a volunteer, and his service to the cause earned him the rare distinction of being named a "Ben & Jerry's lifer": he is entitled to free ice cream for the rest of his life.

Ben & Jerry's drifted into the wholesale-ice-cream business partly because some local restaurants began to ask about being supplied and partly, Cohen always says, because meeting the salesmen who called on the ice-cream parlor persuaded him that travelling around the state selling ice cream might be a pleasanter life than being stuck in front of a stove in a former filling station. Ben & Jerry's started to manufacture ice cream by the pint, with Jerry acting as production manager while Ben lived out his travelling-salesman dreams on the roads of Vermont. Their approach to presenting their wares did not have much in common with what Reuben Mattus had done at Häagen-Dazs. Instead of concocting an ersatz European name, they called their ice cream Ben & Jerry's Homemade—although Cohen likes to say that there was some consideration given to putting an umlaut over the "e" in Ben. The picture on top of their pint container was not a map of Scandinavia but a photograph of the two of them, looking pretty much like two Vermont hippies. The description of the ingredients on the container was done in the sort of hand printing often used on the sort of menu that lists a variety of herbal teas. The geographical connection Ben & Jerry's tried to project was not with the capitals of Europe but with rural Vermont. Times had changed. For the generation Ben and Jerry belonged to, the Continent had lost its cachet. Cachet had lost its cachet. Cohen and Greenfield were interested not simply in using natural ingredients but in being natural themselves.

They still speak of what they do as being "in our style." From the start, it was their style to be funky. It was their style to be slightly embarrassed at being in business at all. "We grew up in the sixties, when it wasn't cool to be businessmen," Greenfield said last year to a trade-magazine reporter while trying to explain why Ben & Jerry's has a policy of turning back part of its profits to the community. "Our whole motivation for doing business was never to get rich." It was their style to assume that part of the reason for going into business was to have fun. Their promotional style can be summed up by the fact that a trip to Florida offered as a prize in the Ben & Jerry's "Lick Winter" promotion a couple of years ago included not just airfare and hotels but dinner with Jerry's parents, who are retired down there, and a day at Walt Disney World with Ben's uncle.

The two Vermont hippies set out to produce the sort of high-butterfat, low-air-content ice cream that Reuben Mattus had pioneered. Like Mattus, they used natural flavor, and they used plenty of it. (Jerry says that was because it took a strong dose of flavor to get any response from Ben, the sampler, who "doesn't have a real acute sense of taste.") When it came to marketing, though, Ben & Jerry's had practically nothing in common with Häagen-Dazs and Alpen Zauber and Frusen Glädjé. Even the flavors were different. When Reuben Mattus began marketing Häagen-Dazs, he carried only vanilla, chocolate, and coffee; Ben & Jerry's seemed to specialize right away in flavors like Chocolate Heath Bar Crunch and White Russian and Dastardly Mash. (Even now, the two brands have only half a dozen flavor names in common.) When Cohen is asked to compare his ice cream with brands like Häagen-Dazs and Alpen Zauber and Frusen Glädjé, he often says that Ben & Jerry's is "the only superpremium ice cream you can pronounce." In their strategy of positioning their ice cream in the market, Cohen and Greenfield had, in their own consciously small way, turned around and marched smartly in the opposite direction.



Their sixties sense of limitations was reflected in their motto, "Vermont's Finest All-Natural Ice Cream"—a motto that is, by the standards of ice-cream-business superlatives, almost pathologically modest. In the summer of 1981, a year after Ben & Jerry's started producing pints, *Time* ran a widely noticed cover story on the popularity of ice cream, and the writer, John Skow, commented on the inflation of ice-cream bragging by routinely referring to just about every brand mentioned as the best ice cream in the world. The irony in the way the phrase was being used became clear before the end of the first paragraph, but in the opening sentence of the story the superlative still carried an impact. That sentence said, "What you must understand at the outset is that Ben & Jerry's, in Burlington, Vt., makes the best ice cream in the world."

THE recognition by *Time* added momentum to what had been a steady expansion of Ben & Jerry's wholesale operation. By 1983, Ben & Jerry's was selling well over a million dollars' worth of wholesale ice cream annually, even though the ice cream was being distributed almost entirely in Vermont and New Hampshire and Maine and upstate New York—states that are noted for per-capita ice-cream consumption but are not long on capita. (Cohen's explanation for the fact that New Englanders, who live in one of the coldest parts of the country, eat the most ice cream per capita rests on his theory that what makes people feel cold is not air temperature, as is commonly believed, but the difference between air temperature and body temperature—a difference that can be reduced by a steady intake of ice cream.) Some grownup business decisions had to be made. Should Ben & Jerry's reach toward the lucrative markets in lower New England? If so, how could enough ice cream be produced to meet a large market's demands? Ben & Jerry's manufacturing operation consisted of a tiny staff of young people in a tiny galvanized-tin building that a

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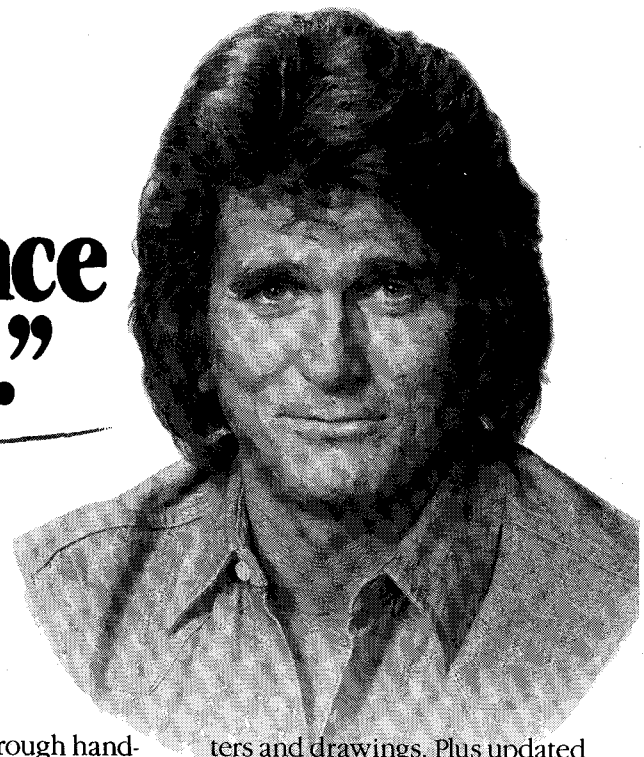

Michael Landon

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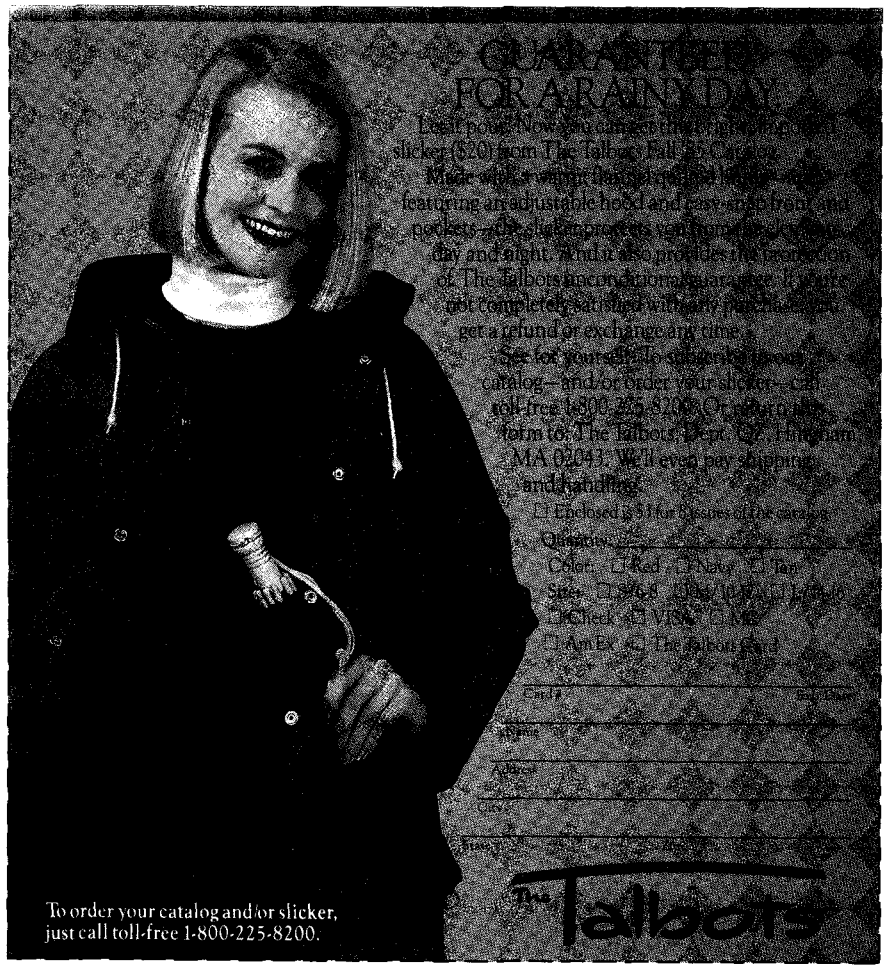
Ford dealer had formerly used to repair trucks—a production setup that a succinct visitor might have described as five dropouts in a garage.

Jerry Greenfield had already made a business decision of his own—to move to Arizona. He recently moved back to the East—but not to full-time participation in Ben & Jerry's. "It got to the point where it was too big for me," he said not long ago. "It wasn't as personally rewarding. I was more comfortable in the filling station." As the partner who spent a lot of his time presiding over production, Greenfield found that quality control had put forty or fifty pounds on him. The young woman he lived with wanted to go back to graduate school at Arizona State. The obvious move was semi-retirement. While he was in Arizona, he was asked what he did with his time, and he said, "I help out some at the public library." He also helped out some at Ben & Jerry's. He still owns ten per cent of the company. Ordinarily, he has returned in the summer to pitch in with high-season production and to lend his talents, as the leaves begin to fall, to the shattering of a cinder block on Ben's stomach. It's a corporate stint that is done in the spirit of an ex-counsellor coming back to camp at the end of the season to help put on the big show, and it makes Jerry neither uncomfortable nor fat.

What the remaining partner had decided was to test the Boston market and, if that augured well, to figure out how to finance a new plant. Once it was clear that Boston looked promising, the new plant was financed partly through a scheme that was well attuned to Ben & Jerry's style. An intrastate stock issue was floated; only bona-fide Vermont residents were eligible. The relevant executives—Cohen and Greenfield and the new general manager, a young man named Fred (Chico) Lager—travelled from town to town last summer talking to potential stockholders in informational meetings that included a sample of something like Chocolate Oreo Mint but stopped short of the Dramatic Sledgehammer Smashing. Three-quarters of a million dollars was raised in the stock offering, an urban-development grant and industrial revenue bonds were obtained, and last August ground was broken on a large plot along a country road that happens to run between two large ski areas. Chico Lager figured that the plant would sooner or later be the third-largest tourist attraction in Vermont, with a



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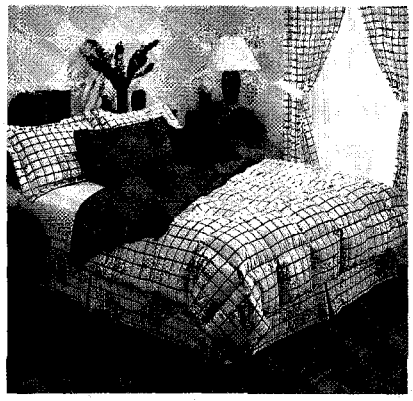

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thriving company store, a guided tour, and a rustic atmosphere featuring his father-in-law's dairy cows grazing on the lawn.

Meanwhile, according to allegations made by Ben & Jerry's in a complaint filed in federal district court, the manufacturers of Häagen-Dazs had, in both Boston and Connecticut, "engaged in a pattern of conduct designed to coerce and require distributors who handle both Häagen-Dazs and Ben & Jerry's superpremium ice cream to cease dealing with Ben & Jerry's as a condition of such distributors continuing to function as distributors of Häagen-Dazs superpremium ice cream." All of which would, the complaint maintained, enable Häagen-Dazs to have "entrenched its dominant position in the marketplace, stifled competition, thwarted Ben & Jerry's entry into the Greater Boston and the Massachusetts and Connecticut geographic markets for superpremium ice cream, and illegally acquired and maintained a monopoly in such superpremium ice-cream markets." Or, as Chico Lager put it, "they were going for the throat."

MERELY suing would not have been Ben & Jerry's style. It wouldn't have been much fun. It wouldn't have sold much ice cream. Also, Cohen says he feared that in the absence of some public pressure a corporation the size of Pillsbury could keep a corporation the size of Ben & Jerry's Homemade in court long enough to run it out of money. Cohen says that the possibility of being shut out of Boston and Connecticut was also a genuine threat to Ben & Jerry's survival. The company was already deeply involved in putting together the complicated package of financing for the large new plant, whose existence had been predicated on an expanded market. "We were really scared," Chico Lager has said. "This was not a joke to us. How we responded was a lot of fun, but the matter itself was very serious."

But what fun! It was a marketing opportunity made for Ben & Jerry's. Although the lawsuit was filed against Häagen-Dazs, the publicity barrage was directed against the parent company, Pillsbury—the sort of huge, faceless corporation that makes a perfect foil for a company whose founders have their faces right on the pint container. Ben & Jerry's could play the hit-and-run guerrillas against the cumbersome regiments of Pillsbury's conventional army. It took some effort to come up with a war cry that encompassed the accusations against Pillsbury and the unevenness of the contest. "We were hung up for a long time on the word 'strangle,'" Chico Lager has said. Finally, during a long meeting at which the strategists agreed that it might be worth trying to use Pillsbury's corporate symbol in some way, Lager blurted it out: "What's the Doughboy Afraid Of?" The slogan went up on bus signs in Boston. It was made into a bumper sticker. It got printed on T-shirts. A Doughboy Hot Line was set up, so that interested citizens could, by calling an 800 number, receive a Doughboy kit that explained the battle. The kit included two versions of a form letter that could be sent to W. H. Spoor, the chairman of Pillsbury, criticizing "the lack of ethics your company is showing in trying to keep Ben & Jerry's ice cream out of the market." One version began, "I've tasted Ben & Jerry's and I know what the Pillsbury Doughboy is afraid of." Both versions ended with "P.S. Why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

The campaign started slowly, but eventually thousands of people called the Doughboy Hot Line, and thousands of words appeared in the press about Ben & Jerry's. For Ben & Jerry's customers, it was almost as much fun as the Fall Down. Some of the letters people sent to Pillsbury or Häagen-Dazs were businesslike ("I would admonish you to adopt a policy of fair play"), but it was more typical for them to express outrage at "the desire to use the corporate heel to stamp out your competition" or to begin by saying "CORPORATIONS LIKE YOURS REALLY MAKE ME SICK!" A remarkable number of the letters of support received by Ben & Jerry's mentioned the writer's favorite flavor; some of them even mentioned the writer's favorite flavor of Häagen-Dazs. One of them was signed "Helene 'Dastardly Mash' Jones." Some of them were from outraged schoolchildren, who offered to help by, say, forming gangs of Doughboy Busters. Chico Lager sent a copy of one of those letters to W. H. Spoor at Pillsbury, along with a note that ended, "Why not think it over and repent?"

The lawyer hired by Cohen to handle the case that was going on at the same time is not a hippie. The Ben & Jerry's style doesn't go that far. After the Pillsbury legal department had more or less brushed aside a couple of

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letters from attorneys—one was from a lawyer who is on the board of Ben & Jerry's, the other was from a member of a Vermont firm—Cohen went to Ropes & Gray, a prominent Boston law firm whose reputation has been built partly on defending corporations like Pillsbury from anti-trust actions launched by irritants like Ben & Jerry's Homemade. The partner who handled the case for Ropes & Gray, Howard Fuguet, began in May of 1984 by writing Pillsbury a ten-page letter that went into precedents in some detail and suggested that the cause of action was a straightforward matter of the sort not requiring protracted and expensive litigation—what he has called on other occasions a "garden-variety violation" of the Clayton Act. "It would be wishful thinking on the part of your subsidiary's officers to imagine that it can bully Ben & Jerry's, stifle its growth, and cause it to roll over," Fuguet wrote toward the end of the letter. "Ben & Jerry's is a classic entrepreneurial success, and its owners are aggressive. They like the taste of success and will fight for it." The Ben & Jerry's crowd liked Fuguet's style, even though he had stopped short of naming his favorite flavor. They also liked his knowledge of the precedents. Chico Lager said the letter was "inspiring."

Pillsbury was also impressed. By the time Fuguet was ready to file for a temporary restraining order, the Pillsbury lawyers were ready to go along with its terms. After that, the two sides began negotiating, although without the benefit of any old shtetl stories. Fuguet was confident that he could win in court and that Pillsbury's lawyers knew it. Exclusive contracts with distributors are not inherently illegal, but they are illegal if they have the effect of substantially reducing competition in the marketplace—if, for instance, there is a limited number of distributors and the manufacturer imposing the exclusive contract on them already has a dominant share of the market. In the early exchanges, the Pillsbury lawyers claimed that Häagen-Dazs had only a tiny share of the overall ice-cream market. After nearly a year of negotiations, though, they agreed to an out-of-court settlement by which Häagen-Dazs promised to impose no exclusive contracts in the area for two years—presumably long enough for Ben & Jerry's to establish itself in the market. Fuguet, of course, had been prepared to demonstrate in court that Häagen-Dazs did have a dominant share because a special market exists in superpremium ice cream. Reuben Mattus had created it.

Mattus saw the entire episode as a publicity stunt. And it was a publicity stunt, although Ben Cohen says that he genuinely saw it as publicity to expose corporate bullying as well as publicity that might result in some ice-cream sales. ("If we were going to go down this way, I was going to at least make sure people knew what was happening.") Ben and Jerry are among those creatures who are good copy even when they behave the way they would normally behave—or the way they would normally behave except for a little stronger dose of flavor. Jerry Greenfield thought picketing Pillsbury was fun; everybody at Ben & Jerry's thought that directing bales of letters in the direction of W. H. Spoor was fun. Mattus, a man who understands the value of publicity in marketing, couldn't help being impressed by the Doughboy campaign. ("These are sharp, creative guys—a little wild, but very sharp.") He was also irritated, however. He said that if Ben & Jerry's had really been interested in distribution rather than in publicity it would have simply found other distributors or distributed the product on its own—more or less what he had done in the early days of Häagen-Dazs. "They got P.R. and exposure they couldn't buy for millions," he has said. "What they did in a couple of years took me eighteen years to do. I did it the hard way."

Mattus says that sort of thing with a certain amount of pride in his voice. He speaks of Ben and Jerry as good promoters but not as "real ice-cream people." Real ice-cream people did it the hard way. It didn't have to be fun. Mattus sees Ben and Jerry as the sort of people who might make money in the ice-cream business and then sell out and go into something else. "There's a special kind of people dedicated to their business," he said not long ago. "Certain other people are like bees—first this flower, then the next flower. People like the Krolls and myself, we're horses."

—Calvin Trillin

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THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

A FREEMASONRY OF TERRORISM

POLICE and intelligence agencies in Western Europe are waging an uphill struggle against terrorism; for every terrorist apprehended, at least one more seems to sprout up. With hit teams from the Middle East making hostages of American airline passengers, and hunting down American diplomats in Europe like game, and with American real estate—embassies, especially—the priority targets of some of the terrorist groups, the United States government is an increasingly involved party to the struggle. "Terrorism is a growth industry, the way arms control was in the early seventies," says Ambassador Robert B. Oakley, who runs the Office for Counter-Terrorism and Emergency Planning, a bureau of the State Department that is supposed to coordinate the efforts of various government agencies, including the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In London, a British colleague of Oakley's has characterized terrorism in the same words—as a growth industry. And the Foreign Office created a department similar to Oakley's last April, just after the incident at the Libyan Embassy, in St. James Square, in which a policewoman was killed by someone inside the building who was firing an automatic weapon at Libyan dissidents outside as they protested against the regime of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi.

Terrorism had become one of the distinctly "in" subjects well before Trans World Airlines flight 847 was hijacked in mid-June—it was an agenda item at the economic summit conference in Bonn a few weeks earlier, as it has been at the recent meetings of the heads of government of the European Community—but it is also among the most intractable subjects. Behind the bustle of bureaucratic activity, there is little agreement within some of the most heavily afflicted governments, still less between governments, about the nature of the problem—its scope, its diversity, its staying power—and how best to cope with it. A senior Whitehall figure who, like his counterparts in other governments, is devoting more and more time to terrorism says, "Our leaders get excited and make pronouncements at bilateral meetings and at summits about coöperation and doing something, and then we bureaucrats have to figure out what can be done. We have so little knowledge or certainty. As for coöperation, I don't know. One policeman may tell one other policeman in another country whom he trusts what he knows. But coöperation is a real problem."

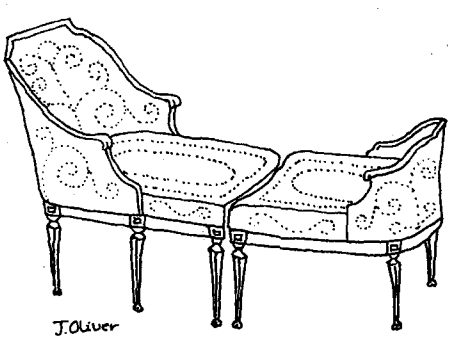
In Washington, terrorism has become the latest in a long line of issues on which the Secretaries of State and Defense—George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger—are in open disagreement, and the hijacking of flight 847 has made the disagreement even more acute. The United States, Shultz said in a speech last October, a month after terrorists had bombed the American Embassy annex in Beirut, should stop equivocating and resolve to use military force against terrorist groups, even if such measures should lead to the death of American servicemen and innocent people. "We may never have the kind of evidence that can stand up in an American court of law," he said. "But we cannot allow ourselves to become the Hamlet of nations, worrying endlessly over whether and how to respond." In December, just after terrorists had hijacked a Kuwaiti airliner to Teheran, he said, in a speech titled "The Ethics of Power," that "the burden of statesmanship" meant that the United States must be ready to use military force even if it had no guarantee of public support for such action, and he restated his belief that Washington should be ready to make preemptive strikes against terrorists and to retaliate even if doing so carried the risk of killing innocent people. Two weeks earlier, Weinberger had said that the United States shouldn't take military action abroad unless there was "some reasonable assurance we will have the support of the American people and their elected representatives in Congress."

This dispute, which has been smoldering for two years, involves Shultz and Weinberger directly, and, to a lesser degree, the bureaucracies they represent. The military is wary, and even skeptical, about responding with force to terrorism of uncertain origin and against enemies who may not be identifiable, let alone accessible. American diplomats by and large share this reluctance. Retaliating against terrorism, they feel, will breed more of it. "You end up with a cycle of violence in which the United States can only be the loser," said one diplomat, an Arabist. "The deck is stacked against us. Their costs are so much less. The worst thing that can happen to an Arab terrorist is a quick trip to Paradise. We escalate. They escalate. Then what? Do we seize and occupy Teheran?" Iran is considered the inspiration for much of the terrorism directed against the United States.

I asked him who was winning the argument.

"Given the political lie of the land, the pro-retaliation viewpoint is dominant," he said.

The Shultz position has had few supporters within the Administration, but the President backs it in principle. On April 3rd, he signed a national-security directive that envisioned the use of force against terrorists. Shultz, in a major foreign-policy speech delivered the same day, went further, and issued a call to arms against state-supported terrorism. Brian M. Jenkins, the Rand Corporation's authority on terrorism, said the speech and the directive amounted to "a declaration of war against an unspecified terrorist foe, to be found at an unknown place and time, with weapons yet to be chosen." Reagan and Shultz seemed bent on increasing the costs of terrorism just at the time when some of the terrorists were increasing the level of violence. The bomb that destroyed the Marine headquarters in Beirut in October of 1983 and killed two hundred and forty-one Americans, most of them Marines, was said by experts to have been the most powerful non-nuclear explosive they had ever seen. And the attack was a humiliation and a blow to the Administration's policy in the area; it created strong pressure on the Reagan Administration to withdraw the Marines and abandon the effort to help Lebanon sort out its perverse affairs. Obviously,



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Washington couldn't ignore what had happened. The pressure to avenge the Marines was heavy; the people behind the bombing and the other major acts of violence, Shultz said in one of his speeches, had to be put on notice that the United States supported "the universal law of self-defense;" he quoted a passage from the Talmud that says, "If one comes to kill you, make haste and kill him first." The hostage crisis that erupted in the middle of June has deepened the outcry for retaliation.

But the hard questions remain. Who is to be killed? Where does the American preëmptive or retaliatory attack occur? If, for example, the hand of Ayatollah Khomeini's regime is thought to lie behind terrorist acts committed by fellow-Shiites in Lebanon, what is the appropriate and feasible response? Bombing Teheran or other population centers would presumably be excluded, if only because, in theory, any such attack would have to be launched from an aircraft carrier, which would itself be vulnerable to air attack by suicidal terrorists. The Washington *Post* recently said American intelligence officials believed that two flight schools in Iran were teaching pilots how to bomb warships with light aircraft. Attacking Shiite terrorists in Lebanon would be very difficult. They are, as the Israeli Army has discovered, a concealed and elusive enemy, and one that is motivated as only pure fanatics can be. Moreover, they are as factional as Lebanon itself, and identifying a suitable target for retribution could be impossible. Reagan seems now to understand that, even if some of his advisers do not. "Striking a blow in a general direction" would be "a terrorist act in itself" that could lead to the "killing and victimizing of innocent people," he said in a news conference on June 18th. Whatever the ripple effect of the hijacking of flight 847 may eventually be, the small band of terrorists who accomplished it scored a decisive one-round victory. They did what they did with impunity and made governments, especially America's, as helpless as hooked fish.

Shultz and a small group of advisers who feel as he does cite Israel's approach as a model for counterterrorism. "Israel has won major battles in the war against terrorism in actions across its borders, in other continents, and in the Land of Israel itself," Shultz said in his October speech. "Israel's people . . . recognize that they are at war with terrorism." The Israeli approach, which combines harsh retaliation and selective assassination with high-quality intelligence and defense, is reminiscent of the Roman axiom "Let them hate us so long as they fear us." Lately, however, Israeli society, partly as a result of Israel's appalling experience in Lebanon, has questioned the policy of relying on force alone to deter and punish enemies. Shlomo Gazit, a former head of Israeli military intelligence and former president of Ben-Gurion University, was recently quoted in the *Times* as saying, "There is no technical military solution to the problem of terrorism—there is only a political solution. You can employ measures that will minimize the threat so that you can go on living. This can serve as a very helpful tool for the political leadership. . . . While we have created the ambiance for a political solution, we have not come up with the solutions themselves. This is our biggest failure. We have not been able to capitalize on our military success in dealing with terrorism to reach a political accord with either King Hussein or the Palestinians."

TERRORISM increased in 1984—about seven hundred incidents, compared with five hundred in 1983, according to State Department figures. Over two hundred and fifty of the incidents occurred in Western Europe, nearly two hundred in the Middle East. Many of the targets were Americans, and Shultz's hard line, however unrealistic it may seem to others who deal with the problem, flows from the responsibility he bears for protecting the lives of the people serving under him. He holds a daily meeting on terrorism, and he is determined to do whatever can be done to deter or block it. Shortly after the Embassy staff members in Teheran were taken hostage, people in the Carter Administration warned Iran's government that it would be held responsible for their safety. That message, I'm told, was recently reiterated to the Iranians, who are thought to control the Lebanese Shiites holding seven American hostages somewhere in Lebanon's Bekáa Valley. Also, the State Department, having discovered that more than half of the nation's two hundred and sixty-two embassies and other diplomatic missions did not meet minimum security standards that were established after the bombing of the Embassy in Beirut last September, has launched a building program that is expected to cost at least three and a third billion dollars. American embassies in Europe and the Middle East are acquiring a fortresslike aspect, and appear to lack only moats—a deficiency that the new program may, in effect, remedy, for a large part of the money is to be spent on creating security zones of at least a hundred feet outside the buildings to protect them from car and truck bombs. In many cities, how-

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"He's back!"

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ever, embassies exist in such cramped locations that that sort of protection may not be feasible.

In Western Europe, where forty per cent of the terrorism is estimated to occur, there is considerable sympathy for Shultz's dilemma but no support for his position. That, at least, is the impression I gained after looking into the subject recently in Rome, Bonn, Paris, and London. Among the assorted diplomats, Interior Ministry and police officials, and judges and political figures I spoke with, none supported the Shultz argument, and most—particularly the Interior Ministry and police people—strongly opposed it. One of them, a senior and widely respected German official, said, "Because it is hydra-headed, terrorism is mainly a political problem. The police are not a very successful instrument for dealing with it. If they were, we wouldn't have all these bombings and other terrorist acts." And a German diplomat who has logged a good deal of experience with terrorism says, "It is self-defeating to get into a tit-for-tat with a country like Libya, which harbors and encourages terrorists. Qaddafi can endure punishment far better than we can." He recalled an incident in which German police arrested and jailed two Libyans suspected of terrorist involvement but were obliged by the government to release the prisoners when, the following day, eight German businessmen were picked up and detained in Libya.

Although Europeans generally agree that the Shultz approach is wrong, they disagree—especially at the governmental level—on many other issues involving terrorism. They disagree, for example, on whether some people are really terrorists or just youthful cranks—borderline anarchists and repentant terrorists, who may have strayed once but no longer threaten anyone except possibly themselves. Terrorists naturally think of themselves not as criminals or enemies of society but as political activists, and numerous Europeans have tended to accept at least some of them at their own evaluation. In 1981, the incoming government of France's President François Mitterrand granted amnesty to the two leaders of Direct Action, an organization that seemed less threatening than the claims it made for itself; but now Direct Action is a full-blown terrorist group, with fraternal links to more experienced groups, such as Germany's Red Army Faction (successor to the old Baader-Meinhof gang) and Italy's Red Brigades. And its two leaders—a young man named Jean-Marc Rouillan and his girlfriend, Nathalie Ménigon—are being intensively hunted by the police of Western Europe. The French press calls them Bonnie and Clyde.

What constitutes terrorism can be a contentious question. The phenomenon is often defined as the use or threatened use of violence in behalf of a political or ideological cause. Shiite fanatics in Lebanon who hijack airplanes, bomb embassies, and form hit teams to shoot American and Israeli diplomats in Europe are considered outright terrorists. But many would argue that the Shiites who ambushed and bombed Israeli soldiers in southern Lebanon were guerrillas fighting an illegal occupying force. As seen by criminal authorities and diplomats, terrorism covers a wide range of activities, starting at the extreme with mayhem—murder and random slaughter—and continuing through airplane hijacking and such money-raising operations as bank robbery and kidnapping. Kidnapping, though, sometimes reaches the extreme; for years, European terrorists have been kidnapping prominent political figures, like Aldo Moro, who was the leader of Italy's Christian Democratic Party and five times its Prime Minister, and judges, prosecutors, and business executives. Many of these people—Moro included—were murdered. Now the emphasis has been shifting, and the targets have been more international figures—diplomats, generals representing the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Whereas violence in American cities is mostly haphazard—anyone may be victimized by it—European victims have been carefully chosen. Recently, however, another classic form of terrorism has reappeared in Europe—one designed to intimidate societies and enfeeble their institutions through the use of explosives to slaughter large numbers of people—so anyone may now be a victim there, too.

A more interesting question than what defines terrorism is what causes it and who the terrorists are. Much of Europe's terrorism seems to arise from a mindless rejection of the values of bourgeois, high-consumption societies. After becoming alienated, the terrorist turns to a simple, easily comprehensible set of principles, one of them being that ends justify means. In the Middle East, by contrast, terrorism is neither mindless nor simple. Societies there are changing swiftly and dramatically. More than half the people in some Arab countries are under fifteen years

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of age, and in most of them the population is growing at an alarming rate. The link between the people of these countries and their heritage is being broken as old value systems and traditions decline. The future seems to offer nothing to educated youth—least of all gainful employment. War against Israel no longer provides an outlet, but governments can't find the key to peace or do much about any of the problems that matter most to Arabs. Many young people are turning, *faute de mieux*, to the fundamental principles of Islam as their anchor, and some of them, especially among the Shias, who are becoming a church militant, have adopted terrorism in order to spread the faith by defeating its supposed political enemies. "We can't get at the root causes of Arab terrorism, because they aren't accessible," an American diplomat concerned with the problem says. One of the Shiite parties, the Hezballah, or God's Party, breeds fanatics who are ready to die themselves in explosions intended to kill large numbers of their enemies. Actually, martyrdom is built into the Shia creed, and so is suffering; flagellation is a staple ingredient of the main religious holy day, called Ashura.

European terrorists also have their fanatical side, but few, if any, appear to be aspirant martyrs. In the main, they are as middle-class as the values they oppose. "They have no ideology," says a senior official of the Bundes Kriminalamt, or B.K.A., the German equivalent of the F.B.I. "From the beginning, they have assumed that policy is made by their bourgeois parents and the friends of their parents. They have no model for the future. Their reasoning is that of the young Karl Marx: Destroy what is destroying you and then decide what is to be done." The Provisional Irish Republican Army stands in sharp contrast to the main Continental terrorist groups. Most of its recruits come from the ghettos of Belfast and Derry. "The I.R.A. lads are fairly sniffy about those middle-class anarchists," a British diplomat says. "They have been plowing their furrow for a long time, and wouldn't regard what the others are doing as part of a European or global trend. The I.R.A. want mainly to rid the six counties of Northern Ireland of the British presence. It is a nationalist movement, not an ideological one." (Actually, the I.R.A.'s declared goal is the eventual union of North and South in a socialist republic.)

Among the European countries, Italy harbors the richest variety of terrorist groups—especially those with significant roots. Rosario Priore, a magistrate in Rome who has been specializing in terrorist cases for many years and knows the terrain better than most, talked to me about it. "There are many types of terrorists," he said. "In Rome, they are mostly from the upper classes. You don't find any from the working class. In the north, it is different, and there are many working-class people among the terrorists. So many young people are students now. They can work and study at the same time. And some university professors are terrorist leaders. Giovanni Senzani, the last leader of the Red Brigades, was a professor. All of them"—the Red Brigades—"were well prepared ideologically." A diplomat who follows Italian terrorism closely said, "Most of those being arrested here are twenty or twenty-one years old. In 1978"—when the Red Brigades were riding high—"there was a critical mass of eighteen-year-olds. It was the baby boom. They were all getting free education, but there was no prospect of decent jobs opening up for educated people. But now? I ask, Why the terrorism now? Where are they coming from? It used to be like the drug problem—the leader of an upper-middle-class peer group involving the others. Now the new recruits seem to be between fifteen and thirty, living with their parents in working-class suburbs—quasi slums—and stealing from their parents. The graffiti on the walls of suburban towns and villages are the messages of the extreme right and the extreme left. It's all very fascinating, and no one understands it. In France and Germany, terrorism is still élitist. That is one of the differences between them and Italy." He added, "And communication has something to do with all this. You can dial direct all over Europe, and all sorts of sophisticated communications are available to someone who wants to turn the system against itself. Soon we'll be finding hit lists on computer printouts—not handwritten. The young take modern communications for granted. Meanwhile, the states are still relying on extradition treaties, like the French-Italian, that date from the

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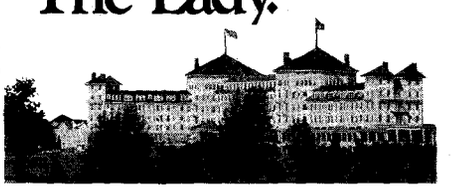

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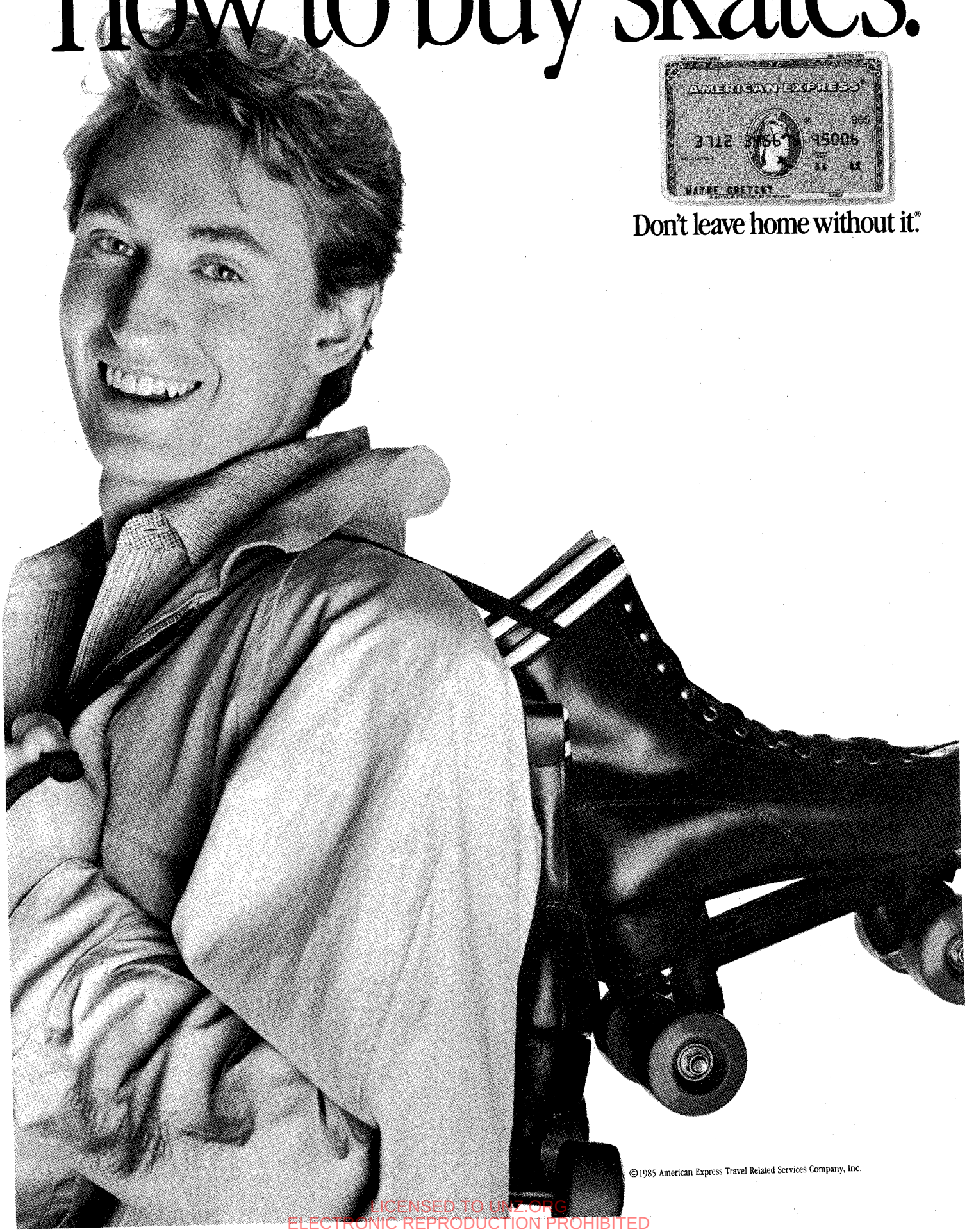

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nineteenth century." Many members of the Red Brigades have taken refuge in France, and there is a continuing argument between the two governments about extraditing them. "Governments are replaying the Charge of the Light Brigade, and the kids are into microchip technology," the diplomat said.

A German official described the pattern of terrorist development he had tracked by saying, "It was seeded first in Berlin—in a clash between the left, on the one hand, and the bourgeoisie and the Axel Springer press, on the other. The prevailing attitude among the young of Western Europe in the late nineteen-sixties was anti-materialistic. In Berlin, there were young people—students—living in big apartment buildings, block communes. They had no interaction with other people, even though they were students. A typical profile shows alienation from the family. Also, lack of success, with much too much being expected by families, who were trying to create overachievers."

Basic, uncluttered political causes drive Middle Eastern terrorists, who, according to testimony Oakley gave before two congressional subcommittees, fall mainly into two groups—"fanatical Palestinians who have split off from the main-line Palestine Liberation Organization led by Arafat and often have the direct support of Libya, Syria, and/or Iran; and Shia zealots from various Arab countries, especially Lebanon, who are inspired and trained, often armed and financed, and, to varying degrees, guided by Iran." Diplomats and intelligence people are split on the degree to which Iran, Libya, and Syria actually direct and support the groups. Not a great deal is known for certain, but the consensus runs like this: Syria uses terrorism against Americans wherever its interests collide with those of the United States, as in Lebanon, but Syria apparently isn't involved with the hit teams sent to Europe to kill Americans. Libya's Qaddafi blusters and threatens, but the larger part of the terrorism he exports is directed against Libyan dissidents, whom he calls terrorists. Among governments, Iran's is the most committed in a doctrinal, or ideological, sense to terrorism, and it does control some of the Lebanese Shiite groups operating in the Bekáa Valley, even though the area lies within Syria's zone of influence. There are several Lebanese groups, but two main ones—Amal (*amal* is the Arabic word for "hope") and the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Faction. Amal, which isn't controlled by Iran, is supposedly somewhat more conservative than LARF. Intelligence people work hard at distinguishing the two groups and trying to identify their members. A member of Amal, it seems, can move freely into LARF, but there is no movement in the other direction, because LARF is Marxist, and Amal won't accept Marxists. LARF, according to the consensus, is responsible for most of the murders and attempted murders of American diplomats in Europe (and certainly takes credit for them). This assumption troubled some experts, one of whom—an American—says, "You can't say this action was committed by LARF and that one by Amal and another by Islamic Jihad"—the group that has claimed credit for the attacks on the American Embassy in Beirut. "These are all people selected to perform bold missions. They are a continuum of cellular units. There may be a brain—a clever brain—behind it, but the whole is animated by religious passion. Those who spend their time analyzing the groups miss the point that what they profess to be doesn't matter much. It's what they do that matters, and what they want to do in many cases is kill Americans."

Among the most discussed and, it appears, least understood of the issues is the relationship between terrorist groups and Soviet-bloc governments. In Washington and the four European capitals I visited, I raised the question of links, and in each place I was given the same answer: Neither the Soviet Union nor any of its client states supports the terrorists in Western Europe. "In our experience with terrorism, there have been no direct links with Eastern Europe," an official of the Italian Interior Ministry said. "President Sandro Pertini once said something different. He was expressing a personal opinion—not that of the Ministries of Defense and Interior, which is based on evidence." (Nor does Italy's large Communist Party have links to the Red Brigades or other left-wing terrorists, all of whom consider the Party a collection of traitors to Marxism tightly linked to the power structure.) "The terrorists wouldn't have to rob banks if they were getting help from the East," an official of the State Department says. In Bonn, Reinhard Rupprecht, a se-

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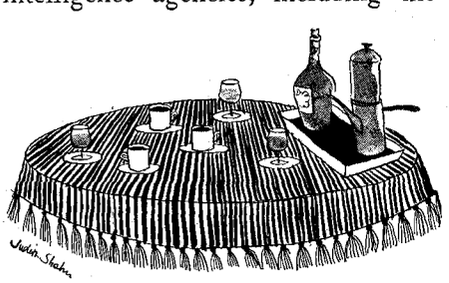
nior official of the Interior Ministry and one of the most deeply respected authorities anywhere on terrorism, says, "There is no evidence of direct support from Eastern Europe." Wayne Gilbert, a deputy assistant director of the F.B.I. with special responsibility for terrorism, says he agrees with Rupprecht. Rupprecht and other experts do, however, point to some indirect, largely inadvertent links created by the help—training programs, donations of arms and explosives—that the Soviet bloc has given to Middle Eastern organizations like the P.L.O. for outright military purposes. "I would be surprised if there were any operational connection between the Soviets and Arab terrorists," an American diplomat says. "But when the Soviets teach people how to plant mines in 'wars of national liberation' these people can easily turn to terrorism. And they don't unlearn such acts." He, like some other experts, also says that the Soviet Union doesn't approve of or support terrorism, if only because it deplores situations it can't control; terrorists are very difficult, if not impossible, to control unless they happen to be fanatically committed to some higher authority, such as Ayatollah Khomeini and what he represents.

THE vital question of who is gaining in the struggle is the hardest for governments to answer. Some capitals—especially Paris—are more optimistic than others, and no two sound the same. "Last year, the Germans sounded just the way the French do this year," an American diplomat says. Still, the best-informed official people in all the capitals I visited were gravely cautious and, in varying degrees, pessimistic. The murderous nature of the threat and its durability are, of course, discouraging, but no more so than the inability of governments to develop joint guidelines and work together more closely. As was envisioned in the 1957 Treaty of Rome, which created the Common Market, Europe's frontiers are losing their importance; passports and identity cards are being checked less and less, and large numbers of people—terrorists included—are moving between countries more freely than ever before. Some governments—notably those which have had the most experience with terrorism—take a tougher, more uncompromising line than others do. The temptation to give in to terrorists—to foreign terrorists, at least—is strong. They mean no harm to the country itself, the reasoning goes, and, in any case, will be off once they have accomplished some nasty but inconsequential mission, such as blowing up a few political enemies. If they are allowed to leave quietly, they may never return, and, much more important, their principals—a Qadaffi, say, or the Ayatollah—will hold no grudges.

A hostage or two improves the odds for the terrorists. For example, late last November, some presumed members of Islamic Jihad, or Holy War, were caught in the act of planning to bomb the American Embassy in Rome. One of them, a man named Hussein Hani al-Atat, was picked up at the airport in Zurich by the police, who noticed that his bag bulged—with detonators and four pounds of explosives, as it turned out. Al-Atat had a plane ticket for Rome, and in his pocket was a scrap of paper indicating that he might be heading for an address in Ladispoli, a Roman suburb. The address was a large apartment building; it was searched, and in one apartment the police found seven Lebanese who also possessed explosives, plus detailed plans of the American Embassy, including the thickness of the walls and supposed weak points in the compound. On January 3rd, while al-Atat was being held in Switzerland, the Swiss chargé d'affaires in Beirut was kidnapped. Nearly a month later, the Swiss sentenced al-Atat (whose defense was that he had intended to commit a political, not a criminal, act) to eighteen months in prison, and then suspended the sentence the same day and put him on a plane for Beirut. The Swiss diplomat had been released four days after his abduction and said then that he thought a deal had been made on his behalf. The unhesitating Swiss capitulation—by no means exceptional—vexed both Rome and Washington.

Not surprisingly, world politics also works to the terrorist's advantage. In the spring of 1984, the Greek government of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou provided a grotesque and unforgivable example of that. Western intelligence agencies, including the C.I.A., had acquired what they considered hard information that an Arab terrorist of unknown affiliation possessed five suitcases that had been altered to accommodate plastic explosives, timing devices, and altimeters, all of which were artistically concealed. His known intention was to blow up airliners operated by Pan American World Airways, British Airways, El Al, and possibly one or two other lines. The idea, quite clearly, was to have someone check a suitcase onto an airliner and then leave the scene; the timing device would set off the explosive when the altimeter registered a certain altitude. The Greek government was informed, and was given an address where the terrorist was known to be living. When the authorities arrived, the terrorist wasn't there—off on a business trip, according to a British girl he was living with. But one of the suitcases was there; after examining it, the Greeks reported finding nothing sinister, at which point the people who had provided the information decided to have a look. Careful X-raying of the suitcase bore out their information. The terrorist was then arrested by the Greeks, but after they had held and interrogated him for three months they spirited him out of the country with a fake passport. Whatever information they may have turned up during the interrogations wasn't shared with the other interested intelligence agencies, who had already set about trying to find the four missing suitcases and, naturally, the man himself. They never have found him, but they did find one of the deadly suitcases—at an international airport, after it had been checked at a ticket counter but before it could be loaded on the airplane. Three suitcases are still not accounted for.



In response to stiff protests, the Greeks at one point last summer accused the C.I.A. of conducting unilateral operations in their territory. The State Department regards the Greek performance in this matter as directly traceable to Papandreou's harshly anti-American political style. "We were all very angry," says a State Department official, who is clearly still angry. "It's frustrating—very hard. There isn't much good intelligence on terrorism, and when you do have it, only rarely is a terrorist caught, tried, sentenced, and imprisoned." Intelligence reports, even when available, do not normally hold up in court, nor is there in most cases involving terrorists

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sufficient evidence to keep them in custody for very long.

Counterterrorism is an activity that is rather like punching a pillow. The strenuous effort achieves little, if any, tangible result. Success, when there is some, is usually limited and ambiguous enough to discourage huzzahs. So far, the larger successes have owed more to good luck than to astute police work. A British diplomat asks, "How can you downgrade the threat? When can you say we've made it a lesser threat?" A falloff in terrorist activity usually turns out to be a time in which the terrorists are preparing the next campaign—planning, resupplying, finding safer dwellings, training a few new people. A spate of bank robberies—especially the kind involving several people—signals the authorities that the lull was only that. The initiative lies with the terrorists, and their adversaries can't really defend themselves except by penetrating the groups—a tactic that is constantly tried but in nearly all cases has failed. The security of embassies and similar targets can be improved, and has been, but individuals can't be defended. Diplomats are especially vulnerable when leaving their residences in the morning; their cars are reasonably secure from implanted bombs on embassy lots, but not when parked on the streets. "I feel like a rat in a maze," an American diplomat in one European capital told me. "Every time I come in and out of the Embassy—that can be several times a day—they check the trunk and everything under the hood with mirrors. We have to go through bullet-proof doors. We have Marine identity checks each month, even though they know us."

What about at home, I asked.

"I have reported cars that parked for unusually long periods near my house, and I've watched with some embarrassment the police checking on the people in the cars," this diplomat told me. "I'm sure the doors of some of those cars didn't close as well after the checks. Two of the cars I reported had phony plates, but the people might have been petty thieves doing some reconnaissance."

I asked whether his car had diplomatic license plates; I had heard that in some capitals American diplomats are now required to use regular plates instead of those assigned to the diplomatic corps. "My car has diplomatic plates, but ones assigned to another country," he replied.

It's depressing to find people one knows—some officials, others private persons whose activities are frowned on by terrorists—obliged to endure routinized but disruptive precautions, which complicate normal life, to say the least. Moreover, therein lies clear profit for the terrorists—the sinister effect of police or intelligence reports that one is in the terrorists' black books, and the worry about their hovering, ubiquitous presence. Terrorism is causing a great many diplomats, especially in Europe, to leave their houses "randomly" (as some put it)—between, say, eight and eleven in the morning. Some of them, I'm told, try to blur their identities by wearing a variety of hats. Some carry guns. Being able to inspire that sort of behavior is thought to be judged a major gain by terrorist groups. Without necessarily taking any pelts, they intimidate—perhaps weaken—institutions by menacing the people who make them function.

WHILE governments talk about coöperation, the terrorist groups are actually coöperating. The signs are that the German, French, Italian, and Belgian groups may be creating a freemasonry of terrorists. Typically, governments are arguing over how much cohesion the groups have achieved and how to interpret joint declarations and a number of violent deeds that bear marks of joint planning and execution. One such violent deed occurred last January 25th, when General René Audran, who directed French arms sales abroad (the world's third-largest such program) and coördinated joint weapons development with other countries, was murdered while he was parking his car at his house in La Celle-Saint-Cloud, a suburb of Paris. Ten days earlier, Direct Action and the Red Army Faction announced in joint communiqués, written in French and German, that they were forming "a political-military front" in Western Europe to attack NATO targets and, more specifically, symbols of Franco-German military coöperation. Audran was such a symbol. Half an hour before he was ambushed, a woman with a German accent called his home to ask what time he was expected. Notes claiming Direct Action's responsibility for his murder were sent to news agencies in both French and German, but the French version was a mediocre translation of an unflawed German original.

An official of France's Interior

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Ministry told me that Audran was shot by two people using revolvers made in West Germany and ammunition made in Austria and sold in Germany. He doubts whether Direct Action did the job, or was closely involved; he and a few other French specialists in counterterrorism say that the Audran operation was the work of the Red Army Faction, and that Direct Action just isn't much of a threat. "Those people are either in prison or in some other country," the Interior Ministry man said. Other governments—the German and the American especially—think that the French who talk this way (not all do) are deceiving themselves. The B.K.A. official I spoke with in Bonn said, without going into details, that Audran had been killed by Direct Action, but he also took for granted the complicity of German terrorists. In both Washington and London, officials say that it doesn't matter who pulled the trigger—that what does matter is that the killing was one of a number of recent joint operations by European terrorists.

In June of 1984, Belgian terrorists known as the Fighting Communist Cells stole more than eight hundred kilos of plastic explosives from a quarry near Brussels. Six bombs subsequently used in separate terrorist acts in France, West Germany, and Belgium were found to have been made from this material, and the bombs all had the same triggering devices. The largest of them was intended to destroy a NATO staff school at Oberammergau, in southern Germany. On the morning of December 18th, a car with NATO license plates was driven through high-security gates and parked in front of the entrance to the school. Its driver, who exited on foot through the gates, wore a uniform and had some very good forged documents. Fortunately, a guard who had observed the empty car and its driver's brisk departure alerted the police, who found and dismantled the bomb, which was large enough to have destroyed the school and the three hundred or so teachers, trainees, and other personnel inside, and to have given the Euroterrorists their bloodiest victory to date.

Audran's murder and the near thing at Oberammergau were just two in a rapid procession of terrorist acts in Europe in recent months. Some of them seem to have been joint operations and others jointly planned, and all were done in the name of a common anti-imperialist front. The theatre of terrorist operations in West Germany, Italy, and France has widened to include not only Belgium, to the north, but also Spain and Portugal, to the southwest. The targets have been mostly NATO or strictly American. A plausible theory is that after terrorist groups in Italy and Germany experienced serious reversals a few years ago their leaders decided on a new approach. Instead of continuing to attack society and the state, they would coördinate their efforts and attack the instruments of military cooperation between states. European political systems aren't controversial, but military matters, and especially NATO's decision to deploy new American missiles in Europe, certainly became so as the nineteen-eighties began. Perhaps some of the young Europeans who cut their teeth politically on apparently failed antinuclear movements would join a common terrorist front if it alone seemed willing to take on NATO and the people involved with it. Moreover, NATO people, being less wary, would be "softer" targets than the progressively more protected bankers and politicians—those symbols of the corrupt, high-consumption society. On February 1st, a week after the Audran killing, Ernst Zimmermann, the chief executive of a large West German manufacturer of engines for NATO tanks and aircraft, was murdered at his home, outside Munich. The killer—a young man—and his woman companion had been allowed to enter the house, even though Zimmermann had been warned by the police that his name had turned up on a hit list some months earlier. The Red Army Faction, which claimed responsibility for the assault, said it had been carried out by the group's "Patrick O'Hara commando." Patrick O'Hara, an Irish terrorist, died in a Belfast prison after a sixty-one-day hunger strike in 1981. (Audran, too, was killed in the name of a martyred terrorist—a German girl.)

The deaths of Audran and Zimmermann within a few days indicated that the terrorists weren't just setting off bombs but had returned to the quest for high-value human targets. Demands by prominent individuals for state protection have since risen sharply, and so has the already lively business of security—alarm systems, bodyguards. A few experts think there is less to all this than meets the eye, and urge restraint. They note that the terrorists' goal is to alarm society and cause governments and police to overreact. A few murders and bombings in the name of a united European front, these skeptics say, are not evidence of a major new threat. Indeed, the argument continues, the groups are a lesser threat now than they were a few years ago, when the Red Brigades actually had the upper hand in Italy and the Baader-Meinhof gang was strong in West Germany. Also, the new recruits in some groups may not be as well trained as predecessors now languishing in prison. Recently, a number of bombs didn't go off, or went off while they were being assembled by people who knew too little about explosives. Last January, Portuguese terrorists used mortars to attack a convoy of six NATO boats in the Tagus River; they hit nothing, and they did no better against a stationary target—the American Embassy in Lisbon—last November. Some other skeptics—nonspecialists, mainly—think that terrorism in Europe was a generational problem and is a declining force now. Their view (a tempting one) seems to rely on the trendiness and inconstancy of modern Western societies.

The consensus is more pessimistic, and sees the threat of Euroterrorism as already significant and growing. "The terrorist link at the European level is taken very seriously. It isn't just fraternal but involves outright coöperation," a State Department official says. And a senior German official says, "The police will have to treat Western Europe as one region. All police forces will be necessarily involved in going after the same people at the same time. The police in Marseilles must take account of German interests, and we will have to do the same. We are talking about a European security force." But the communication between terrorist groups is far better than that between the various police agencies, according to the B.K.A. Some specialists worry that besides providing one another with various kinds of support the groups plan to confuse the police by crossing frontiers and carrying out operations in one another's terrain, as the Red Army Faction may have done in the Audran murder. "We have some evidence of operations being carried out by surrogates," an American diplomat says.

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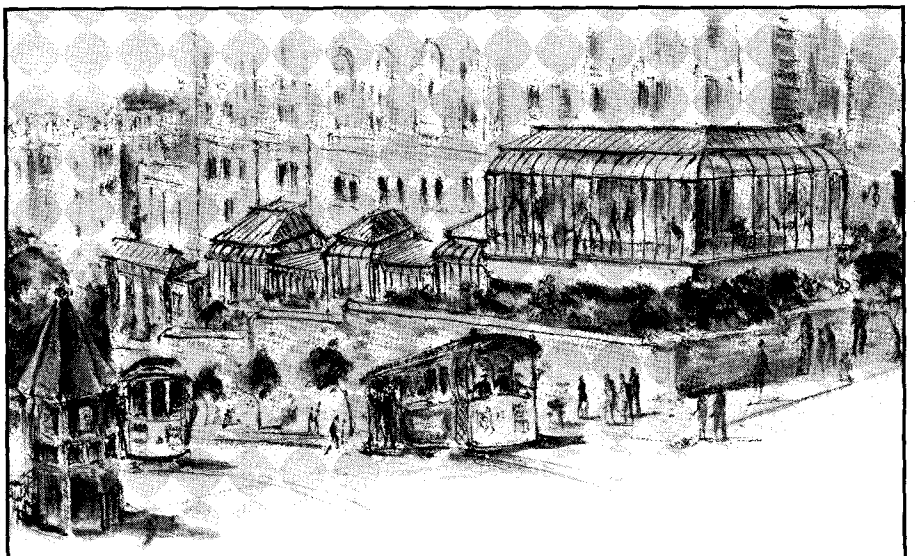
Another says, "The terrorists know the laws of the various countries and the habits of the police. The police of one country may become expert in dealing with a part of the problem, but terrorists counter that by finding the gaps in the police experience and knowledge. They are working the gaps." Several of the European terrorists have developed friendships, I was told, and the groups have been interacting for several years. I asked about their connections with Arab groups and was told that there were such connections, but that they were mainly logistical, nonoperational ones. (In the nineteen-seventies, many of the European terrorists were trained in the Middle East in return for sanctuaries and logistical support in Western Europe.) It now appears, however, that Islamic Jihad may be doing jobs on behalf of Euroterrorists. On April 12th, for example, eighteen Spaniards were killed and fifteen Americans injured in an explosion in a restaurant popular with American servicemen near a joint American-Spanish airbase —Torrejon de Ardoz. Spanish authorities said the act was probably the work of Islamic Jihad, which claimed responsibility for it.

ROME was much the most interesting stop on my tour, if only because terrorism has played a larger role in Italy than elsewhere in Europe. For a time, the role was a dominant one, and Italians may therefore be better attuned to subtle changes in the struggle than others are. "Italy is the country that invented Fascism and terrorism," an Interior Ministry figure says. In April of 1981, authorities in Rome began warning other capitals about an anti-NATO terrorist campaign that would be waged jointly at the European level. For some time, no one took the Italian warning seriously. It was based on documents found aboard a train and on what was learned from a captured leader of the Red Brigades named Mario Moretti, who was described recently in a French journal as "the spiritual father of international terrorism." Moretti, it seems, arranged a meeting of Euroterrorists in Paris in the summer of 1981, during which plans were made to kidnap the American General James L. Dozier. Dozier was abducted in December of that year and rescued by Italian police in late January of 1982. The Dozier episode was a turning point for both the state and the Red Brigades. The period when the Red



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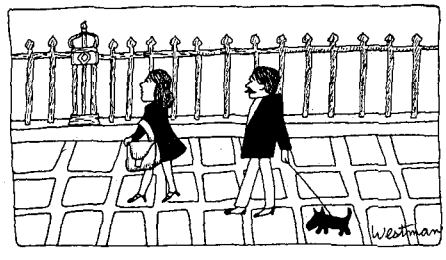
Brigades controlled the struggle began with their abduction of Aldo Moro, in March of 1978. Although Moro was Italy's most important figure, the government and the police never came close to finding him. In kidnapping Dozier, the Red Brigades moved out of their natural ambit and onto the international plane. Dozier was a citizen of Italy's most important ally, the United States, and Washington put enormous pressure on Italy to recover him. But the Americans, reflecting on the Moro affair, doubted whether this could happen without their involvement, if not their supervision. The Italian authorities resolved to forget the Moro experience, recover Dozier alive, and do it on their own. And they did. Some Americans credit the Italian success to methodical police work; others say that one policeman in Rome was both exceptionally good and exceptionally lucky. There is probably something to both comments. One of a vast number of leads that this policeman ran down led to someone in Verona, who disclosed the address of an apartment in Padua where Dozier was being held. An assault team was formed; it included a heavyweight-wrestling champion, whose job was to flatten the door of the apartment with a blow, thereby allowing the assault team to surprise and disarm the terrorists before they could kill Dozier. That is what happened. American counterintelligence and investigative people were deployed in Italy in strength but had no part in the rescue. "The Italians did it all, and never took us into their confidence," an American diplomat says. "They didn't want any American quarterbacking. It was all moving too fast. Only at the last minute did they tell us what was going on."

For the Italians, the event was a restorative, and for the Red Brigades it was a disaster. Some of the people captured in Padua implicated others. The mammoth effort by the police to find Dozier paid unrelated dividends, as other terrorist cells were rolled up. A new law, known as the "law of repentance," which permitted plea bargaining, also helped. The tide turned abruptly, and the threat gradually became less intimidating. The Prime Minister at the time was Giovanni Spadolini, who is now the Defense Minister. (He is also a practicing historian and the editor of a literary review.) I asked him recently about the effect of the Dozier affair.

"We were looking at the last offensive of the Red Brigades," he said. "They picked a general from the friendly great power. We beat them with our own forces and within our laws. The political effect has been to strengthen the country. It put borders on the left. The Communist Party took part in the common struggle. Now the situation is very different. Terrorist cells used to be mixed with political groups. That is no longer true. The terrorists are isolated—outside the national conscience."

On all sides, one hears that the state is more coherent now than it was when Dozier was abducted. The society feels better about itself and its institutions. "People no longer favor shooting the piano player," a European ambassador said. Since 1953, Italy has had thirty-five governments, of which only two have lasted more than twenty-two months. One was Moro's third government, in the late nineteen-sixties. Another is the present government of Bettino Craxi, Italy's first Socialist Prime Minister in the postwar era; it has held office for almost two years. Still, terrorism continues to be a big problem. Italy is more accessible to Middle Eastern terrorists than its neighbors to the north are; and, what is more important, Italy, unlike other European countries, must contend with terror on the far right, not to mention the terrorist wings of organized crime—notably the Mafia and the Camorra, a Naples-centered organization that controls the cocaine traffic. (Heroin is controlled by the Mafia.)

As for the baneful problem of links between the groups, it seems that they are being forged in Italy. "The terrorist cells are intertwined with the Camorra, the Mafia, and the international drug traffic," Spadolini said. An Interior Ministry official said, "We have proof of links between left and right and between them and the Mafia and the Camorra. We have observed these in kidnappings and bank robberies." An experienced magistrate said that the links began in the nineteen-seventies, when left and right began to coöperate in a limited way, which included exchanges of weapons. "The right-wing terrorists started preaching then about the common enemy—the state, the system—but those on the left didn't play the game," the magistrate told me. "They weren't impressed by the talk about common enemies."



I asked him about links between the Red Brigades and the Mafia.

"Yes, they exist," he said. "Giovanni Senzani and his wing were planning a big campaign with the Mafia of Calabria, which is called Ndrangheta. It was a working alliance. The first goal was liberating some top people of the Red Brigades who were in Calabrian prisons. The Mafia's help was needed in planning these escapes. It was a very ambitious plan, involving helicopters and joint operations from the sea. We've also seen signs of an alliance of the Red Brigades with the Camorra in Naples. Together, they kidnapped a member of Parliament once. But there are no links in Sicily. The Red Brigades have never been there."

A diplomat who keeps track of terrorist links told me that the Red Brigades carried out an assassination in Naples for the Camorra. Both Italian and French terrorists, he said, are working closely with the drug traffickers to obtain money to buy arms. In Italy, especially, he added, that kind of thing is far less dangerous than robbing banks has become. Terrorists on the extreme right are also working with the Camorra; they are thought to have been jointly responsible for an attack on a train near Bologna last December 23rd. The train was bombed while it was in a tunnel, and at least fifteen people were killed. The tunnel is nineteen kilometres long, and if the attack had worked according to plan the train would have been derailed shortly before it was to cross the path of another train; the plan was for toxic fumes to kill as many as fifteen hundred people on both trains. Fortunately, the second train didn't arrive at the expected moment, and the first train wasn't derailed. The plan for the operation was more impressive than the execution, but the terrorists doubtless took satisfaction in the shock they created and the general concern about how much worse the attack could have been.

In most—probably all—European countries, terrorism benefits from jurisdictional conflicts between rival police agencies, and Italy is no exception. Three sets of Italian police, including the carabinieri, have special units for combatting terrorism. All three now

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use computers, I'm told, but have different systems and data banks. A diplomat who is in contact with each of them told me that they still communicate mainly by means of memorandums. Still, the Red Brigades, which have been the big problem for the anti-terrorist police, should be manageable now, or so I thought, since most of the key people are in prison or in exile. "The importance of terrorists is in inverse proportion to their number," a European diplomat in Rome admonished me. "There used to be thousands of them in the Red Brigades. They could be penetrated then. But you can't penetrate a nucleus." (Germans I spoke with said much the same thing about the Red Army Faction.) The Italian authorities, I gathered, worry most about the members of the Red Brigades who have found sanctuaries elsewhere—mainly in France, where the government estimates that at least a hundred and fifty are in hiding. A few may have already taken part in operations of Direct Action, and may be providing its members with guidance.

The prospect that these people will again disrupt Italian society—this time as Euroterrorists—is alarming. Many have been tried in absentia and sentenced to prison terms; Italy wants to have them extradited, but in most of the cases the French have refused to extradite. The right to asylum is a French tradition dating from the Revolution of 1789; it was written into the constitutions of the Fourth and Fifth Republics, and the Third Republic made the country a sanctuary for the anti-Fascist enemies of Mussolini and Franco. "We respect their tradition of right to asylum," Spadolini said. "But I hope they don't behave toward democratic Italy as they did toward Fascist Italy. We are living with an extradition treaty that is a hundred and fourteen years old."

The problem isn't the treaty, according to the French. Under their law, many of the Italian fugitives couldn't be convicted of anything. Under Italian law, a known leader of the Red Brigades could be arrested for a terrorist crime even if he wasn't involved in it directly—or indirectly, either. In Italy, as in West Germany, membership in a terrorist organization is itself a crime, provided that membership includes performing tasks—even such noncriminal tasks as pamphleteering. In France, complicity in a terrorist crime is far more difficult to establish. The extradition issue is being argued at the highest levels of the Italian and French governments, but so far it has been a dialogue of the deaf. It is said that in a conversation with Craxi last February Mitterrand described most of the Italian fugitives as retired ex-terrorists living peacefully in France. Still, according to press reports, there were some Italians among a group of nineteen people who were picked up right after Audran's murder, as suspected members of Direct Action.

Knowing what or how to think about terrorism in Italy is difficult. In February of 1984, a retired American diplomat named Leamon Hunt was killed in Rome—by the Red Brigades and LARF jointly, according to terrorist communiqués issued in Genoa and Beirut. Hunt was in charge of a multinational force and civilian-observer team monitoring the truce between Egypt and Israel in the Sinai Peninsula. No one in American, Italian, or Israeli counterintelligence had any reason to suppose he was in danger. He was scarcely known in Rome. No one has been able to discover who actually killed him or why. Oscar Luigi Scalfaro, Italy's Interior Minister, called the event mysterious. An American diplomat thinks that Hunt was killed by Euroterrorists at the behest of Arab extremists. "This action comes from far away and may harbor some new surprises for us," Spadolini said. The Red Brigades themselves remain an enigma. No two people with a professional interest in them look at them quite the same way. Many regard them as a spent force—on the purely Italian level, at least. Yet some people in Rome still dine out on stories of friends who have barely survived kidnapping attempts, who refuse to go out in the evening, who have bodyguards and sleep with guns nearby. "No one yet knows very much about the Red Brigades," says a friend—a diplomat—who has been acquainted with the subject for many years. "They were in the driver's seat here for a while, and only good luck turned things around. But they are still there, and people who think this is behind them are whistling in the dark. There is no evidence that they've turned to NATO, as distinct from the state, as their target. At least in the past, the Red Brigades were very compartmentalized, and behind the structure was a real brain. We don't really know much more. They did so

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well that many Italians thought the Germans must be involved with them. Who else could have executed an operation as surgical as the Moro kidnapping? No one knows even now where they were hiding him. They impressed Italians as having a sense of purpose and organization and capability they never associated with their institutions. Terrorism Italian-style remains a big problem, and you now have a lot of people exchanging misinformation about it."

IN Bonn, my next stop after Rome, I was told that German terrorists, not the Red Brigades, invented the Pan-European strategy. "Years ago, German terrorists wanted to give the various groups an international character," said the B.K.A. official I spoke with. "They failed, because the other groups—the Red Brigades, the I.R.A., the Spanish Basques—said, 'You have no reason. You have no grievance. We don't understand you.' These other groups were willing to provide safe havens but no operational or ideological community." He said that a first long step toward community was taken in 1981, after the Red Army Faction had experienced some serious setbacks, as its Italian analogue was about to do. "The terrorists hadn't found a real enemy, and they hit on American imperialism. The protests against the new American missiles were at their peak at this time. NATO, they said to the others, is the arch connecting America to Europe. So NATO became the target they needed." Other German officials say that the situation is rather more complicated than that; they feel that the institutions of the state are still a primary target. But no one disagrees with the judgment of a senior German diplomat that "everything about terrorism is far more transnational now."

After a shaky start, the German authorities have been coping with terrorism about as well as any of the European governments, although, as they concede, their successes have been few and due mainly to good luck. At first, in the early nineteen-seventies, German terrorism was targeted against things—buildings—rather than people. Violent protest took the form of arson—rarely murder. "The security people had trouble deciding whether to call the terrorists a gang or a group," an Interior Ministry official recalls. "That was a typically German problem." The Germans, in the light of the past, were determined to avoid overreacting to the terrorists, whose apparent goal was to provoke the authorities into adopting police-state tactics, since that would align the sympathies of society with the protest movement. Whether a policeman could shoot a terrorist became an issue. The answer was no. And the police were legally forbidden to seek help from the military. But the penal code was amended to make active participation in a terrorist organization a crime. The terrorist pattern changed dramatically in April of 1977, when the Red Army Faction killed the chief federal prosecutor, along with his bodyguard and his chauffeur. In July, a banker was killed. Then, on September 5th, there began the most celebrated of German terrorist episodes—the kidnapping of Hanns-Martin Schleyer, the president of the Federal Association of German Employers and one of the country's most prominent businessmen. His abductors demanded the release from prison of fellow-terrorists. There are striking similarities between the Schleyer and the Moro affairs. Neither man was harmed in the initial assault, in which his driver and bodyguards were all killed on the spot. In neither case did the government yield to the demands of the terrorists; hence, both men were eventually killed. Schleyer's body was found in the trunk of a car in eastern France forty-three days after his abduction, Moro's in the trunk of a car in Rome almost two months after his.

The Schleyer case became a national crisis, as did Moro's abduction, six months later. "The whole government was focussed on this matter alone," recalls a senior German diplomat who was directly involved. "The rest of the government's activities were virtually suspended. Many of our embassies were involved. Arab countries were involved. A Lufthansa airliner was hijacked by Arab terrorists in October, and they, too, demanded the release of the Baader-Meinhof people. It was a brotherhood of terrorism. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt presided over the meetings—long meetings. The issue was whether to give in." The issue was quickly decided: the government resolved to yield nothing. Probably it couldn't, because of an earlier, very sour experience of the same kind. In 1975, a member of the Bundestag named Peter Lorenz was kidnapped, and then let go after the government released five members of the Baader-Meinhof gang from jail and gave them money, an airplane, and safe passage to South Yemen. All five later returned to West Germany, resumed the terrorist life, and took part in planning the Schleyer abduction. "This was proof that giving in is self-defeating," the diplomat says. "But the decision was a terrible one. We played for time. Schmidt was in touch daily with Schleyer's wife and son. Although Schleyer was a private citizen, he had become a soldier, because he was a victim of an attack against the state." Some terrorists who were captured later, I'm told, said they had been astonished by the government's stand, because to them Schleyer was the pinnacle of the West German establishment; it couldn't possibly sacrifice him, they thought.

At the B.K.A. headquarters, outside Bonn, I was told that the Red Army Faction is now, as it was in the past, very small. In contrast to the Red Brigades, whose sympathizers once numbered in the thousands, it has never had more than twenty people, and the usual number is about fifteen. The police have never succeeded in penetrating it. However, about two years ago this nucleus began to be supported by hundreds of people—many of whom lived in self-imposed isolation—constituting so-called autonomous cells. Such people take direction from the Red Army Faction but have no direct contact with it.

I asked the B.K.A. official if he normally had an up-to-date knowledge of the real names of its members.

"Yes, I know them all by name," he replied. "After they go underground, we obtain fingerprints and other means of identification—things left from their jobs."

I asked if any of the captured ones had talked.

"Yes, three or four of them have talked, after being arrested," he said, without elaborating.

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Arab terrorists do not operate as freely in West Germany as they do in Italy and France, and I asked whether the Red Army Faction had contacts with them or did jobs for them.

"I haven't seen any money from the Middle East," he said. "They don't need it. Bank robberies and kidnappings keep them well supplied with money. They might do jobs for the Muslim terrorists—not for money or for training but in order to promote solidarity."

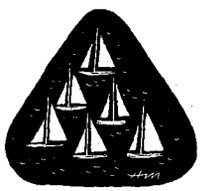
I asked if there were any links with organized crime.

"No," he said. "The Red Army Faction won't deal with those who are in it for the money. And they have rejected out of hand offers of coöperation from the extreme right. However, the right-wing extremists here are not classic terrorists."

Owing to an uncharacteristic blunder, the Red Army Faction had a setback last July; six of its people, including two whom the authorities had never heard of, were arrested in an apartment in Frankfurt, where a mass of incriminating written material was seized, too, from which police obtained indications of the group's strategic plan. It also enabled them to compile lists of Red Army Faction targets, human and inanimate. An Interior Ministry official said, "We learned that the main targets were 'the apparatus of repression,' including, as before, the police and judiciary, NATO and the armaments industry, and political figures."

I asked him whether information about suspected terrorists still at large was being exchanged with France and other governments, given the obvious links between groups. "All that is extremely difficult," he said. "We have very restrictive laws on these exchanges. We can't trample on the rights of individuals—supply information about people just because we suspect them." The Germans seem to be at least as protective of the civil rights of suspected terrorists as any other country is. Nevertheless, the French refer to a huge computer used by the B.K.A. to keep track of suspicious people as Big Brother, and say they don't want anything so intrusive in France. "They would rather continue using index cards," a diplomat in Paris said. The B.K.A. official I spoke with said he wished that French police techniques were "less unsophisticated." There is defensiveness on both sides. "We are sensitive to this comment about the Germans supplying the brain for Direct Action," a German official said.

In Bonn, this supposed brain or dynamo of European terrorism is portrayed in widely circulated posters showing fifteen faces, four of which have been crossed out, to indicate that they've been captured. Of the remaining eleven, seven are women and four are men; they appear to be in their twenties or early thirties. It seems remarkable that so small a band can cause so much trouble and dictate such enormous efforts by the state to counter it. For example, in Bad Godesburg, the Bonn suburb where many diplomats live, neighborhoods are "swept" by the police at irregular but frequent intervals. According to some Americans I spoke with, the sweeps seem to occur every few minutes. Besides police vehicles, armored cars crawl through the streets and, at night, sometimes wander across lawns and beneath the bedroom windows of disconcerted diplomatic families. Police in smaller vehicles or on horseback patrol the paths along the Rhine, which borders these neighborhoods.



As in most European countries, the efforts of the police of West Germany are undermined by jurisdictional quarrels. Terrorism there may be a crime, but, curiously, it is not a federal crime. The ten *Länder*, or states, compete with the B.K.A. for jurisdiction. In the case of the attempted bombing of the NATO school at Oberammergau, for example, the federal prosecutor awarded jurisdiction to the police of Bavaria. In theory, the prosecutor has the option of assigning the investigation of a given case either to the *Länder Polizei* or to the B.K.A. In practice, the *Länder* authorities usually prevail. The idea is that local police are better equipped to deal with local situations, and never mind that the Red Army Faction is highly mobile and centrally directed. I was told both by a German diplomat and by an Interior Ministry official that the best lead in the Schleyer case was never exploited, because of a jurisdictional quarrel between the B.K.A. and the police of North Rhine–Westphalia.

And an old friend told me about having been possibly put at risk by this kind of thing. He is a nongovernmental specialist in foreign and defense policy. His name appeared in documents found in the raid on the apartment in Frankfurt last summer, but the authorities never told him what they had found. Some months later, one of his assistants learned of it from an acquaintance who works in the B.K.A. An inquiry was made, and the B.K.A. confirmed the information. And why hadn't the B.K.A. immediately volunteered it? Doing so would not have been appropriate, the B.K.A. replied, because it didn't have jurisdiction. "The B.K.A. can only analyze the material," an Interior Ministry official said when I asked about this. "It can take action only when instructed to do so by the federal prosecutor. It has no role in preventing terrorism." But prevention, which takes many forms, is the classic approach to counterterrorism and, more often than not, the most effective means of dealing with the problem, according to people in police and intelligence circles.

IN Paris, where I went from Bonn, feelings about terrorism are more complicated than they are in most places; not long ago, the French authorities regarded terrorism as someone else's problem. "Terrorism wasn't a concern here as long as it was Palestinians killing other Palestinians," a senior foreign diplomat told me. "The Ministry of the Interior amnestied a lot of people, but when bombs began going off on trains and killing French people its attitude began to change." The change arose from widespread public concern, pressure from other governments, and the assassination of General Audran. Although French police and intelligence circles are prone to place sole responsibility for the act on the Red Army Faction, they have begun to take their own Euroterrorist group—Direct Action—very seriously. Yet the Interior Ministry still has a relaxed attitude toward Direct Action—partly, it seems, because French people, terrorists included, worry far less about nuclear issues than other Europeans do. And "Unlike the Germans, we haven't accepted deployment of American Pershing missiles," one official says. "We aren't in NATO. I can only discuss what is going on here—not what is going on in other places. The real problem here—a political problem—is what is going on in Corsica." France has had a continuing problem with Corsican terrorists and also with Basques.

It is quite true that French politics has never been agitated by nuclear issues. A strong consensus, running

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from the extreme right to the Communists on the far left, favors a vigorous national defense rooted in the state's ability to deter any enemy with French nuclear weapons. However, the anti-NATO, anti-nuclear line being taken by terrorist groups is probably more tactical than ideological. And, in any case, the burden of informed opinion now is that Direct Action is a bona-fide part of the Euroterrorist kinship. In the past year or so, the group has bombed the Atlantic Institute, which is a Paris-based research center, and the European Space Agency, also in Paris. It tried to bomb the headquarters of the Western European Union, a defense organization composed of the six original members of the European Community plus Britain. The bomb, I was told, was unusually large—large enough to destroy a city block. Possibly for that reason, Direct Action alerted emergency medical services and the Fire Department. Police descended and found a suspicious-looking car but no bomb. They removed the car, however, and parked it overnight in a police garage. Luckily, someone thought of giving the trunk a careful examination the next day and did find the bomb, and it was then dismantled.

The American Embassy in Paris, I was assured, takes Direct Action very seriously. The group has already tried to kill one American diplomat, with a car bomb. It fell off. So far, Direct Action seems to have no links with LARF, Amal, or any of the other Arab extremist groups that have darkened the lives of diplomats. I asked an old friend—a recently retired American diplomat named Christian Chapman, whose last post abroad was Paris—to describe a frightening experience he once had there with LARF. Chapman was the Deputy Chief of Mission, or Minister, and, for several months in the latter part of 1981, chargé d'affaires. In September, the American Embassies in Rome, Paris, and London were alerted by intelligence reports that hit teams from the Middle East were coming to attack American embassies. Chapman called a series of meetings to review security procedures. They were, he says, "consciousness-raising sessions." It was clear that, apart from car bombings, nearly all attempted assassinations occurred in front of a victim's residence. Chapman told me he warned the staff members to look around very carefully before leaving their front doors. One November morning, he emerged from his own residence, on the Avenue Émile Deschanel, and, looking around, saw "nothing unusual, really, except a man in his late twenties who was standing at the corner, not far away," he said. "He was bearded, of neat appearance, and distinctly Middle Eastern-looking. He was wearing a leather jacket and had one hand in his jacket pocket."

I asked Chapman why he hadn't retreated into the house, as he had advised others to do in that situation.

"Because I thought this couldn't be true," he said. "It was too much like a Grade B movie script. The guy looked as if he had been sent over by central casting. I walked forward"—his car and driver were waiting—"and he opened fire from about fifty feet. I then ran behind the car." There ensued a pursuit on foot around the car. "At one point, I saw him at close range—a distance of about twenty feet," Chapman said. "He was quite handsome, and had large, dark eyes. I'll always remember that fixed stare, with no expression. I've wondered since whether he was on drugs. He finally emptied the gun, trying to shoot me through the car, and then he walked away—fast."

LARF took credit for the attempt to kill Chapman, and vowed to be more successful in the future. It has been. In January of 1982, Colonel Charles Ray, a military attaché at the Embassy, was shot and killed by a LARF gunman as he was leaving his residence, just a few blocks from Chapman's. A month or so later, an Israeli diplomat was killed by a woman, also a member of LARF. Ballistic tests showed that the men were killed with the same gun. Another American diplomat—the consul-general in Strasbourg—survived an attack in which a LARF gunman shot him four times. Some other attempts, including car bombings, have failed, although in one case two policemen were blown up while trying to dismantle a car bomb. One American diplomat was followed from his Métro stop by a suspicious-looking character, and tried, without success, to shake him. Finally, not wanting to lead his pursuer to his house, he ducked into a café, where he called the police. They came at once and took him home.

The Embassy in Paris decided about three years ago that coördination on security matters with the French authorities had to be improved. A meet-

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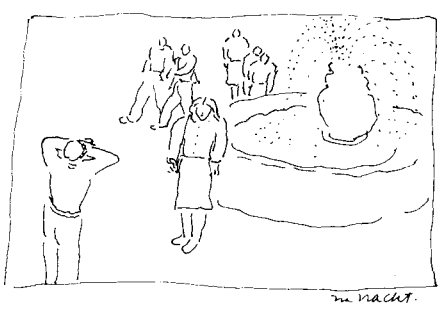
ing was arranged with the Cabinet Director of the Minister of the Interior. An American who attended says he was struck by the number of people in the room. "The guy had about ten people with him—chiefs of various branches of police and intelligence groups with some responsibility for counterterrorism," the American says. "I don't say this critically—just to illustrate the point that in no country, our own included, is there an effective mechanism for coördinating counterterrorism." Actually, the French do have more groups involved with counterterrorism than any of the other countries, and, diplomats say, cooperation among the groups is poor by anyone's standards. Besides the various police and intelligence services and a section of the Ministry of Defense, all of which work on counterterrorism, Mitterrand's Élysée Palace staff includes an élite intervention force, which is also involved in such activity. It has been widely accused of blundering, and interfering with serious police work; in mid-March, one of its members anonymously wrote a series of three articles in *Le Monde* which sought to explain the group's raison d'être and its thinking.

Just a few days after the back-to-back murders of Audran and Zimmermann, France's Prime Minister, Laurent Fabius, arrived in Bonn for talks with Chancellor Helmut Kohl. They quickly agreed to create a joint anti-terrorism working group and a special hot line to speed up the exchange of information. "They kill, they kill, they must be made to see reason," Mitterrand said in a speech at that time. France will "refuse all protection, direct or indirect, for active, real, bloody terrorism," he said. A few newspapers felt that France was tardily conceding that it had underestimated Euroterrorism, and that it was now ready for broad coöperative efforts. Recently, the government appointed one of France's most senior and highly respected policemen, Robert Broussard, to coördinate anti-terrorist activities. The rather prim French view of extradition may also be changing. There had been a reluctance to extradite Spanish Basque terrorists, out of concern that doing so might inflame French Basques. But recently three Basque terrorists were extradited (after causing the death of a policeman by booby-trapping the body of someone they had killed), and other Spanish Basques have been expelled from the country.

Some diplomats remain skeptical. "Audran's assassination was an eye-opener," one of them says. "It showed French society and the police that France was now a target. As for coöperation, the French and German governments do pass around a lot of specialized information, and they are shadowing some of each other's people. Some good personal relationships are developing. But I think there is a lot of room for improvement. The French approach is unlikely to satisfy neighboring countries." And another diplomat, thinking not just of France, says, "These governments don't have enormous capacity for agreeing on things. I don't think the coöperation will go very far."

IN London, a few diplomats and intelligence people are fully occupied with Euroterrorism and extremist groups of Middle Eastern origin. For the British people, however, terrorism is synonymous with the I.R.A., whose troops are at some disadvantage operating in Britain; it is, of course, an island, and their passports and accents are Irish. Still, the I.R.A. has the advantage of a three-hundred-mile border between Ulster and the Republic of Ireland which cannot be policed. As yet, there are no links between the I.R.A. and the European groups, though safe houses are available to the I.R.A. on the Continent, and a few of its people shop for weapons there. "But they don't expose much of the organization to outsiders," one diplomat said. "That increases the risk of penetration." I asked about links with non-European groups, and was told that in the early nineteen-seventies Libya had supplied the I.R.A. with a shipment of arms but that "nothing detectable" had turned up since.

Although the I.R.A. is relentless—probably more so than the Continental groups—it hasn't been doing very well. For a time, it was penetrated by British intelligence—a setback that it dealt with by making itself more cellular, hence more difficult to penetrate. But the organization has continued to lose people at a significant rate, either in battle or to police arrest, and their replacements, who tend to be young and inexperienced, have fared badly in battle with British Army units. I was told by the Northern Ireland Office in London that I.R.A. targets are becoming softer—off-duty members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, for example. A constable plowing a field on the family farm is a choice target. Catholic members of the R.U.C. are singled out—probably in order to intimidate other Catholics; also, winnowing the Catholics might strengthen the I.R.A.'s claim that the police are Protestant sectarians. The I.R.A.'s grand design is supposed to be one part military and one part political: "The Armalite [an automatic weapon] and the ballot box" is the slogan. The political part has not gone well. The Sinn Fein ("Ourselves Alone"), the movement's political wing, had hoped to overhaul the Social Democratic and Labor Party in Eire, but doing so has proved impossible, and the Sinn Fein has now restricted its campaigning.



I asked about direct connections between the Sinn Fein, a legal party, and the I.R.A., and was told that there is a broad overlap.

"Gerry Adams, the President of Sinn Fein, is a member of the Provisional I.R.A. Council," a Whitehall official said. "He would deny being on the Council, but we know he is." Adams is also an elected member of the British House of Commons, but has yet to take his seat.

I asked about the Irish government's attitude toward the Sinn Fein.

"Very robust," the official answered. "It denies the Sinn Fein access to broadcasting. The United Kingdom hasn't done that."

I asked why.

"Because they say their purpose isn't terrorism, although it is. The real reason is that we have no evidence of their terrorist connections and actions."

I asked how the I.R.A. raised money, and was told that extortion seems to be the main source of funds, followed by bank robberies and remittances from Irish-Americans.

According to an article on the front page of the *Times* while I was in London, the Royal Train is being replaced, at a cost of more than seven and a half million pounds, because it is judged vulnerable to terrorism. Specially strengthened carriages capable of travelling more than a hundred miles an hour will be put into service. I

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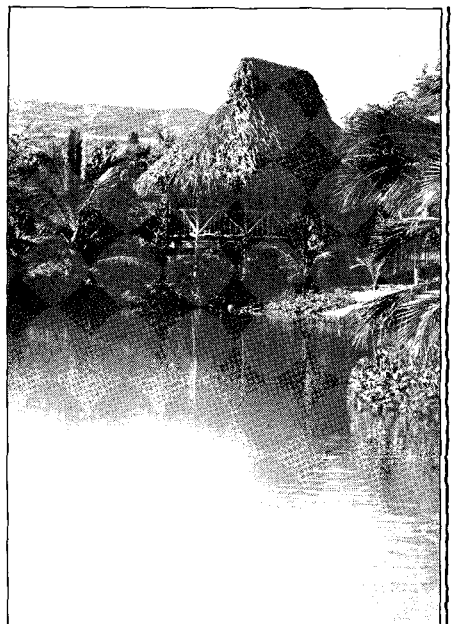

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was reminded of the I.R.A.'s bomb intended for Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and some of her Cabinet during the Conservative Party Conference at Brighton last October. If the bomb had gone off a minute or so sooner, it would have killed her, and possibly some other ministers as well. "Today we were unlucky," the I.R.A. announced. "But, remember, we only have to be lucky once." Terrorists, the I.R.A. included, have an advantage in not depending on a series of outright victories. Just one successful throw of the dice—a bomb that goes off as planned, a Moro or a Schleyer abducted in a hail of gunfire—enables them to make their statement and impose a bunkerlike perspective on the state.

THE United States has not experienced terrorism on a notable scale, and some Europeans say they worry about what will happen if Americans confront what Europeans have had to confront. Specifically, they worry because of what they think American public opinion would require of its government if, say, an explosion occurred in a public place and killed hundreds of people. To react violently, the Europeans think, would be a mistake—it would play into the terrorists' hands, by maximizing the attention given to them. Terrorists equate the success of an act with the degree of commotion as well as fright that is created. Publicity is what they crave, and they compete for it. Several different groups usually claim credit for a terrorist act, and authorities must often sift the evidence and other signs before awarding responsibility. The act itself, however violent, doesn't pose a moral question for terrorists, and, in fact, acquires status, and even dignity, from the reaction to it. This is said to be especially true of violent acts performed by religious fanatics, who do what they do in the name of the faith.

The reason that America has been spared so far, apparently, is that it is less vulnerable than Europe, especially to Middle Eastern extremists. Moving in and out of most European countries isn't difficult for non-Europeans; border controls are negligible. But American customs and immigration authorities, being hyperalert to drug traffic, tend to pay attention to even marginally doubtful people, and a would-be terrorist arriving in America could come under surveillance for the wrong reason. Perhaps more important, terrorists require a support structure, and the F.B.I. feels that it has most potential support structures for Arab extremists reasonably well penetrated. About five hundred agents are working full time on preventing terrorism. Their major problem recently—one that the Bureau hadn't expected—has been heavily armed neo-Nazi groups.

On terrorist matters, at least, coöperation among American police groups is said to be good, and in the case of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles last summer it was outstanding. The F.B.I.'s Wayne Gilbert says the security for the Games involved not just domestic agencies, including his own, but also the agencies of a great many foreign governments, and the state and local police forces as well. The preparation was remarkably detailed, beginning more than three years before the event. When an intelligence report occasionally pointed to a terrorist act in the planning stage, word would be passed to the appropriate terrorist group that whatever it might be up to wouldn't come as a surprise and would be dealt with. There were no incidents. "It was the finest example of coöperation I've seen in my twenty years with the Bureau," Gilbert says. The C.I.A. and the F.B.I. are very turf-conscious, but, possibly because of the State Department's coördinating role, these agencies now seem capable of working together comfortably on terrorism.

With so many terrorist acts—and the responsibility for them—breaching frontiers, diplomats play an increasingly important role in dealing with them. A good example was the hijacking of the Lufthansa airliner by Arab terrorists in October of 1977; it illustrated the need for coöperation between governments and the difficulty of obtaining it. The hijacking occurred while the aircraft was over the Mediterranean, not far from Rome, where it landed. From there, it was flown to Cyprus, Bahrain, and Dubai, one of the emirates on the Persian Gulf, and it ended its trip at Mogadishu, in Somalia. During this time, a few senior officials of the German Foreign Ministry were in close contact with most Arab governments, urging them to try to persuade the terrorists to release the passengers. They also asked the Soviet Union to use whatever influence it had with Arab governments. The Russians agreed to try to help. "They, too, were worried about the hijacking problem and seemed plainly worried about ter-

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rorism," one of the Germans recalled. "The Pope was also involved," he said. Meanwhile, Bonn decided to send a counterterrorist commando group to Mogadishu, in case an assault on the aircraft became the only good alternative—as it did. A senior diplomat was dispatched to obtain Somalia's consent to the mission. The government consented. Another diplomat in Bonn had the task—a harder one, as it turned out—of getting the commando unit to Mogadishu. Its aircraft needed permission to fly over Middle Eastern countries and to make one refuelling stop—ideally, in Crete. Helping German commandos attack Arab terrorists was a responsibility that many countries in the area preferred to avoid. Since the Greeks were unlikely to allow commandos to land in Crete, they were told that the plane carried medical specialists and engineers—people who might be able to help out, depending on what happened—and the plane was allowed to land. Egypt's leaders refused at first to grant permission for the plane to fly over its territory; then Egyptian diplomats intervened, and permission was granted. The affair ended with a successful assault, in which none of the passengers were injured.

The Mogadishu incident is not an isolated one. Euroterrorism and its fraternal links with groups that create such incidents underline the need for governments to devise methods by which their assorted, fiercely competitive counterterrorist agencies can work together effectively, both at home and with opposite numbers in other countries. In Europe, some police and Interior Ministry people complain that terrorism isn't really their problem (though it manifestly is). What they mean, I think, is that terrorism is not so much a problem as a new and continuing fact of life. "I first thought it would take ten years to dispose of terrorism," said the B.K.A. official I spoke with, who is about to retire. "That was twenty years ago, and here we are, and I can't see the end of the road, although I'm at the end of mine here." He and his opposite numbers elsewhere clearly think that politicians and diplomats need to play a larger role in the struggle. The terrorists, he said, always assumed that governments would take collective action against them—that was the reason they began to coöperate. If that is so, it remains to be seen whether the terrorists have given governments too much credit.

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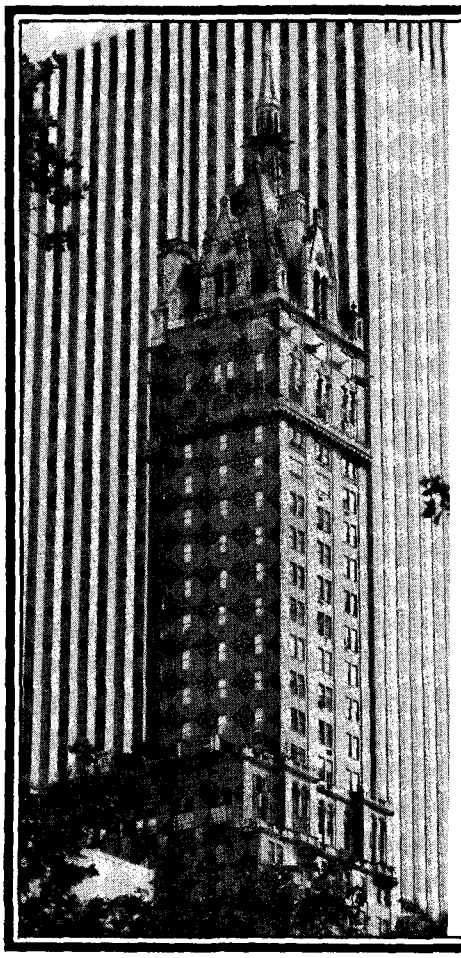

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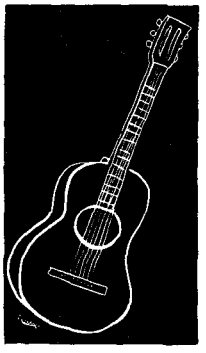
MUSICAL EVENTS

Wagner Goes West

THE San Francisco "Ring," designed by John Conklin, is probably the best-looking production of the cycle to be seen today. "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" appeared in 1983; "Siegfried" was done last year; and this summer a completed cycle had three performances. (Tickets sold so well that the first of them was carried by television to a giant screen in Davies Symphony Hall, across the street from the Opera House, as a "video Ring" for the overflow audience.) The new "Götterdämmerung" is as handsome as its predecessors. Caspar David Friedrich and Karl Friedrich Schinkel, who provided Conklin's main inspiration, were good choices—the Romantic painter whose landscapes are imbued with moral fervor and the Neoclassical architect who began his career in the theatre. At the start of "Götterdämmerung," the Norns have taken up their station on the former "terrace of the gods"—a noble classical ruin when we first saw it, in the second scene of "Das Rheingold," and now picturesquely cracked, crumbling, and brambled. Day dawns on the Valkyrie Rock (a scene derived from Arnold Böcklin's "Isle of the Dead"), where during Brünnhilde's long sleep—between "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried"—the spreading fir tree that sheltered her withered and died. The Gibichungs live in ostentatious luxury and grandeur, in a Neoclassical palace decorated with giant busts of the Nordic gods; the scene suggests one from Visconti's film "Götterdämmerung" ("The Damned"), peopled with arrogant, decadent offspring of some armaments baron. The terrace outside, the setting of Act II, has many steps (too many to allow an easy assembly of armed guards, vassals, and women). The first scene of Act III, "a wild and wooded rocky valley on the Rhine," is a three-dimensional free stage transcription of Friedrich's "Winter," in Hamburg, with the Gothic arches of the Eldena abbey ruins—Friedrich's recurrent image of a splendor no longer mighty—made Romanesque. (A cycle of the seasons runs through the colors and general feeling of the designs for the four operas.) The final scene is a version of Friedrich's "Arctic Shipwreck" with, superimposed on it, the silhouetted observer like that of his "Traveller Gazing at a Sea of Fog." (Those pictures are also in Hamburg.) All these scenes—and those of the earlier operas, inspired by Friedrich, Schinkel, and, for Valhalla, the architects Étienne-Louis Boullée and Gottfried Semper—are striking, and many of them make appropriate settings for Wagner's drama. The sense of the natural world and of man in relation to it is strong. There is plenty of color and plenty of light. The costumes are colorful, too, and eclectic: Botticelli goddesses, gods garbed as if for "Orphée aux Enfers;" Sieglinde the heroine of a German rural romance, Siegmund in pop-star leather, with naked torso, the "Walküre" Fricka suggesting variously a Byzantine or a Prussian empress; "Star Wars" guards for the Gibichungs, Gunther and Gutrune in glamorous negligee (they dress in more seemly fashion when their visitor is announced), Hagen buttoned in a long, tight black trenchcoat. The characterizations by means of costume are a shade obvious; the results are attractive, but sometimes a shade frivolous in effect.



Loge, the god of fire, is the one who sticks out painfully, and that was evidently the intention of the director, Nikolaus Lehnhoff. Loge is dressed in a natty nineteenth-century suit, has dove-gray spats and gloves, and carries the *Wall Street Journal* under his arm. In 1983, he looked like a sharp lawyer; this year, with abundant sideburns and a vest of burgundy brocade, he suggested a fashionable artist, and perhaps he was even intended to represent Wagner. Lehnhoff's "Rheingold" ends—to the accompaniment of Wagner's magnificent Valhalla music—with Loge dominant. From a throne, he retrieves his newspaper (somewhat crumpled by now, for Fricka has been sitting on it); center stage, he peels off his elegant gloves and tosses them over his shoulder. (On the first night, one of them landed on Donner's cloak and was carried into Valhalla.) Lehnhoff's "Götterdämmerung" ends with Loge dominant—he is that silhouetted figure—observing the destruction and desolation, and then turning to the audience with something like a cynical shrug. Meanwhile, in Wagner's music the theme of the Gods' Downfall yields to that of Redemption by Love and the hope of a better world—glorious music that (in Ernest Newman's words) "seems to spread consoling wings over not merely the present scene but the whole stupendous drama."

This is a flip and musically insensitive way to end the cycle—a cop-out solution to what is often considered a problem (though there is no problem in following Wagner's own clear instructions: men and women gaze in awe at the conflagration in the heavens; during the Destruction theme, flames seize on the hall of the gods; the curtain falls while the Redemption theme wells from the orchestra). Lehnhoff doesn't seem to have made up his mind about Loge (who is, admittedly, an elusive figure) and has been variously quoted as calling him "Wotan's Henry Kissinger" and "the god of truth . . . the constantly ringing alarm clock that reminds Wotan of what is morally right." There is fire music, certainly, in the final scene of "Götterdämmerung": it pictures destructive yet purifying fire, not a clever, tricky commentator who turns to the audience and dismisses the tremendous tragedy with a "So they've all gone up in smoke! What did I tell you!" In fact, there's no warrant, either, for setting Loge apart from the other gods at the close of "Das Rheingold." Wagner's direction is specific: after wondering whether or *not to distance himself*, Loge goes nonchalantly to join them.

I had some sharp—amid some appreciative—things to say about the 1983 "Rheingold" and "Walküre." "Siegfried" last year suggested that Lehnhoff was maturing, had grown bolder, and was readier to free San Francisco's "Ring" from the accretions that have marred modern stagings—readier to look with fresh eyes at the work itself. But now, disappointingly, he has restaged "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" and staged a "Götterdämmerung" crusted with modern clichés. Watching the shows is rather like reading a play whose main text has been larded with glosses, commentary, and criticism. These take the form of added, gratuitous characters and incidents: six fel-

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low-giants for Fafner and Fasolt; Fricka, Donner, and Froh snoozing onstage while Alberich places the curse on the Ring; Wotan in person at the start of "Die Walküre;" a gang of gorilla henchmen around Hunding at each of his entrances; and so on, up to the intrusion of Loge at the end. Or of sport with "parallels": Siegfried falls upon Brünnhilde at the close of "Siegfried" as Siegmund does upon Sieglinde at the close of "Die Walküre;" in both operas the love music is sung with the lovers largely on opposite sides of the stage. Much of what Lehnhoff has taken over or invented is not merely willful but positively undramatic, untheatrical. When Siegmund and Sieglinde have been pawing one another almost from the moment of their meeting, the thrill of their first embrace where Wagner planned it and keyed it into his music is sacrificed. When, in the final scene of "Siegfried," Siegfried and Brünnhilde are required to scurry and scamper round and round a circular track, as if playing tag, they look silly. Lehnhoff has generally been at pains to avoid too dignified a presentation of gods and heroes. After singing the battle cry, his Brünnhilde gives Wotan a playful poke in the tum with her spear. Kirsten Flagstad's Brünnhilde never did that.

Sword and spear are potent symbols in the "Ring," potently used. Lehnhoff has clogged their significance with extra business. In his version, the sword that Siegmund draws from the tree has already been waved by Alberich, during his speech about world dominion; has been used by Fafner to kill Fasolt; has been drawn, blood-stained, from the giant's body by Wotan, handed by him to Donner, and passed by Donner to Froh, who holds it on high as he leads the procession into Valhalla. It's true that in 1876 Wagner did instruct his Bayreuth Wotan to brandish a sword when the theme of the "great idea" (later the Sword motif) leaped from the orchestra. It was not altogether a happy notion and did not find its way into the definitive text. If Nothung the Sword is simply a stray bit of booty, dwarf-forged, that the giants overlooked, then Mime's later difficulty in reforging it makes little sense; Mime is the dwarfs' master smith. If Lehnhoff's intention is to spell out that the sword is a tainted weapon, then his visual glosses are both laborious and at odds with the bright ring of the sword music. Again and again, such visual explanations destroy Wagner's ironies, ambiguities, and richness. In "Götterdämmerung," in the Brünnhilde and Siegfried-as-Gunther encounter Lehnoff adds a "big moment" of his own devising: Siegfried grabs Brünnhilde's spear from her and snaps it. It is gratuitous and is diminishing of Wagner's big moment: Siegfried's wrenching of the Ring from Brünnhilde's finger. Meanwhile, amid the unnecessary added business and incidents some necessary incidents are omitted. Siegmund's sword, for example, doesn't shatter on Wotan's spear; Siegmund simply tosses it into the wings. Erda doesn't rise, mysterious and awesome, from the depths; both times, she simply walks on. No great door suddenly flies open when Sieglinde and Siegmund avow their love, to flood an imprisoning chamber with spring radiance; the walls of the courtyard they are in slowly retract into the wings. One can't take altogether seriously a "Ring" where big, important things that should happen don't happen. It's rather like leaving out important episodes of the score while writing in new counterpoints and trying out new instrumentation elsewhere. Moreover, modern producers seem unwilling or unable to achieve theatrical effects that used to present no problems: scenic transformations behind banks of cloud or mist (here a black curtain is dropped); Rhinemaidens who swim up and down, to and fro, on a stage apparently filled with flowing water (here, earthbound, they or their evident doubles simply pop up and down behind rocks); a rampart of raging fire fierce enough to daunt any but a hero; a flash of lightning from Wotan's spear when, in the second collision of these two symbols, it is shattered by the sword. Lehnhoff's work isn't unthoughtful or careless, and it's not dull. His basic ideas about the "Ring" as expressed in several interviews are (except for a partial view of Wotan, which closer attention to the music could have amplified) uncontroversial. But in executing them it's as if he had lost his nerve, feared to give himself up to the work, and tried to maintain his inde-

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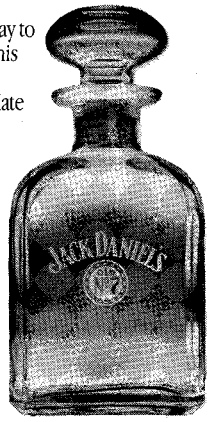

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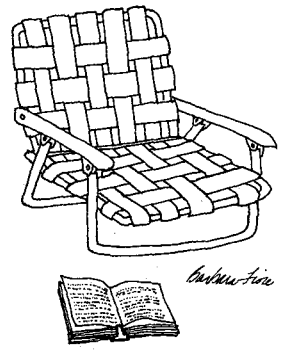
pendence by scrawling his own little doodles—and some suggested by his immediate predecessors—over Wagner's great design. It's a large-scale, imposing production, but not as accurate or stirring a one as the "Siegfried" had led us to expect.

MUSICALLY, the exciting thing about the performance was the emergence of a noble, commanding, and vocally resplendent Wotan—the first I've heard since Hans Hotter resigned the role, and one with a voice more reliably firm than Hotter's was. James Morris studied the part with Hotter, and in places—especially at the close of the second act of "Die Walküre"—their performances were extraordinarily alike. But there was no suggestion in Mr. Morris's of a rote-learned interpretation. He had already sung the "Walküre" Wotan in Baltimore and in Vienna; in San Francisco he added the "Rheingold" role. He was magnificent. His voice rang out with easy, unforced power—the timbre complicated and eloquent, the focus secure—and was equally clear and telling in the quiet confidences of Wotan's long narrative. His presence was godlike. At the end of "Die Walküre," he lifted Brünnhilde in his arms and carried her upstage to her place of rest. Plainly, as he grows further into the part he will be more moving still. The text was trenchantly pronounced, every word clear, but there was a tendency to emphasize all the words, even all the syllables, too evenly. Insofar as this resulted from an insistence on bel-canto line, it was welcome. It was insensitive of him to interrupt Alberich's curse with a peal of loud, contemptuous laughter. "Das Rheingold" can be heard on WNYC—an American Public Radio broadcast—on July 12th, and "Die Walküre" on July 19th. (The other operas follow on subsequent Fridays.) I look forward to hearing Mr. Morris again. He seemed to me the Wotan we have long waited for.



The "Siegfried" Wotan was sung by Thomas Stewart, a master of the role, and he was in good voice. The three cycles overlapped, the second and third beginning before the previous one was done, and so some sharing of roles was no doubt a practical necessity. Not just Wotan but Brünnhilde, Erda, and Fricka had two performers. Gwyneth Jones' "Walküre" Brünnhilde was warm, assured, generous, but vocally unruly. Eva Marton's Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" and (her first) in "Götterdämmerung" was powerful in the upper range, but the long notes were often strident and unsteady. Her low notes were weak. She put loudness before expressiveness. Helga Dernesch, who has already sung five roles in "Götterdämmerung"—Brünnhilde, Gutrune, the Second and the Third Norn, and a Rhinemaiden—now added Waltraute and repeated the Second Norn. Earlier in the cycle, she had been the "Walküre" Fricka. She is an incisive, dignified, and vivid artist. I wish she had also sung Erda, for neither Mariana Paunova (the "Rheingold" Erda and also the First Norn) nor Hanna Schwarz (the "Siegfried" Erda and also the "Rheingold" Fricka) was so impressive.

René Kollo is probably the best Siegfried around. The notes are all there, audible, agreeable in tone, if not exactly heroic. He looked good, if rather too tidily coiffed. He tended to bounce around in rather too determinedly boyish a manner, as Set Svanholm and Wolfgang Windgassen used to. He carried it off more credibly than they did, but it made him a less than substantial hero. Jeannine Altmeyer's Sieglinde was bright but could have been more warmly emotional. Peter Hofmann's Siegmund had pitch problems. Helmut Pampuch was a lively, even rather charming little Mime in "Das Rheingold;" in "Siegfried" he seemed to be losing voice. Walter Berry's Alberich was somewhat shabby, hardly formidable enough. William Lewis was dry of tone in Loge's lyrical music. Roland Bracht and James Patterson, as Fasolt and Fafner, looked enormous and sang fairly well. John Tomlinson, the Hunding and the Hagen, is an intelligent, interesting artist with a dark, grainy, but not really imposing bass. Gutrune was directed as a lustrous vamp, ever ready to twine voluptuous arms around both her brother and her half brother; the traditional straightforward interpretation is more satisfying, and Kathryn Bouleyn's voice seemed small in this cast. She was also the Third Norn.

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Gunther likewise was made a caricature, but Michael Devlin sang the part admirably. The Freia, Nancy Gustafson, was excellent. The Froh and the Donner, Walter MacNeil and John Del Carlo, were unremarkable. There was a poor, ill-tuned trio of Rhinemaidens and a splendid team of Valkyries. All in all, it was as well cast, as well sung a "Ring" as one is likely to encounter today. The orchestral playing was satisfactory. The conducting was dull. Edo de Waart, who has been in charge of the San Francisco cycle since it began, showed little ability to give true dramatic impulse to the music, to shape its spans, to render it in anything but careful, well-rehearsed prose.

San Francisco plans to revive the "Ring" only in 1990. Meanwhile, a new "Ring" has begun at Artpark, in upstate New York, with "Das Rheingold." Christopher Keene was the conductor; Robin Thompson, the assistant director of the San Francisco "Ring," was the director; the sets, by Roberto Oswald, came from the Dallas Opera (which has been doing one "Ring" opera a season, and reaches "Götterdämmerung" this fall). A complete Artpark cycle is announced for 1989. Seattle—for years the only American city presenting annual "Ring" cycles—embarks this month on a new production, with "Die Walküre," and promises a complete cycle next summer. Armin Jordan is the conductor, Robert Israel the designer, and François Rochaix the director. And the Met has a new "Ring" in the works—designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, directed by Otto Schenk, and conducted by James Levine. "Die Walküre" is billed to open the 1986-87 season.

—ANDREW PORTER

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Washington Post*]

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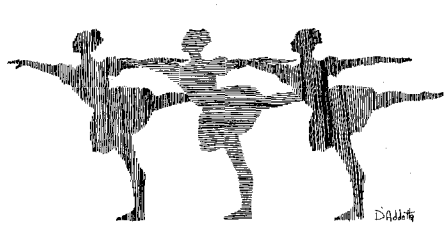
DANCING

Opus Posthumous

IN 1935, Alban Berg interrupted work on "Lulu" to write a violin concerto in memory of his close friend Alma Mahler's eighteen-year-old daughter, who had died of infantile paralysis. By the end of the year, Berg himself was dead (like Lulu, he died on Christmas Eve), and the world took his memorial to the dead girl for his own requiem. However, George Perle points out, "what the world did not know was that Berg had *planned* the Violin Concerto as a requiem for himself as well as for Manon Gropius —that he had taken advantage of the inherently ambiguous character of programmatic expression in music to conceal an alternative and equally authentic programmatic conception beneath the one that he had offered to the public." Perle goes on to cite extensive internal evidence, which reveals Berg's alternative program to have been concerned with his own mortality and to have contained references to his first love, a servant girl who bore him a daughter, and to his last—not his wife but Hannah Fuchs-Robettin (who was Alma Mahler's sister-in-law). Hannah's presence is expressed much as it was in the Lyric Suite—through numerological elements and musical ciphers. In the closing Adagio, the transfiguration of the dead girl is depicted in a traditional chorale with Bach harmonization and other, more cryptic touches, in which Perle discerns Berg's message to Hannah that he would be united with her in eternity. The belief in eternity recurs in Berg's work. The Concerto is "dedicated"—his words—"to an angel." It is not a sentimental inscription. One thinks of Countess Geschwitz's dying cry: "Lulu! My angel! Let me see you once again! I am near you, remain near you for evermore!"

Perle's essay, extracted from his book on Berg's operas, is printed in the New York City Ballet program book as a note on the score for Jerome Robbins' new ballet, "In Memory of . . ." If Robbins' ballet also contains a hidden program, it remains his secret. Ostensibly concerned with the life and death of Berg's Manon in the most symbolical terms (Robbins' portrait bears traces of Anne Frank), the ballet takes on additional programmatic weight by the casting and use of Suzanne Farrell. But instead of constituting an alternative, "hidden" program, the presence of Farrell and, even more, her performance, which recapitulates and extends the adagio aspects of her performances in Balanchine's ballets, displace the Berg-derived program and all but capsize the ballet.

"In Memory of . . ." has those three dots because Robbins wants Berg's meditation on youth and love and then on death and eternity and love's transcendence—wants the full value of all that to support his commemoration of Berg's period (Program 1) as well as his commemoration, through Farrell, of Balanchine (Program 2). He, too, wants the richness of ambiguity that Perle says Berg took advantage of in programmatic music. But programmatic statements in dance as well as in music have to be stronger on their primary level of meaning than on their secondary, or they simply fail to be art. The level of meaning that Farrell brings to the ballet may have been intended to be nothing more than subliminal reinforcement of a theme; it turns out to be the theme itself. In Robbins' choreography, which is the first he has ever created for her ("In G Major" was originally set on Sara Leland), Farrell both does and doesn't look the way she looks in Balanchine's ballets, and she's more powerfully expressive when she does. Robbins hasn't masked this power—he has let Farrell be Farrell. But the power doesn't flow full strength until midway in the piece. Up to then, we have a conventionally beautiful, fairly docile Farrell embodying Robbins' conception of such a young woman as Berg might have known, whose untimely death coincides with the brutal sacrifice of her generation to totalitarian conformity and tyranny and war. We see Farrell in a pale-rose dress escorted and presented by a young man (Joseph Duell); we see them among other young people—first the girl among other girls, then her and the boy among young couples at a waltz party. The darkness of the harmony under a



ländler-like folk song, the pallor of the lighting (by Jennifer Tipton), and the vast, mottled obscurity of David Mitchell's Jugendstil backdrop add to the impression that we are in Vienna between the wars. (There is no evidence as yet that Berg was thinking about Austria's fate in the Concerto but he wrote letters at the time expressing his feelings of devastation and homelessness.) And we see the crowd of young people, including the boy make a unison exit in a pointy-toed robotlike walk, leaving the girl alone with a sinister male figure (Adam Lüders). It's at this point—the struggle with Death—that Farrell overwhelms and supplants her "character," or, rather, transforms it: becomes the heroic Farrell we know from "Meditation" and "Don Quixote" and "Chaconne." It's not that she appears invincible; she remains vulnerable and, as fear and resistance change to calm resignation, she's more and more affecting. But the pas de deux with Death takes place on or near the expressive heights of those Balanchine ballets, and there is nothing else in "In Memory of . . ." to match it.

Robbins recaptures the excitement of Balanchine's discovery of Farrell's gift for expanding dance logic, and he knows how to squeeze the logic for extra thrills. In one passage, he has Farrell, bent low on point as if she were about to kneel, pivot in deep fondu to face her partner, then gradually unfold the other leg a hundred and eighty degrees into arabesque penchée. He revels in her voluptuous wide-swinging, off-balance promenades, her ability to control their sweep to the musical phrase with the merest touch of her partner's hand. But he doesn't show how any of this becomes holy. He gives us Farrell as a theatrical icon but not Farrell as a metaphor. His vision of eternity isn't a commanding one, and he seems much less secure than Berg is (or Balanchine would have been) in the conviction that his heroine goes straight to Heaven. Farrell is seen reigning over a leaden Limbo in as blank and featureless an apotheosis as was ever set before the God of Good Endings. In the final moment, she is lifted between her co-stars down a long diagonal toward the light, and on each lift she pedals in the air. Farrell makes something serene and grand of this moment, which could have come right out of a Jiří Kylián ballet. But the spirituality she projects in other ballets doesn't radi-

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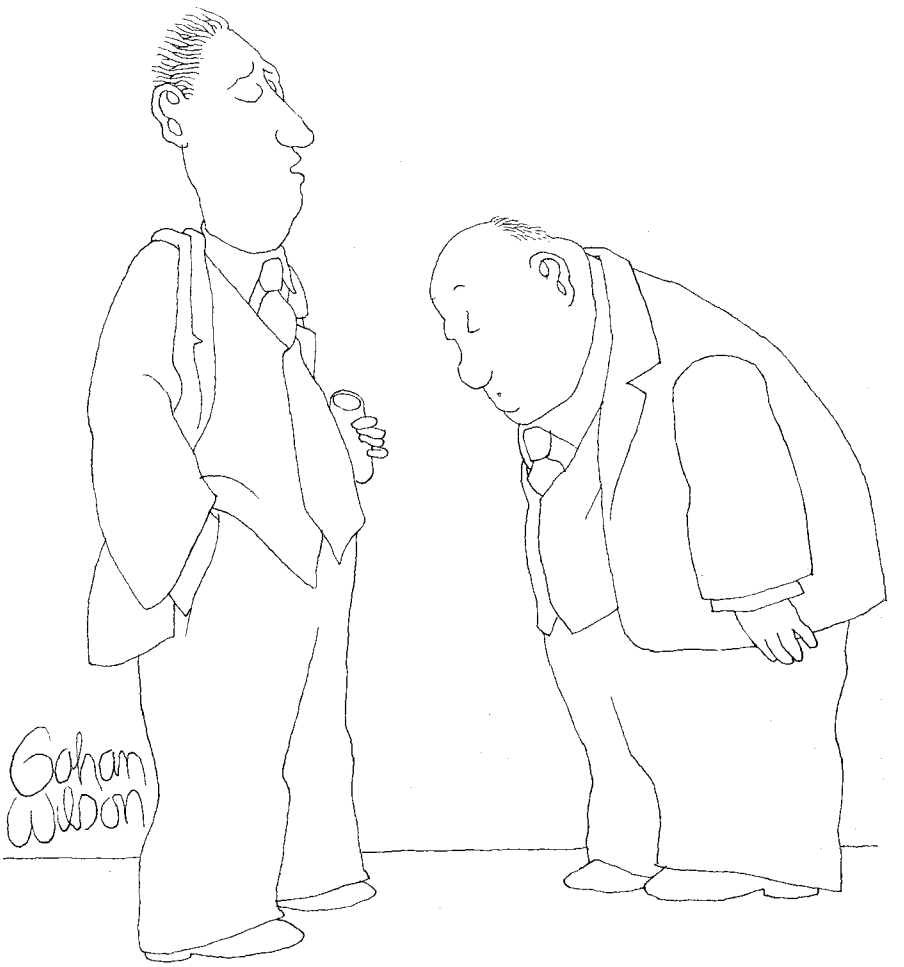
ate; her translation into "angel" is largely a matter of letting down her hair and putting on a thin white dress.

It happens that Balanchine had planned a Berg ballet for Farrell as long ago as 1967. According to Robert Craft's diary (published in "Retrospectives and Conclusions"), it was to have been to the "Lulu Suite" and to have dealt not with Lulu but with Salomé. There was talk of the project again in the seventies (what a John the Baptist Baryshnikov would have made!), but after Balanchine fell ill it was never heard of again. I think that, by taking on Berg and Farrell together for the first time, Robbins is making a conscious, and perhaps even a conscientious, choice. It's interesting that he chooses to present a "sacred" Farrell to Berg's music where Balanchine would have presented a "profane" one; interesting, too, that in much of what he creates in the first half —the slightly hallucinated "frame of memory" atmosphere, the mawkish camaraderie of the waltz party, with its klutzy "folk" motifs, the premonitory dead-woman lifts, in which Farrell hangs full length, parting the air with her hands—he is closer to the drear expressionism of Anna Sokolow than to Balanchine. One of Sokolow's most acclaimed pieces is "Lyric Suite," tenuously set to the Berg score. "In Memory of . . ." betrays a similar tenuousness. The Concerto's contours are not hard to follow in dance, its rhythms are actively engaging, and something theatrical can be made of its program(s). But the music's depth cannot be penetrated choreographically—at least, Robbins doesn't demonstrate that it can. When Farrell leaves the stage on Lüders' arm and Robbins begins filling it with seraphim (corps members in white leotards) preparing the way to the next world, the transparency of his choreography disappears; the light that had been coming through it from the music is completely blocked out, and it never returns. It's as if Farrell were Robbins' filter; without her he seems lost. The spiritual deadness of the last scene is related to its musical unease. Robbins can't do much with a Farrell stripped of her virtuosities; he mostly has her stand or walk around, tentatively offering her hands to the other (lost?) souls. As the ballet sinks to a close, he strums away at his ambiguities. But Robbins' ambiguities have a way of diminishing into mere perplexities, and he adds one more in the final seconds. Why, if this is Life After Death, do Duell, the boyfriend, and Lüders, the Death figure, return as Farrell's porteurs? Even more of a conundrum: Where would they all be without her?



"But I see you're having difficulty following my argument."

• •

WE have had the curious experience this season of seeing at long range, on the vast stage of the Metropolitan, the work of David Gordon, which we normally see at close range, in the intimate downtown loft theatres where postmodern dance was born. Gordon's pieces for American Ballet Theatre and Dance Theatre of Harlem were very human-scale and very low-pressure; they were conceived in terms of the easygoing, non-specialized movement that is his hallmark. He also used the basic ballet vocabulary, because it is a ballet dancer's basic means of locomotion, but he did not compromise his style in order to execute big opera-house commissions. The question raised and answered by "Field, Chair and Mountain" (the A.B.T. piece) and "Piano Movers" (the D.T.H. piece) was whether Gordon's style of dance can be fruitfully produced on opera-house stages. I think it can, but probably not on the Met stage. This house is much too big for any kind of dance to be seen comfortably, and it defeats the anti-spectacular appeal of Gordon's work. But, for all its size, the Met is a beautifully focussed theatre; provided you do not sit too close to the stage, it lets you judge the formal relations a piece has without becoming involved in them. Of course, it's better to become involved; the picture you take away from the Met may be clearly focussed, but it's almost always of something you'd like to see developed someplace else.

"Field, Chair and Mountain" looked better at the theatre where I first saw it—the Kennedy Center, in Washington. At the Met, its long first half became crowded and indistinct in the section where the corps is intricately engaged in close-quarter partnering—the most involving section of the ballet. The oddest aspect of the staging—the calculatedly shallow perspective and the left-to-right flow of the action—gave surprisingly

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little trouble at the Met. When the piece was programmed with Antony Tudor's "The Leaves Are Fading," one saw that Tudor had also used this "Oriental" flow-of-time idea, and that he, like Gordon, had misjudged the audience's ability to concentrate on intricacies of partnering and other small differences in so many consecutive or simultaneous pas de deux. The Gordon work is like the Tudor, too, in being all adagio in effect; the allegro passages that each contains do not change the quality of its vitality. Gordon's piece, though not as beautiful, is more robust; and, of course, he has taken care to create a kind of anti-dance spectacle for the second half which joins his elegantly populist aesthetic to the practices of ballet and uncovers a secret sympathy between them. "Field, Chair and Mountain" came across, even at the Met, as a play of delicately juxtaposed forces on a common ground of eccentricity. The sight of Martine van Hamel balanced in full-point arabesque atop a folding chair was one of the season's indelible images.

Gordon's work has changed a lot in recent years; his pieces now tend to consist of non-dance or semi-dance movement more or less closely timed to music. The music is recycled, just as segments of the movement are. John Field, the composer of the score used in "Field, Chair and Mountain," was also heard in previous and subsequent pieces. Gordon planned to add Field selections to his Thelonious Monk score for "Piano Movers," but he changed his mind (and reshaped the piece) when Dance Theatre of Harlem switched its New York engagement from the City Center to the Met. The all-Monk score consisted of five taped solos, including " 'Round Midnight" and "Ruby, My Dear." With its sparsity, its dry wit, its unpredictable "wrong" harmonies and variations in rhythm, the music proved to be a perfect counterpart to Gordon's style. The piece unrolled in twin ribbons of sight and sound, but at too even and deliberate a pace. Gordon's preference for moderate speeds—nothing very fast or very slow—is showing up more now that he's using music as an integral element, and this had a slightly glazing effect in relation to Monk's suspended chordal progressions. (Not until midway in the third selection did Monk lay down a beat.) The D.T.H. dancers—seven pairs and one odd man out—seemed to be performing in a colloquial trance. They did not-the-lindy and not-the-shim-sham in this not-jazz jazz ballet; they did not-exactly-classical steps, too, and they looked happy about the whole thing.

Gordon is evolving his own Beowulfian classicism. His "steps" in "Piano Movers" weren't ballet combinations but the spins, pivots, tilts, falls, and stretched positions that classicism has enhanced into a system. We had seen some of this kind of material earlier in the season in the opening work of a concert presented by his own group, the Pick Up Co., at the Joyce. "Offenbach Suite" was set to the Suite for Two Violoncellos—early academic stuff that doesn't sound like Offenbach—and it was one stage lower in the evolutionary scale. The dancers were not all completely turned out; their arabesques were a little stiff. The performance, clean but without polish, was closer in spirit to the ironic attitude that Gordon has always held toward his work—work in which art and the consciousness of art are presented together. Perhaps Gordon was asking himself how much farther technically he could afford to go before this consciousness disappeared. The outstanding moment, for me, was a passage that seemed out of keeping with the primitive charm of the piece as a whole. It was a short adagio in which Gordon repeatedly lifted Valda Setterfield, revolved slowly, and returned her to the floor. The pose she assumed as he held her—legs crossed, one arm around his shoulders, the other cocked behind her head—was unvarying, but he never lifted her the same way twice. The tiny variations, the slow revolutions as if on a pedestal, turned the two of them into living sculpture. Here, Gordon seemed to be saying, is technical perfection, in its own way as pure and absolute as what the ballet companies present. But Gordon is not satisfied to be a miniaturist, and he knows he's not a virtuoso. In between lies a range of skills and choices. Entering mainstream dance in mid-career, Gordon is finding his level. —ARLENE CROCE

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the Santa Ana (Calif.) Register*]

Calvary Chapel of Laguna Beach will be presenting the Master Potter, a dramatic arts ministry showing real-life conflicts through a real-life potter, a potters wheel, actors and actresses acting out the lives of the pots from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on Saturday, May 11.

The potter, Jill Austin, portrays the heart of God as she throws the pots.

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BOOKS

Springs of Sadness

ONE of the saddest, loveliest sounds I know is that produced by the oboist Heinz Holliger. No musicology, no theory of acoustics will account for its penetrating desolation, yet a desolation to which sheer control, scruple of shaped line give a secret warmth. Holliger is Swiss, and it is a very Swiss sound: dark gold and resinous, which ought to be the true meaning in music of "timbre." It is also a sound distinctive of current Swiss poetry and fiction, conveying a secret pressure of sadness, of indrawn solitude beneath a stylish, mastered surface.

We hear it in the dark fantasies and self-mockery of the plays and parables of Dürrenmatt, in Dürrenmatt's insinuation that acts of extreme violence and judicial retribution no less violent lie in wait under the polished floors of family villas and public edifices. The register of sadness amid elegance, of the shadows at the still center, is characteristic of the art of Max Frisch, now one of the true masters of the German language and of the ways in which Europe imagines its lamed condition. Frisch is a virtuoso of solitude. In his finest novel, "Stiller," even a man's sense of his own fixed identity is made to seem obtrusive; it is in the dissolution of self that discretion lies, and what few chances are given us to be lucid. But, again, the stoic *tristesse* is tempered by, is made at once more intimate and more bearable by, the tensed comeliness of the writing and of the landscapes in which Frisch sets his fables.

The physical beauty of Switzerland is often such as to rebuke rejoicing. This power of loveliness to sadden, to imply terror, is difficult to paraphrase. Listen to Holliger's oboe, or to the stories of Adolf Muschg. These are less known to his countrymen and to other European readers than the works of his two ranking Swiss contemporaries. Though grounded in a tradition of regional and inward narrative which goes back to Gottfried Keller—the classic model of Swiss-German fiction, of whom Muschg has written a major study—Muschg's own tales and novels are somewhat set apart. They draw on elements of surrealist fantastication as it sprang up in the Zurich cabarets during the First World War. Their symbolic devices and sombre wit presume a taste for psychoanalysis. Like Kafka, Adolf Muschg is fascinated by the rituals and parlance of criminal law and investigation. In "The Blue Man and Other Stories" (Braziller; $12.95)—the first of Muschg's collections to appear in America—psychopathology and legal transgression play an important role, but a role made transparent and dramatically accessible by the concision of the form.

Finely translated by Michael Hamburger, from a deliberately archaic, halting mode of rural speech, the monologue-tale of "The Scythe Hand" takes the reader to the heart of Muschg's practice. Addressing his judges, the first-person narrator attempts to explain, to communicate, the events that led to double incest and betrayal at his wretched upland farm on Torgel Alp. He recounts the concentric circles of isolation, of village suspicion and prurience which economic failure and the death of his wife brought with them. What is there on a winter night but self-abuse and alcohol? The scene takes on the night-heaviness and glint of a La Tour painting:

> I never so much as knocked on Lina's door but tore it open. I only write this much so that you will know the circumstances, not so that you'll come to dirty conclusions again. For there in the cold bedroom my wife sat in her shift, her bare shift, honorable Court of Enquiry, never turned her head but went on as before, leaning forward a little, so as to see herself in the mirror, only a small one it was, and passed the brush over her hair. But she did that so slowly, that this slowness, together with the mere shift and the breath clouding the mirror, so that she had to wipe it clear with her free hand, all this cut into my heart and made me feel quite faint. I can't describe it, when my wife had been dead all those years. What are you doing, I asked, why don't you stop, or you'll catch cold. She said, without turning around: Why not, she said, quite calm and fun-

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ny. Later she said she had dreamed of her mother, and only then, I promise you, I remembered that I too had dreamed of her mother, but by then it was too late.

Now the desolate farmhouse becomes warm and joyous, as at Christmas, and Lina, the narrator's elder daughter, comes to life. There is also Barbara, a much younger child, a touch retarded, perhaps, and doomed to the rancid solitude of upland existence. When in pain, she screams cruelly. But her aloneness and hurt can be stilled:

> Then she got up quite amiable and smiled like a rogue.... She quite easily drank the milk which she had pushed far away from her before, and went quite sensibly to the kitchen, and prepared an evening meal, which she hadn't done for a long time, indeed started cooking and frying so much that I got alarmed and we fed well that evening, in great obliviousness even drank brandy till it gave rise to new acts.

Thus it was that "in those years my daughters got accustomed again to a little warmth." Now they lie on the old man's mind, day and night, "but not in the way the High Court of Justice thinks." Evil has been done. But to whom? Muschg's is one of the very few successful renditions we have of this torturing theme in modern letters.

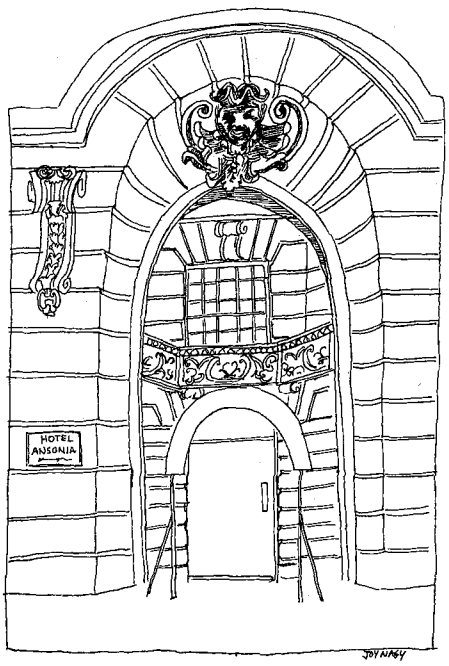
"*Reparations or Making Good*" (translated by Marlis Zeller Cambon, as are the remaining tales in the volume) seeks, again, to elucidate, to shape into clear-sighted compassion, the matter of evil, of intensely private criminality. What, in God's name, has caused Armin Bleuler, impeccable crematorium official and civil servant, to steal wedding rings from the fingers of the trusting dead and to have his wife, Sabine, offer these rings for sale in the most ineptly louche way? *Homo helveticus*, the perennial object of Swiss self-satire, is coffined in respectability, uptight unto death. But there has been in Herr Bleuler's irreproachable *vita* a singularity of violence, a flash of ungoverned being. Sabine, while still his fiancée, was made pregnant by her suave employer, for whom Armin also worked. She carried the master's child, which made most advisable a prompt marriage:

> Without a word [Armin] dragged her away from the ironing board out into the open space which he needed to slap her face. Strangely enough, even the hardest blows fell into the deepest silence, except for their heavy breathing. By this kind of treatment Sabine of course did not cease to be pregnant—in a manner of speaking, quite on the contrary; by and by the rage of the gardener while hitting away took a very unexpected turn and led to intimacies; nothing prevented them from being continued on top of the laundry basket, until the thrashing could no longer be distinguished from a fierce wedding, the breathing no longer distinguishable from an exultant sobbing.... That day in May left only the climber in Armin. And whoever has had the privilege of maturing in a glass house rather than on the back stairs —may he cast the first stone.

On the laundry basket, Armin had torn off Sabine's engagement ring. But never in his marriage would eros be as real, would life be as ablaze, as on that day of shame. Hence, years later, the stolen rings, the macabre pilfering of the dead, who, no doubt, had known a plenitude of wedded years, of sexual and loving fulfillment, denied to their undertaker. The final twist is characteristic of Muschg. Bleuler is rehabilitated and makes a career in the police: "Soon Armin's pension rights were as high as the earlier ones." The circle of decorum is closed.

The title story, "The Blue Man," is no less accomplished, but less original. It recounts the apparently trivial holiday incident—the insistent visitations of a street musician in a Mediterranean hotel—that destroys the fabric of a marriage. It is a deft parable on the verity that life insurance covers everything except life. But too many writers before Muschg have told us of our appointment in Samarra.

In "Brami's View," suicide is literal. Here, again, the bucolic scenario —standing at a farmhouse window, Brami watches the innocent departure for the fields of his wife and daughters —and the vibrant silence that enfolds the catastrophe are archetypally Swiss. Nothing as trivial, as arguable as a precise reason for self-destruction is forthcoming. Brami's life is end-stopped, as are those dark valleys that funnel into the rock faces of the Engadine and those pitches of no return on certain rock climbs. After death, a man no longer runs the risk of calling attention to himself—a capital crime in that republic of reticence which is Helvetia.



"Dinnertime," a tale of senility and failed communication, set in the United States, strikes me as weak. "Grandfather's Little Pleasure," on the other hand, is memorably funny. The salt of remembrance—of Grandfather's increasingly mythical recollections of an unintended visit to a house of ill fame—lies in the style of the telling, which takes the form of his grandchildren's impatiently crude questions and glosses. Even stark naked, the girl somehow "seemed strangely *clothed*." An epigram on Switzerland?

There is an exact sense in which all of Adolf Muschg's novels and stories are "mysteries." A seemingly inexplicable homicide, a mental or nervous collapse, a suicide triggers a descent into the "abyss" (a key word in Muschg) of motive and memory. The therapist, the criminal investigator, or the narrator comes to elicit the ravelled skein of logic, the hidden springs of necessity that lie deep beneath the torn surface of the deed. Its civic aftermath, whether therapeutic or retributive, whether it heals or chastises, is secondary. The therapeutic is itself only another fiction, an accommodation with mundane decencies. Judicial punishment is, more often than not, a continuation of the crime. What matters is the modesties of insight, the patient teasings out of some small rock crystal of truth about the wonder and the sadness of man. Muschg's fiction possesses something of the numbing clarity, the natural privacy of a mountain spring. Though muted, its proud murmur is not easily forgot. And the case for further translation is plain.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Black Robe, by Brian Moore (Dutton; $15.95). In 1635, a Jesuit missionary in a remote region north of Quebec sends word to his superiors that an even remoter mission—about a month's journey, by canoe, from Quebec—needs another priest. The two missionaries established

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there may already have been martyred, or may merely have died of the epidemic fever that the local Indians —Hurons—have accused them of causing. This novel, based on actual letters that Jesuits sent back to France, is a harrowing account of the journey to that outpost by a tough but untested "Blackrobe" (as all the Indians of New France—Huron, Algonkin, Iroquois—call Jesuits), who is shocked to see a French fur trader cavorting in Quebec like one of "*les Sauvages*," and is shocked to find himself, a few days out of Quebec, wolfing down hairy, half-raw moose meat, just like his Algonkin guides. Complicating the question of conversion and corruption is the other white member of the party, a French boy who lied about his religious aspirations, because he aims to marry the daughter of one of the guides. Further complications that arise, featuring intertribal troubles, go far to explain why the Indians were unwilling to trade their faith in dreams for the "water sorcery" of the Blackrobes.

HOT WIRE, by James Brown (Arbor House; $15.95). Mr. Brown raises the curtain on the underside of Los Angeles, his native city. He introduces us to a working-class widow with three difficult sons: Sonny, twenty-one, trying to make it as an actor; Alex, a couple of years younger, using and pushing cocaine; and Lonnie, fifteen, struggling to get a grip on himself, but more or less a school dropout, more or less in trouble with the police. This is Mr. Brown's second novel, and it is in many respects a good one. It is strongly written, the characters are well enough understood, there is a core of real pathos. But it is also pretty dismal, with a dismalness that we have been dragged through many times before: drunkenness, fast food, unmade beds, cruising the freeways, violence as the only problem solver. The only news here is that Mr. Brown has talent.

THE CIDER HOUSE RULES, by John Irving (Morrow; $18.95). A Dickensian novel, despite its twentieth-century New England setting: elaborate, moralistic, and, if often maudlin, sometimes startlingly graphic. The hero, named Homer, is an orphan who was born, around 1922, at a Maine orphanage called St. Cloud's. The St. Cloud's orphans are, in a way, wanted: its doctor-founder, a celibate ether addict, has offered their mothers the option—unavailable elsewhere—of a safe abortion. Homer, who makes St. Cloud's his home until he is too old to be adopted, is trained to succeed the doctor, but he cannot bring himself to perform the procedure that the doctor insists is, along with delivering babies, the Lord's work. Then Homer departs St. Cloud's for an apple farm, where John Irving sets to work creating his usual cases of sexual sterility, mistaken identity, incest, mental instability, murder, and violent accidental death which all trail off into whimsy. Whether Homer will see that the doctor is not the one playing God remains in doubt until the doctor proves to be mortal. In footnotes that suggest that much research went into this book, Mr. Irving salutes his grandfather Frederick C. Irving, a doctor at the Boston Lying-In Hospital, who wrote "The Expectant Mother's Handbook," "A Textbook of Obstetrics," and "Safe Deliverance."

NOWHERE, by Thomas Berger (Delacorte; $14.95). "Erewhon" updated but not improved upon. An expiring playwright (the twenty or so blocks between Broadway and his walkup might as well be light-years) is recruited by a shady outfit called the Firm to infiltrate an obscure European principality (landlocked, like Liechtenstein) where hoi polloi are blond, victims are sued by their injurers, the Ministry of Clams (and not the Ministry of Hoaxes) regulates the nonexistent clam industry, and the only export is a liberation front. Mr. Berger expresses more doubts about his characters' ability to communicate his message than any playwright could. The harder he tries to make their conversation make the reader laugh —in one passage they "cried," "pointed out," "shouted," "addressed," "grimaced," "moaned," and "groaned"—the flatter the satire falls.

GENERAL

THE SURVIVAL OF CHARLES DARWIN, by Ronald W. Clark (Random House; $19.95). The first, and more successful, part of this book by the noted British biographer deals with Darwin's life. Darwin is a wonderfully appealing figure. Like Einstein, he was a man of extraordinary

"A small masterpiece of macabre wit and screaming tensions."
—Publishers Weekly

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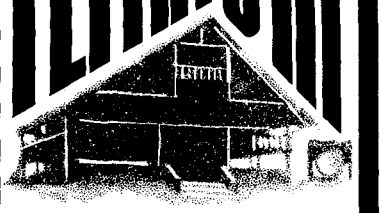

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—Mystery Guild

"Mcdonald has created another complicated, crusty, engaging character. Fascinating."
—Booklist

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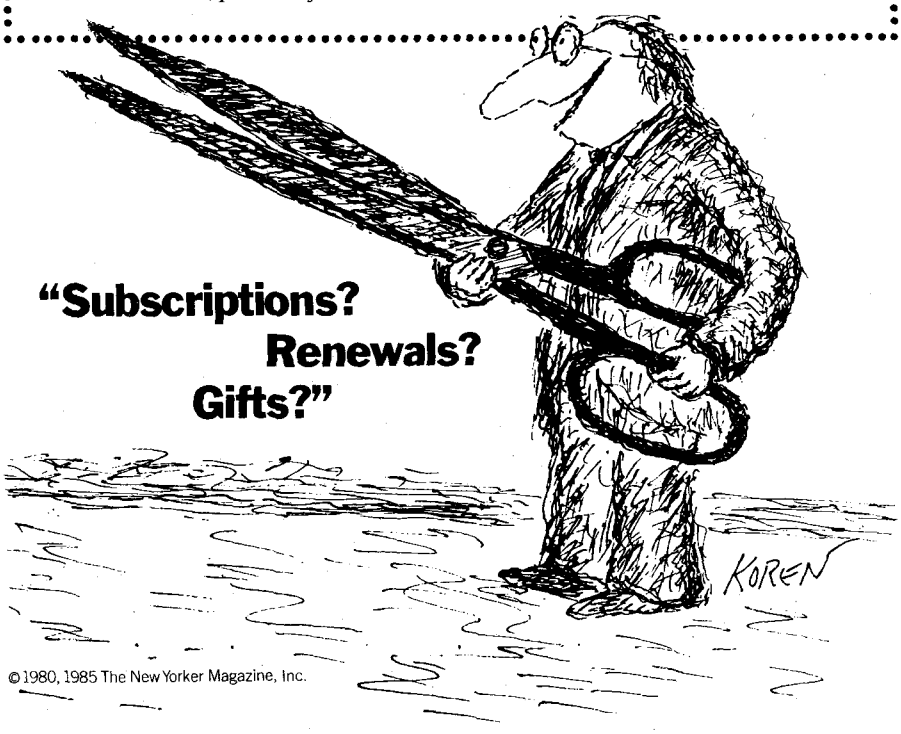

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character. Also like Einstein, he valued his privacy. Mr. Clark thinks that Darwin's "illness" was a convenient tool for insuring privacy. (He dismisses out of hand what is now the generally accepted cause; namely, Chagas' disease, which Darwin supposedly acquired when he was on shore leave from the Beagle.) The second part of the book—some hundred and fifty pages—attempts to deal with all the evolutionary biology developed in the hundred-odd years since Darwin's death. Subjects to which writers like Ernst Mayr and Robert Olby have devoted whole volumes are compressed into a few lines. Although this is no substitute for the real scholarship on evolutionary biology, it is a useful introduction.

THE THEATER OF ESSENCE, by Jan Kott, with an introduction by Martin Esslin (Northwestern; $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). Sixteen essays by the noted critic who came to the United States from Poland in 1966. Like Mr. Kott's most influential book, "Shakespeare Our Contemporary," these pieces reflect his experience of totalitarianism, and never fail to remind us that for the artists and thinkers of half of Europe the twentieth century has led to an appalling dead end. Mr. Kott is fascinated equally by long-lived plays that reveal new possibilities (he tells us, for instance, that the most impressive Lady Macbeth he has ever seen was done by a Japanese female impersonator) and by contemporary innovative plays, in which he often distinguishes ancient forebears. He is charmingly unpretentious about his own learning and judgment. On behalf of the theatre, however, his claims are very grand, for he believes that drama—a mixture of illusion and ritual—can, like religious experience, reveal reality.

THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN: AN AERIAL VIEW, by Christopher Stanley (Norton; $22.50). Almost a hundred and fifty aerial photographs, in color, of British sites from prehistory to the present. Many of the places are familiar, and some—Stonehenge, for example—have been photographed nearly to death, but the author, an archeologist, has included a considerable number of less well-known ruins and structures. The brief comments that accompany the shots are illuminating, but the book's greater contribution is simply the position-

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ing of the camera, which allows one to see all of an immense, sprawling building, such as Blenheim Palace, or a prehistoric trace that is invisible to an observer on the ground.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MODIGLIANI SCANDAL, by Ken Follett (Morrow; $15.95). This is the first appearance in the United States of Mr. Follett's first novel—his first thriller. It was published in England under a pseudonym in 1976, a year or two before he discovered the Second World War as the best path to best-sellerdom. Its setting is the London art world, and it involves a search in Paris and in Italy for a lost painting that Modigliani did under the influence of hashish. The search is led by a young English art historian and her American lover, closely followed by a detective working for an important art dealer and by an aspiring young dealer. Other players include a couple of artists turned forgers, a titled collector, and a famous actress and her "wide boy" lover. It is short, quick, full of diverting tricks and entertaining surprises, and it is in many ways superior to the hefty novels that have brought Mr. Follett celebrity. There is an introduction written by the author for this edition.

THE TWO DUDE DEFENSE, by Walter Walker (Harper & Row; $14.95). Mr. Walker introduced himself most agreeably a couple of years ago with "A Dime to Dance By," a detective thriller set in his native Massachusetts. His new novel is set in San Francisco, where he now practices law, and it is a serious disappointment. The most interesting things about it are its title and the peculiar name of its hero and narrator, Hector Gronig. Hector is the echo of a thousand other San Francisco private eyes, the maze of multiple murders in which he finds himself involved is confusing without being entertaining, his storytelling is long-winded and plodding, and his language is archaic: he calls people "pal," and uses phrases like "Hurry, now, quick like a bunny."

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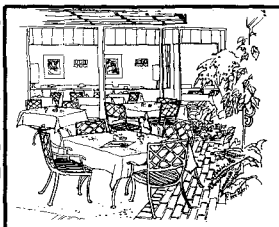

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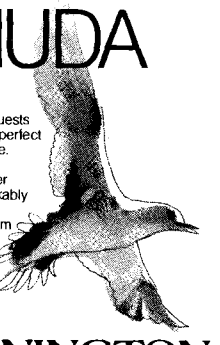

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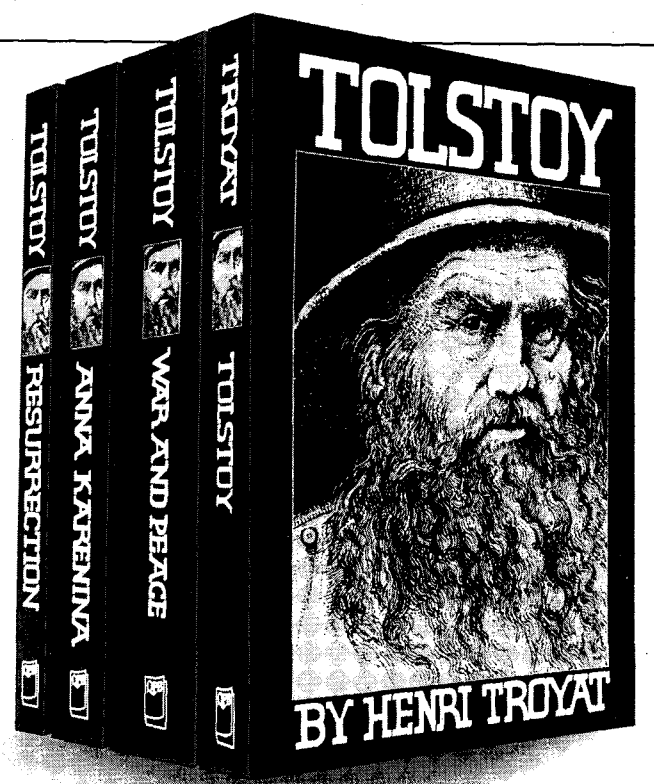

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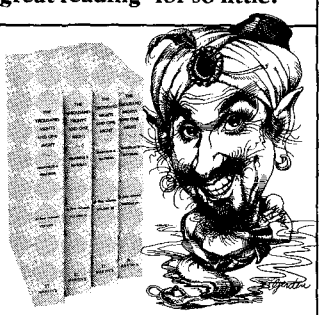

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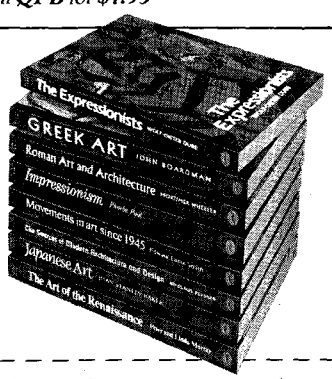

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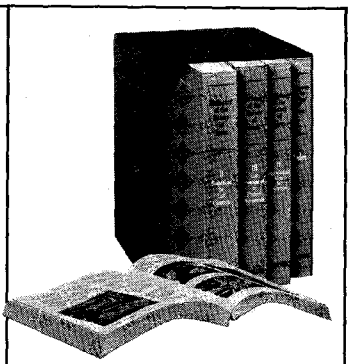

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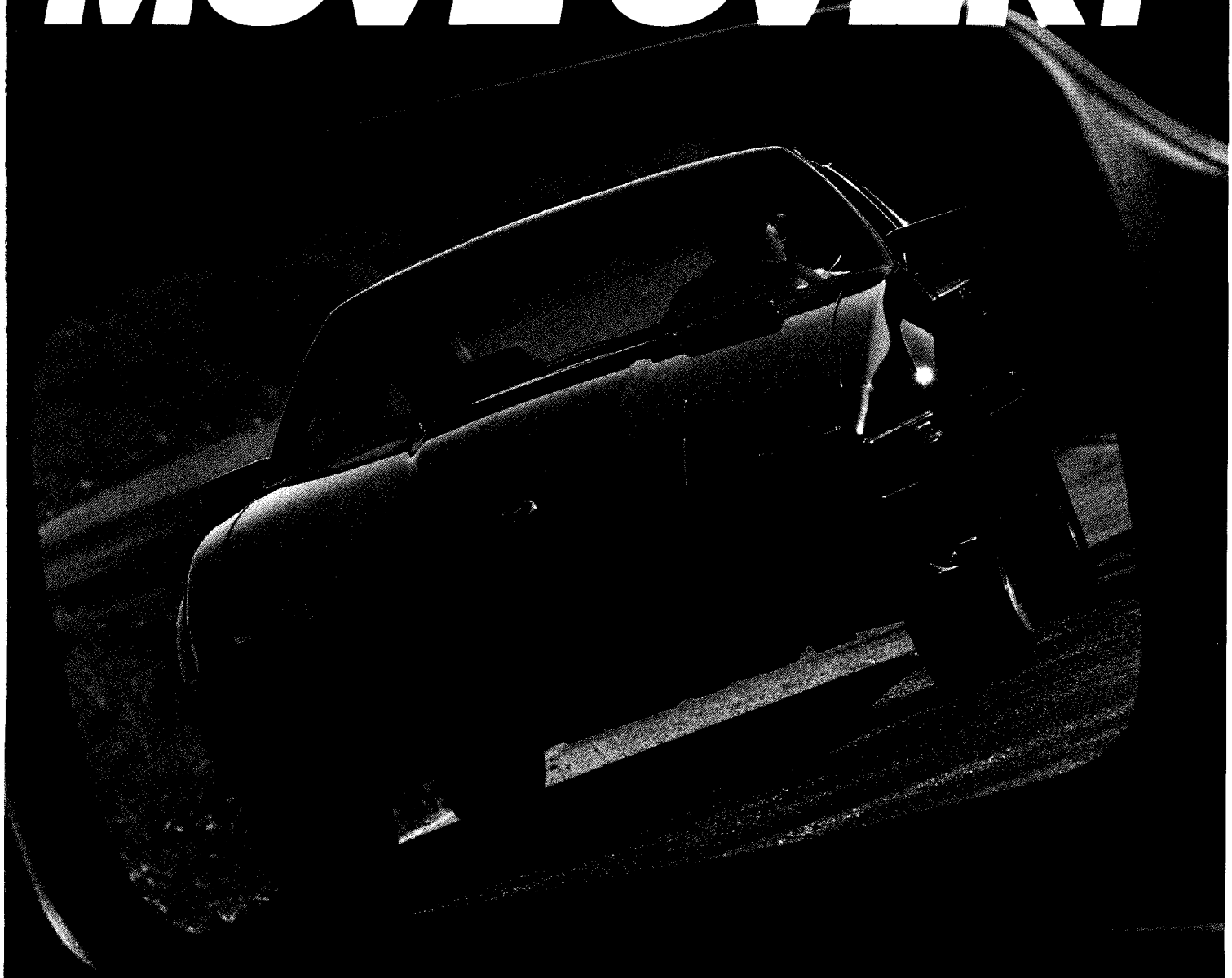

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